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126 Sterling Place,

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or

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Maine.

THE KNEELAND MISCELLANY

A HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION

Consisting

of

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S SONGS

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

of

THE CROCKETT AND HEAGAN FAMILIES

and

INCIDENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY

Together With

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

HISTORICAL NOTES REGARDING THE PORTER DISTRICT

&c

COMPILED

By

BERTHA J. AND FRANK E. KNEELAND

1914-17

[Brooklyn, N.Y., 1917]

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Frank E. Kneeland

To

"THE WHOLE DAMM FAMILY"

CONTENTS

	Page
GENERAL INDEX	385-90
INDEX TO SONGS	391-92
STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!	v-vi
FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S SONGS----------	1-133
MOTHER'S POEMS----------	134-139
THE CROCKETT FAMILY----------	140-232
THE HEAGAN FAMILY----------	233-247
MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL----------	248-293
HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT--A BAD ACTOR---	294-307
OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT----------	308-320
THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE--	321-340
EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS---------	341-352
PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES------	353-373
MISCELLANEOUS----------	374-383

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE 385-90

INDEX TO\ PAGES 391-92

ACCOUNT FROM: AND ATTENDED: A-41

TAKEN AND FORMAL BOARD----------1-128

FORMAL ROUND---------134-139

THE OFFICIAL MAILS--------140-246

THE ROADAY MAILS----------238-247

HE WAITING TO BEGIN (1)----------248-249

THE ( ) ACCOUNT PROCEEDED--A BAD ACTOR--254-257

CUR VIEWS TO USE. TERMINI----------258-262

THE MOTIVE'S ORIGIN/ THE ISAN AFTOLM--263-266

PRESENTING THOS THE BREEN DEPONE------264-282

FORUM DISPRIN HYPOTHETICAL CASE-----283-293

TERMINATION----------294-385

STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

This mess was started as a compilation of Father's Songs--- And look where it ended! After I had gotten well started on the task of copying the songs which Bertha had taken down from Father's and Mother's dictation while she was here in the Fall of 1914 I realized that they might better have been called "Father's and Mother's Songs" --- And later I added a miscellaneous lot which do not much care who sings them! I began with the intention of arranging the songs in Epochs but the recalling of additional ones from time to time soon upset this idea! Nevertheless, the first twenty-seven of them were sung by Father's father and grandfather before him and the same is true of various others scattered through the list! It will be noted that many of them recount happenings in the early days of the Republic, while a considerable number date back to the Colonial period and some were undoubtedly brought from England and Scotland---the "Sinking of the'Royal George'" for instance---which reminds me to say that as I know the names of but few of the authors I have not attempted to give them! Most of the notations referring to the different songs represent information given me by Mother at the time of transcription! Generally speaking, I have omitted those patriotic and other airs the words of which may readily be found in "Heart Songs" and elsewhere---But I am led to remark of the short sketch regarding the origin of "Yankee Doodle" as given on Page 124 that the air didn't seem so funny to the British under Cornwallis when, on October 19th, 1781, they marched past General Washington and

SPECIAL NOTICE! ATTENTION!!!

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didn't seem so funny to the British under Burgoyne in what, on
October 17th, 1781, they marched past General Washington and

his victorious forces to the music of its accompanying strains in the surrender at Yorktown!

After I had copied most of the songs I thought I would include---for reference---such data as I had collected regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family---in pursuance of which I was not only caused much annoyance by the fact that Great-Grandfather Crockett would persist in having lived (?) in so many different places before coming to an anchorage on Spout Hill but replies to inquiries I had made began to stream in in such volume that I concluded to incorporate a record of the dates of birth, etc., of the descendants of Grandfather Crockett in particular---And before I had finished I realized that they are somewhat numerous!

Grandmother Heagan-Crockett couldn't be left out and, in addition to the general ones regarding the Heagan family, the fact must be recorded that Mother's cousin, the daughter of her Aunt "Sally"(Heagan)Sanborn, was the wife of Brigadier General Cyrus Hamlin, son of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States!

Then I made that fateful "V'y'ge to Spout Hill" and felt impelled to record the information which Father and Mother gave me for future reference! Same way with Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Trevett! The article in the Portland Sunday Telegram is constantly referred to by people who have only an indefinite idea of what is in it! A copy of the First Census is not always at hand! And the information which Fred Porter gave Mother and myself nearly ten years ago could not now be obtained from any source of which I have knowledge! Wherefore, this collection of the whole shootin' match!----in which many inti-

his victorious forces to the route of its accompanying attains in the surrender at Yorktown!

After I had copied much of the songs I thought I would include---for reference--- such data as I had collected regarding other's branch of the Roosevelt family---in pursuance of which I was not only caused much annoyance by the fact that President or Roosevelt would persist in having lived (?) in so many different places before coming to an anchorage on "Pout Hill" but replies to inquiries I had made began to stream in in such volume that I concluded to incorporate a record of the dates of birth, etc., of the descendants of Theodore Roosevelt in particular---And before I had finished realized that they are somewhat numerous!

Theodore Roosevelt couldn't be left out and, in addition to the general data regarding the "Sagamore family, the fact must be recorded that father's cousin, the daughter of his Aunt "Sally"(Sagamore)Cowborn, was the wife of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, son of Samuel Rice, the President of the United States!

Then I made that fateful "Y'y'ge to "Pout Hill" and felt impelled to record the information which Father and Mother gave me for future reference! Same way with Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt! No article in the Portland Sunday Telegram is constantly referred to by people who have only an indefinite idea of what is in it! A copy of the Press Herald is not always at hand! And the information which Ford Mother gave Father and myself nearly ten years ago could not now be obtained from any source of which I have knowledge! Therefore, this collection of the whole snootin' matchl---in which many inti-

STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

mate incidents have been included which would have been omitted had they been intended for the eyes of others than members of the immediate family! If I use the possessive "My" over-much-- Imagine it is yourself talking! Then it will fit!

Rather than fill it up with so many names and references as to make it unwieldly I have included in the General Index only such names as we will be likely to wish to refer! Therefore, if you wish to find something which isn't indexed, you will have no choice but to follow the minister's admonition to "go to Helen Hunt for it"!

When I started to copy for ourselves and children the songs which Bertha had compiled, it occurred to me that not only Mother, but my brothers and sister, might like a set of them! I have therefore made a copy for the use of each member of the family! Please don't mention it! My pleasure, I assure you!

F. E. K.

Searsport,
Maine,
4/5/1917.

SECOND THOUGHTS AND REGRETS!!

Quite incidents have been included which would have been omitted had they been intended for the eyes of others than members of the immediate family! If I use the expressive "My" over-much-Imagine it is yourself talking! Then it will fit!

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Y. F. K.

Searsport,
Maine,
4/5/1917.

FATHER'S SONGS

Many of which were sung

by

His Father and Grandfather Before Him

Compiled by

Bertha J. Kneeland

Searsport, Maine, August-October, 1914

Transcriped August, 1916

Father's Songs

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

He lay upon his dying bed
  His eyes were growing dim
When with a feeble voice he called
  His weeping son to him
Weep not, my boy, the veteran said
  I bow to Heaven's high will
But quickly from yon antlers bring
  The Sword of Bunker Hill
But quickly from yon antlers bring
  The Sword of Bunker Hill

2

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
  Lit with a sudden flame
And as he grasped the ancient blade
  He murmured Warren's name
Then said, my boy, I leave you gold
  But what is richer still
I leave you, mark me, mark me now
  The Sword of Bunker Hill
I leave you, mark me, mark me now
  The Sword of Bunker Hill

3

'Twas on that grand, immortal day
  I dared a Briton band
A captain raised this sword one me
  I tore it from his hand
And while the glorious battle raged
  It lightened Freedom's will
For boy the God of Battles blessed
  The Sword of Bunker Hill
For boy the God of Battles blessed
  The Sword of Bunker Hill

4

Oh, keep the sword, his accents broke
  A smile and he was dead
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
  Upon his dying bed
The son remains, the sword remains
  Its honors growing still
And twenty millions bless the sire
  And Sword of Bunker Hill
And twenty millions bless the sire
  /And Sword of Bunker Hill

-(The above differs slightly from some versions! In the third)-
(verse, the fourth word in the first line should be "dread",)
(the fifth word in the third line should be "blade",)
(the sixth word in the seventh line should be"Freedom")
(In the fourth verse, the second word in the sixth line)
(should be "glory"! Other words differ slightly according)
(to some authorities!)

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the fifth word in the third line should be "blade",
the sixth word in the seventh line should be "freedom"
in the fourth verse, the second word in the sixth line
should be "glory"! Other words differ slightly according
to some authorities!)

FATHER'S SONGS

COME ALL YE BOLD NORTHWESTMEN

1

Come all ye bold Northwestmen
  Who plough the raging main
Come listen to this tragedy
  While I relate the same
'Twas on the "Lady Washington"
  At Cowper where she lay
Hard by Queen Charlotte's Island
  In North America

2

'Twas on November, the second day
  In seventeen-ninety-one
The natives of this country
  On board of us did come
And then to buy their furs of them
  Our captain did begin
But mark what followed after
  Before it long had been

3

Up upon our quarter-deck
  Our gun-chest there did stand
The keys they being left in them
  By our gunner's careless hand
The natives they perceiving
  Our ship to make a prize
Thinking we had no other means
  For to protect our lives

4

Up upon our quarter-deck
  Our captain there did stand
With twelve of those bold savages
  With knives drawn in their hands
All pointing at his body
  Ready to run him through
If we should offer to resist
  Great God! What could we do!

5

Then into our cabin
  Straightway we did repair
But to our sad misfortune
  No arms could we find there
Except it were two pistols
  One gun and two broadswords
And immediately it was agreed
  Fight them off! It was the word

FATHER'S SONGS

COME ALL YE BOLD NORTHWESTMEN-(cont'd)-

6

Our powder we got ready
  Our gun-room openly
Our souls we did commit to God
  Our bodies to the clay
All standing in our cabin
  Waiting for a sign
But there could no sign be given
  For fear we should be slain

7

Then with what few arms we had
  We rushed on them with main
And by our being spirited
  The quarter-deck did gain
And the number that we killed of them
  Was seventy and odd
And as many more were wounded
  As since we've understood

8

Come all ye bold Northwestmen
  Wherever you may be
Trust not an Indian savage
  In North America
For they are so desirous
  Your shipping to obtain
That they will never leave it off
  Till the most of them are slain

FATHER'S SONGS

PAUL JONES

1

An American frigate
  A frigate of war
With guns mounting forty
  From Baltimore came
To cruise in the channels
  Of old England
Our gallant commander
  Paul Jones was the man

2

We had not sailed long
  Before we espied
A large forty-four
  And a twenty likewise
Paul Jones then he smiled
  As he sheered alongside
With a loud speaking-trumpet
  Whence came you he cried

3

Whence came you, he cried
  I hailed you before
Return me an answer
  Or a broadside I'll pour
A broadside it came
  From those bold Englishmen
And the sons of America
  Returned it again

4

The contest was bloody
  Both decks ran with gore
And ninety bold seamen
  Lay dead on the floor
Paul Jones then he smiled
  In the height of his pride
If we can't do any better boys
  We'll sink alongside

-(Verse missing)-

5

And now my brave boys
  We have captured a prize
A large forty-four
  And a twenty likewise
May God bless the mothers
  Who are called on to weep
For their sons who are lain in
  The ocean so deep

FATHER'S SONGS

CRUISING DOWN ON THE COAST OF BARBARY

1

Two ships, two ships, from England they came
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

2

Our boatswain up in our foretop did stand
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
Look ahead, look astern, look to weather and to lee
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

3

There is nothing ahead, there is nothing astern
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
But I see a ragged wind and a lofty ship at lee
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

4

Ahoy! Ahoy! Our jolly captain cried
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
Are you a man-of-war or a privateer, said he
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

5

I am not a man-of-war nor a privateer, said he
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
But I am a jolly pirate, cruising for my fee
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

6

If you're not a man-of-war nor a privateer, said he
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
It is now to your guns, boys, and we'll show them pirate play
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

7

A broadside! A broadside! Our jolly captain cried
  Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we
At length the Prince of Luther cut the pirate's masts away
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

8

-------(Two lines
  ---------missing)-
We lashed them back to back, threw them all into the sea
  Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

FATHER'S SONGS

ANDREW BATTING

1

What thou? What thou? said Andrew Batting
  What thou that come sailing so nigh
We are the rich merchants upon the salt seas
  Oh please to let us pass by---
We are the rich merchants upon the salt seas
  Oh please to let us pass by

2

Ah, No! Ah, No! said Andrew Batting
  Such a thing there never can be
Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away
  And your bodies give to the salt sea---
Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away
  And your bodies give to the salt sea

3

Build me a ship, said Captain Charles Stuart
  And build her strong and sure
That I may bring in proud Andrew Batting
  Or my life I will never endure---
That I may bring in proud Andrew Batting
  Or my life I will never endure

4

We cruis-ed north and we cruis-ed south
  For the space of three weeks or more
At length we spied a ship sailing far off and far off
  And at length she came sailing so nigh---
At length we spied a ship sailing far off and far off
  And at length she came sailing so nigh

5

What thou? What thou? said Captain Charles Stuart
  What thou that come sailing so nigh
We are the Scotch pirates upon the salt seas
  Oh please to let us pass by---
We are the Scotch pirates upon the salt seas
  Oh please to let us pass by

6

Ah, No! Ah, No! said Captain Charles Stuart
  Such a thing there never can be
Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away
  And your bodies give to the salt sea---
Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away
  And your bodies give to the salt sea

7

About! About! and they merrily fought
  For the space of three hours or more
At length Captain Charles Stuart took Andrew Batting
  And brought him to fair England's shore---
At length Captain Charles Stuart took Andrew Batting
  And brought him to fair England's shore

FATHER'S SONGS

ADIEU YE BANKS AND BRAES OF CLYDE

1

Adieu, ye banks and braes of Clyde
  Adieu to her who's young and fair
I grieve to leave my own dear bride
  To part from her my heart is sad

  Chorus---
I grieve to leave my comrades all
  I grieve to leave my native shore
My aged parents I do adore
  And my bonnie, bonnie lassie on the banks of Clyde

2

My barque is hauled out in the bay
  The wind blows fair-I must away
Away to sail o'er the briny deep-
  Adieu ye banks and braes of Clyde
-----Chorus:-

3

The sun is sinking in the west
  The birds sit on the mulberry tree
All Nature seems prepared for rest
  But alas! there's none prepared for me
-----Chorus:-

4

The drums do beat and the war-pipes play
  The signal's given-I must away
Away to sail o'er the deep blue sea
  Farewell ye banks and braes of Clyde
-----Chorus:-

MY AUNT TUCKER, MY AUNT SAL

1

My Aunt Tucker, My Aunt Sal
  Lives way down in Shinbonal-(?)-
Name's on the gate and number on the door
  Next house opposite the grocery store

  Chorus---
Whack your bones, Jimmy crack horn
  In come Sally with the booties on
Whack your bones, Jimmy crack horn
  In come Sally with the booties on

2

My Aunt Sal is big and fat
  Her face is as black as my old hat
Her eyes stick out and her nose sticks in
  And her under lip hangs-~~te~~-her chin
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

AS I WAS GOING OVER TIPPERARY MOUNTAIN

1

As I was going over Tipperary Mountain
  I met Captain Evans and his money he was counting
Boldly I stepped up to him-I would be brisk and jolly
  Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

  Chorus---
Singing rowdy, dowdy, dow
  Row,dow, de, dowdy
Row, dow, de, dow, de, dow
  There's whiskey in the jar

2

It was handed over-It was no foolish penny
  I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Molly
The last words she said to me she never would deceive me
  But the divil's in the women for they never can be aisy
-----Chorus:-

3

Early the next morning, between six and seven
  A strong guard surrounded me, beside it Captain Evans
I jumped for my pistols but, Oh Faith, I was mistaken
  They were both filled with water and to prison I was taken
-----Chorus:-

4

They took me to a prison where the sentry he was calling
  They took me to a prison where the turnkey was a-bawling
Oh, with an iron ball my boys I knocked the sentry down
  And I made my escape into Liverpool town
-----Chorus:-

5

I have two brothers, they're both in the army
  One's in Cork and the other's in Killarney
If I had them here tonight I would be brisk and jolly
  I would rather have them here tonight than you deceitful Molly
-----Chorus:-

REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING

1

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
  What a fine world this would be
If the men were all transported
  Far beyond the Northern Sea

2

Cynthia, Cynthia, I assure you
  If the men should take that trip
All the women in creation
  Would commence to build a ship

FATHER'S SONGS

'TWAS EARLY, EARLY, IN THE SPRING

1

'Twas early, early, in the spring
  I shipped abroad to serve my King
To leave my dearest love behind
  Oft-times she'd said her heart was mine

2

As I was sailing o'er the sea
  I took each fair opportunity
To write a letter to my dear
  Not one word from her did I hear

3

At length I came to her father's house
  I gave a rap and aloud did call
Her father made me this reply
  My daughter's married more equally

4

My daughter's married, kind sir, you know
  My daughter's married long time ago
My daughter's married for the term of life
  Go you, young man, seek another wife

5

Curse be on gold and on silver, too
  Curse be on the girl that won't prove true
Curse be on the girl that will promise me
  Then forsake her vows for such richery

6

Forevermore I do intend
  The briny ocean to be my friend
I'll sail the seas till the day I die
  I'll split the waves that roll mountains high

FATHER'S SONGS

THE FATED RENA LEE

1

Come ye bold seamen, pray now attend
  To read these few lines that have lately been penned
Concerning the dangers of the salt sea
  And the sad destruction of the Rena Lee
-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

2

Seven hundred and seventy bold seamen had we
  And ninety brass cannon to bear us company
And as we were a sailing to our sad surprise
  A most terrible storm did begin to arise
-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

3

The waves looked like fire and rolled mountains high
  While over the rigging the salt seas did fly
Bear away, said our captain, and do the best you can
  For if the storm increases, we're lost, every man
-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

4

A few moments later, to our sad shock
  Our good ship, the Rena Lee, she struck upon a rock
Had you heart like a Turk, I am sure you'd lament
  To have heard the sighs and groans as to bottom she went
-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SINKING OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

-(This song was a favorite of Grandfather and Grandmother)-
(Crockett and is among Mother's earliest recollections.)
(It is the poem written by William Cowper, commemorating)
(the sinking of the British frigate "Royal George", near)
(London, on August 29, 1782--It was in the harbor of)
(Portsmouth. Besides the crew of 800 men there were 300)
(women and children on board at the time. Only 200 were
(saved. The plan to raise the ship was not a success.)
(The wreck was finally blown up more than fifty years later)-

1

Toll for the brave
  The brave that are no more
All sunk beneath the wave
  Fast by their native shore

2

Eight hundred of the brave
  Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel
  And laid her on her side

3

It was not in the battle
  No tempest gave the shock
She sprang no fatal leak
  She ran upon no rock

4

His sword was in its sheath
  His fingers held the pen
When Kempenfeldt went down
  With twice four hundred men

5

Kempenfeldt is gone
  His victories all are o'er
And he and his eight hundred
  Shall plough the wave no more

6

Help weigh the vessel up
  Once dreaded by our foes
And mingle with the cup
  The tear that England owes

7

Her timbers yet are sound
  And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder
  And plough the raging main

FATHER'S SONGS

ANDREW ROSE

-(This song used to be a favorite of George A. Bowen)-

1

Young Andrew Rose, the British sailor
His thoughts to you I will now name
Whilst on the passage from Barbadoes
Whilst on board of the Martha Jane

Chorus---
Wasn't that most cruel usage
Without a friend to interpose
How they whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled
The British sailor, young Andrew Rose

2

'Twas up aloft the captain sent him
Direct beneath the burning sun
Whilst the mate he followed after
And flogged him till the blood did run
-----Chorus:-

3

Next in a water-cask they put him
For seven long days they kept him there
At last poor Andrew begged for mercy
The captain swore and left him there
-----Chorus:-

4

The captain gave him stuff to swallow
Such stuff to you I will not name
When all the crew were sick with horror
While on board the Martha Jane
-----Chorus:-

5

For thirty days they did ill-use him
When into Liverpool they did arrive
And the Judge who heard the story
Said Captain Rogers, you must die
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

POLLY

1 1

John has come from Ireland, Johnny's come from sea
He brought his ship and cargo across the raging sea
But you're welcome home, my Johnny, you're welcome home from sea
For last night my daughter Polly lay dreaming of thee

2

What luck? What luck? O, very poor, said he
We lost our ship and cargo all on the raging sea
But call down your daughter Polly and sit her down by me
And we'll drown this melancholy and happy we will be

3

My daughter she is absent and she is gone away
And were she at home, Jack, she would not let you stay
For she is very rich, Jack, and you are very poor
And without this companion you're turned out of door

4

Jack looked up-He looked on them all
He looked on the landlady and beckoning he did call
Oh, there's twenty shillings of the old and thirty of the new
And Jack he pulled out his two hands full of gold

5

The sight of the money made the old lady rue
She said, my daughter Polly shall quickly come to you
You thought I was in earnest, I declare I was in jest
For of all the roving sailor boys, my Johnny I love best

6

Before I'd stay within your house I'd stay out in the street
For when I had no money my lodgings I might seek
But now I have got money I will make the taverns whirl
With a bottle of good brandy and on my knee a girl

5-1/2

In came Polly with a smile on her face
She kissed him and gave him a hearty embrace
Saying:- The best room is empty and you shall sit with me
And I will marry you, Jack, and you shall marry me

FATHER'S SONGS

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND
-(During the War of 1812)-

1

Ye Parliament of England
  You Lords and Commons, too
Consider well what you're about
  And what you mean to do
You're now at war with Yankees
  I'm sure you'll rue the day
You roused the Sons of Liberty
  In North America

2

You first confined our commerce
  And said our ships sha'n't trade
You next impressed our seamen
  And of them slaves you made
You then insulted Rogers
  While cruising on the main
And had we not declared a war
  You'd do it o'er again

3

You thought our frigates were but few
  And Yankees could not fight
Until brave Hull the Guerriere took
  And banished from your sight
The Wasp then took the Frolic
  You nothing said to that
The Poictiers being on the line
  Of course she took her back

4

The next, your Macedonian,
  No finer ship could swim
Decatur took her gilt work off
  And then he sent her in
The Java by a Yankee ship
  Was sunk, you all must know
The Peacock, fine in all her plumes
  By Lawrence down did go

5

Then next you sent your Boxer
  To box us all about
But we'd an Enterprising brig
  That beat your Boxer out
We boxed her up to Portland
  And moored her off the town
To show the Sons of Liberty
  The Boxer of renown

6

And then upon Lake Erie
  Brave Perry had some fun
You own he beat your naval force
  And caused them for to run

--Continued--

FATHER'S SONGS

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND----cont'd
-(During the War of 1812)-
-(Tune of John Anderson, My Jo, John)-

Whilst Chauncy on Ontario
The lake not known before
Your British squadron beat complete
Some took, some ran ashore

7

The your brave Indian Allies
You styled them by that name
Until you turned their tomahawks
And savages became
For your mean insinuations
They despised you from their souls
And joined the Sons of Liberty
That scorned to be controlled

8

Our Rogers in the "President"
Will burn, sink and destroy
The "Congress" on the Brazil coast
Your commerce will annoy
The "Essex" in the south seas
Will put out all your lights
The flag that waves at her mast-head
Is free trade and sailors' rights

9

Lament, you sons of Britain
For distant is the day
When you'll regain by British force
What you lost in America
Go tell your King and Parliament
By all the world 'tis known
That British force by sea and land
By Yankees is o'erthrown

10

Use every endeavor
And strive to make a peace
For Yankee ships are building fast
Our navy to increase
They will enforce our commerce
These laws by Heaven were made
That Yankee ships in time of peace
In any port should trade

11

Grant us free trade and commerce
Do not impress our men
Give up all claims to Canada
Then we'll have peace again
Then England, we'll respect you
And treat you as a friend
Respect our flag and citizens
Then all these wars will end

FATHER'S SONGS

THERE WAS AN OLD COUPLE AND THEY WERE POOR

1

There was an old couple and they were poor
  Whack, fol, fiddle , dol, day
There was an old couple and they were poor
  They lived in a house that had but one door
And a poor old couple were they---
  And a poor old couple were they

2

One night the old man went far from home
  Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day
One night the old man went far from home
  And left the old woman to sleep all alone
And a poor old critter was she---
  And a poor old critter was she

3

The old man he came back at last
  Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day
The old man he came back at last
  He went to the door and it was fast
Oh, what's the matter, cried he---
  Oh, what's the matter, cried he

4

Oh, I've been sick while you've been gone
  Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day
Oh, I've been sick while you've been gone
  If you'd been here you'd heard me groan
Oh, poor old critter, cried he---
  Oh, poor old critter, cried he

5

There's one thing more I ask of thee
  Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day
There's one thing more I ask of thee
  Go bring me an apple from yonder tree
And that I will, cried he---
  And that I will, cried he

6

As the old man he shinned up the tree
  Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day
As the old man he shinned up the tree
  The priest of the parish he stood near by
And that's well done, cried he---
  And that's well done, cried he

FATHER'S SONGS

THE OLD GRAY MARE

1

Oh, my jolly shepherd, have you seen a man a-riding
  On an old gray mare and a bob-tailed mare
I'm sure I can't be far behind him
  And I am resolved now for to find him

2

Oh, yes, said the shepherd, I saw a man a-riding
  On an old gray mare and a bob-tailed mare
And away he went into the air
  And I see him yet,and I see him yet

3

The old man began to stamp and to stare
  Saying, you are beside your wits
Zounds! said he, I see him yet
  And I see him yet, and I see him yet

4

The old man began to rub his eyes
  And at length he began to see more clear
In yonder cloud is my old gray mare
  For I see her tail a-waving through the air---
Come back! Come back! Come back, my friend
  To my wife's first husband me recommend

FATHER'S SONGS

LANNIGAN'S BALL

1

In the town of Athol lived one Jimmy Lannigan
He bartered away till he hadn't a pound
His father he died and made him a man again
With a very fine farm with ten acres of ground
He gave a large party to all his relations
Who stood by his side when he went to the wall
Now if you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions at Lannigan's Ball

2

'Twas meself had free invitations
For all the boys and girls I might ask
In less than five minutes I'd friends and relations
Dancing as merry as bees 'round a cask
There was Jennie O'Hara-a neat little milliner
Tipped me a wink and asked me to call
And then we arrived at Tim O'Finnegan's
Just in time for Lannigan's Ball

3

When we got there they were dancing a pol-a-ka
Around the room in a gay whirl-i-gig
But Jinnie and I put a stop to their nonsense
We gave them a bit of a nate Irish jig
Oh, Lord! wasn't she fond of me
We battered the floor till the ceiling did fall
For I'd spent three weeks at Brooks' Academy
Learning a step for Lannigan's Ball

FATHER'S SONGS

PADDY'S WEDDING

1

Now would you hear what roaring cheer
  Went up at Paddy's wedding, Oh
And how so gay they spent the day
  From church unto the bedding, Oh
First, book in hand, came Father Quipes
  The bride's daddy, the baillie, Oh
While all the time the merry pipes
  Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh

  Chorus---
Tid-der-i-I, Tid-der-i-I
  Tid-der-i-um-um-derry,Oh
Tid-der-i-I, Tid-der-i-I
  Whack for Londonderry, Oh

2

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat
  And Mary Morgan Murphy, Oh
And Murdock Megs and Thurlow Skeggs
  McLaughlin and Dick Durphy, Oh
And all the girls dressed out in white
  Led on by Ted O'Reilly, Oh
While all the time the merry pipes
  Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---
-----Chorus:-

3

When Pat was asked would his love last
  The people all roared with laughter, Oh
Och! Sure! says Pat, you may say that
  To the ind of the world and after, Oh
Then tinderly her hand he griped
  And kissed it so gin-tale-ly, Oh
While all the time the merry pipes
  Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---
-----Chorus:-

4

And then at night it were a delight
  To see them all dancing and prancing, Oh
A fancy ball were nothing at all
  Compared with the style of their dancing, Oh
And then to hear old Father Quipes
  Beat time with his shillalah, Oh
While all the time the merry pipes
  Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

1

Tim Finnegan lived in Walker Street
  A gintleman Irishman, mighty odd
With a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
  And to the 'rise of the world he carried a hod
But he had a sort of a tippling way
  With a love for liquor Tim was born
And to help him through his work each day
  He took a tip at the craythur every morn

  Chorus---
Whack! Arrah! Bloodhounds, I've sold you
  Welt the floor! Your trotters shake
Isn't this the truth I've told you
  Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

2

One morning Tim got rather full
  His head felt heavy and it made him shake
He fell from a ladder and broke his skull
  They carried him home his corpse to wake
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
  ,And laid him out upon a bed
With fourteen candles 'round his feet
  And a couple of dozen 'round his head---
-----Chorus:-

3

His friends assembled at the wake
  Mrs. Finnegan called out for the lunch
First they laid him tea and cake
  Pipe and tobacco and whiskey punch
Then Mrs. O'Brien began to cry
  Such a pretty corpse, did you ever see
Ah, now, Pat, why did you die
  Oh, whist your gob, said Biddy McGee
-----Chorus:-

4

Then Mrs. O'Connell took up the jar
  Now, Biddy, says she, you're wrong, I'm sure
But Biddy she hit her a welt in the jaw
  And laid her sprawling on the floor
Then in a war they did engage
  'Twas woman to woman and man to man
Shillalah law was all the rage
  And the bloody eruption soon began
-----Chorus:-

5

Then Tim O'Connell rising up
  When a gallon of whiskey flew at him
But it missed his head and broke the jug
  And the contents scattered over Tim
Good Lord! He revives! See how he rises
  And Timothy rising from the bed
And blustering all around like blazes
  Bad cess to your souls! Do you think I'm dead---
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS

1

Since times are so hard I tell you, sweetheart
  I've a mind to leave my plough and my cart
And away to Wisconsin a journey to go
  To double my fortune, as other men do---
For here I must labor each day in the field
  And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

2

Oh, Collins, I've noticed your sorrowful heart
  Too long you've neglected your plough and your cart
Your hogs, sheep and cattle at random have run
  While your best Sunday jacket is every day worn---
So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss
  For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

3

Oh, wife, let us go and don't let us wait
  I long to be going-Ilong to be great
Where you like some lady and who knows but that I
  May make some rich lord before I die---
For here I must labor each day in the field
  And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

4

Oh, Collins, you know that land is not clear
  Which will cost you the labor of many a year
There are hogs, sheep and cattle and all to buy
  You'll no more than get ready before you will die---
So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss
  For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

5

Oh, wife, let us go and don't let us stay
  I have money on hand all ready to pay
The hogs, sheep and cattle are not very dear
  We can feast upon buffalo half of the year---
For here I must labor each day in the field
  And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

6

Oh, Collins, you know that land of delight
  Is surrounded by Indians who murder at night
Your house and out-buildings they'll burn to the ground
  While your wife and poor children lie mangled around---
So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss
  For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

7

Oh, wife, don't talk so, you grieve my heart sore
  I never once thought of your dying before
I love my dear children although they are small
  But you, my dear wife, I love better than all
So we'll stay on our farm and we'll suffer no loss
  For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

FATHER'S SONGS

A SONG OF '49

1

We'll form ourselves for we're all well manned
  And journey on to the promised land
For the gold is there-a plenty in store
  On the banks of the Sacramento shore

  Chorus---
Then cheer up, boys, young and old
  Young and old, young and old
We'll come home with a bag of gold
  A bag of gold, a bag of gold
We'll come home with a bag of gold
  From Cal-i-for-nia

2

As we roam o'er the dark sea foam
  We'll not forget kind friends at home
Memory kind will bring to mind
  Thoughts of those we've left behind---

-----Chorus:-

3

Don't cry, my love, nor heave a sigh
  I'll come back again bye and bye
We'll cross over to the other shore
  And fill our pockets with the shining ore---

-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

1

I'm lonely since I crossed the sea
  My mind is never aisy
No mortal soul can give relief
  In troth, I'm getting crazy
The burning tears roll down my cheeks
  And Faith! they nearly blind me
I/weep and sigh both day and night
  For the girl I left behind me

2

A pretty lass, I courted long
  She lives in Tipperary
Her eyes are like the diamonds bright
  And they call her dark-eyed Mary
On a summer's night I took delight
  Her beauty so inclined me
Ten thousand crowns I'd give to see
  The girl I left behind me

3

In distant lands compelled to roam
  Yet often think of Mary
The dark-eyed lass that won my heart
  And lives in Tipperary
In foreign lands I weep and sigh
  Without a friend to mind me
Bad luck unto the ship that sailed
  And left the girl behind me

4

If e'er I land on Erin's shore
  I'll haste to Tipperary
And there once more I will embrace
  My lovely black-eyed Mary
With her I'll dwell while life shall last
  She'd roam the world to find me
From her I'll never more depart
  The girl I left behind me

FATHER'S SONGS

LORD LOVELL

-(This was much sung by Grandmothers Crockett and Kneeland)-

1

Lord Lovell, he stood at his castle gate
  Combing his milk-white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Belle
  To wish her lover God-speed---
To wish her lover God-speed

2

Where are you going, Lord Lovell, she said
  Oh, where are you going, said she
I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle
  Strange countries for to see---
Strange countries for to see

3

When will you be back, Lord Lovell, she said
  Oh, when will you come back, said she
In a year or two, or three at the most
  I'll return to my fair Nancy---
I'll return to my fair Nancy

4

But he had not been gone a year and a day
  Strange countries for to see
When languishing thoughts came into his head
  Lady Nancy Belle he would go see---
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see

5

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
  Till he came to London town
And there he heard Saint Pancras' bells
  And the people all mourning 'round---
And the people all mourning 'round

FATHER'S SONGS

LORD LOVELL--(cont'd)-

6

Oh, what is the matter, Lord Lovell he said
  Oh, what is the matter, said he
A lord's lady is dead, a woman replied
  And some call her Lady Nancy---
And some call her Lady Nancy

7

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide
  And the shroud he turned down
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
  Till the tears came trickling down---
Till the tears came trickling down

8

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be today
  Lord Lovell, he died as tomorrow
Lady Nancy, she died out of pure, pure grief
  Lord Lovell, he died out of sorrow---
Lord Lovell, he died out of sorrow

9

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' Church
  Lord Lovell was laid in the choir
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose
  And out of her lover's a brier---
And out of her lover's a brier

10

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top
  And then they could grow no higher
So there they entwined in a true lovers' knot
  For all lovers true to admire---
For all lovers true to admire

FATHER'S SONGS

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

(The following verses do not altogether agree with those given in the books but they are as Father sings them---and, I think, as his father sang them before him. I have not attempted to write them in the Scotch dialect. Only the last two verses were written by Robert Burns.)

1

John Anderson, my jo, John
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John
Her master-work was man
And you among them all, John
So trig from top to toe
She did no journey work with you
John Anderson, my jo

2

John Anderson, my jo, John
You were my first conceit
I think no shame to say, John
I loved you ear' and late
They say you're getting old, John
But e'en though that be so
You're aye the same good man to me
John Anderson, my jo

3

John Anderson, my jo, John
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven
Your bonny brow was brent
But now your brow is bald, John
Your locks are like the snow
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson, my jo

4

John Anderson, my jo, John
We've climbed the hill together
And many a canty day, John
We've had with one another
Now we must totter down, John
But hand in hand we'll go
And sleep together at the foot
John Anderson, my jo

FATHER'S SONGS

A CAMPAIGN SONG OF 1856

-(This is the last of the songs at present at hand which were)-
(sung by Grandfather Kneeland. As will be seen, it was)
(sung during the Buchanan-Fremont campaign when Fremont was)
(the first nominee of the newly (then) organized Republican)
(Party for President. Grandfather died on Oct. 7, 1860.)

1

Come vote for me, Buchanan says
  Oh, come and vote for me
'Twould be so very charming
  The President to be
I am exceeding fortunate
  To have no cumbering wife
Yet to confess the truth, my friends
  I lead a lonely life

  First Chorus---
So vote for Buchanan
  Vote for Buchanan
Think of Buchanan
  As the President, I pray

2

Then laborers for ten cents a day
  Must till your acres broad
Now with these noble sentiments
  I think you do accord
-----1st Chorus:-

3

I thank you, old Buchanan
  I'm not inclined that way
So now this long preamble
  Is for nothing thrown away
No doubt 'twould make you happy
  In the White House to recline
But if you ever do get there
  'Twill be by no act of mine

  Second Chorus---
But to think of Buchanan
  That old bach, Buchanan
Or to vote for Buchanan---
  'Twould be shocking to my pride

4

Fremont is very liberal
  I think you are aware
He'll give you peace and liberty
  With bondage dearer far

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

A CAMPAIGN SONG OF 1856 -(cont'd)-

Although he's not so aged as you
  Election Day will tell
That he is far more preferable---
  Buchanan, fare-you-well

  Final Chorus---
Then, Hurrah for Fremont!
  Three cheers for Fremont!
John Charles Fremont
  The President shall be---
So clear the track, Buchanan
  Fremont's the man for me

-(Father cannot remember the first four lines of the second)-
(verse at present so, after waiting several days, I have)
(left them blank. Father says that his father, who had)
(been a life-long Democrat, was one of those who, tiring of)
(its*policies, went over to the Republican Party upon its)
(organization and voted for Fremont. F. E. K. 8/17/16.)

*Democratic

FATHER'S SONGS

AWAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE THE WAR FIRST BEGAN

1

Away down South where the War first began
'Twas down at Fort Sumter under Major Anderson
He stood by the flag with a heart brave and true
He fought like a man for the Red, White and Blue

Chorus---
Then hoist up the flag and long may it wave
Over the Union, her honor to save
Hoist up the flag and long may it wave
Over the Union, boys, the home of the brave

2

There where Secession first started the War
They shot down our soldiers in the streets of Baltimore
Ellsworth was slain as he tore down the rag
The Rebels had raised as a Jeff Davis flag
-----Chorus:-

3

Away down at Norfolk we drove the foe back
We fought seven hours with the great"Merrimac"
Our little "Monitor" went bobbing around
She drove her about till she ran her aground
-----Chorus:-

4

Next on an Island they called Roanoke
Our boys had a battle and they raised a big smoke
Our boys fought away to the Rebs great surprise
They all ran away after Governor Wise
-----Chorus:-

5

Old England's been trying to kick up a fuss
She'd better stay at home and not interfere with us
For if she comes to fight she will find it no fun
She'll get what she got from General Washington
-----Chorus:-

6

Our troops are the finest the world ever saw
Our men are the finest that ever went to war
Our land is the best wherever you may go
The boys they are fast and the girls are not slow
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

DOWN WHERE THE PATRIOT ARMY

1

Down where the Patriot Army near Potomac's side
  Guards the glorious cause of Freedom, gallant Ellsworth died
Brave was the noble Chieftain, at his country's call
  Hastened to the field of battle and was first to fall

  Chorus---
Strike, Freemen! for the Union
  Sheathe your swords no more
While in arms remains a traitor
  On Columbia's shore

2

Entering the traitor city with his soldiers true
  Leading on the Zouave column, fixed became his view
See that Rebel Flag is floating o'er yon building tall
  Boys, said he, his dark eyes glistening
Boys, that flag must fall
-----Chorus:-

3

Quickly from its proud position that base rag was torn
  Trampled 'neath the feet of Freemen, circling Ellsworth's form
See him bear it down the landing, past the traitor's door
  Hear him groan--Oh, God! they've shot him! Ellsworth is no more
-----Chorus:-

4

First to fall, our youthful martyr, hapless was thy fate
  Hasten we as thine avengers from thy native State
Speed we on from town and city, not for wealth nor fame
  But because we love the Union and our Ellsworth's name
-----Chorus:-

5

Traitors' hands shall never sunder that for which you died
  Hear the oaths our lips now utter, thou, our Nation's pride
By our hope of yon bright Heaven, By the land we love
  By the God who reigns above us, we'll avenge thy blood
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

1

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

  Chorus---
The Union forever! Hurrah boys, Hurrah!
  Down with the traitor! Up with the star!
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

2

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
-----Chorus:-

3

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
-----Chorus:-

4

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best
  Shouting the battle cry of Freedom
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

1

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah! Hurrah
The men will cheer, the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

2

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah! Hurrah
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah
The village lads and lassies gay, ~~withxrosesxthey~~
With roses they will strew the way
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

3

Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah
We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother dear, of you
And our bright and happy home so far away
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay

Chorus---
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching
Cheer up, comrades, they will come
And beneath the starry flag, we shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home

2

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they made
And they swept us off a hundred men or more
But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back, dismayed
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er
-----Chorus:-

3

So, within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay
As we think of seeing home and friends once more
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

1

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song
  Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong
  While we were marching through Georgia

  Chorus---
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
  Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
  While we were marching through Georgia

2

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound
  How the turkeys gobbled that our commissary found
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
  While we were marching through Georgia
-----Chorus:-

3

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
  When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
  While we were marching through Georgia
-----Chorus:-

4

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast
  So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with their host
  While we were marching through Georgia
-----Chorus:-

5

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train
  Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
  While we were marching through Georgia
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

1

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains
  That frowned on the river below
As we stood by our guns in the morning
  And eagerly watched for the foe
When a rider rode out from the darkness
  That hung over river and tree
And shouted, Boys, Up! and be ready
  For Sherman will march to the sea

2

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
  Went up from each valley and glen
And the bugles re-echoed the chorus
  That came from the lips of the men
For we knew that the stars on our banner
  More bright in their splendor would be
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
  When Sherman marched down to the sea

3

Then forward, boys! forward to glory
  We marched on our wearisome way
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca
  God bless those who fell on that day
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
  Who slept by each river and tree
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
  As Sherman marched down to the sea

4

Still onward we pressed till our banners
  Swept out through Atlanta's grim walls
And the blood of the Patriot dampens
  The soil where the traitors' flag falls
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory
  Frowned down on the Flag of the Free
But the East and the West bore our standards
  So Sherman marched down to the sea

5

Proud, proud was our Army that morning
  That stood where the pine proudly towers
When Sherman said, Boys! you are weary
  This day fair Savannah is ours
Then sang we a song for our Chieftain
  That echoed o'er river and lea
And the stars on our banner shone brighter
  When Sherman marched down to the sea

-(The last four lines of the third and fourth verses should be)-
(transposed---the third to the fourth and the fourth to the).
(third.)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE

1

My brave lad, he sleeps in his faded coat of blue
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true
He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave

Chorus---
No more the bugle calls the weary one
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue

2

He cried, give me water and just a little crumb
And my mother she will bless you thro' all the years to come
And tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in Heaven, in my faded coat of blue
-----Chorus:-

3

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more
Yet my heart will startling beat with each foot-fall at door
I gaze c'er the hill where he waved a last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see in his faded coat of blue
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

1

Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you
While upon the field we're watching, with the enemy in view
Comrades brave are 'round me lying, filled with thoughts of home
For well they know that on the morrow some will sleep/ and God
beneath the sod

Chorus---
Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never, mother
Press me to your heart again
But Oh, you'll not forget me, mother, you will not forget me
If I'm numbered with the slain

2

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding, 'Tis the signal for the fight
Now may God protect us, mother, as he ever does the right
Hear the battle-cry of "Freedom", How it swells upon the air
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard, or we'll perish nobly
-----Chorus:- /there

Break it gently to my mother

1

See! Ere the sun sinks behind these hills
Ere darkness the earth doth cover
You will lay me low in the cold damp ground
Break it gently to my mother

Chorus---
Good-bye, my mother, ever dear
Sister, you loved your brother
Comrades, I take a last farewell
Break it gently to my mother

2

My sister, playmate of boyhood years
Will lament her fallen brother
She must try to soothe her parents woe
Break it gently to my mother
-----Chorus:-

3

Oh, say that in battle I nobly died
For Right and our country's Honor
Like the reapers grain fell the leaden rain
Yet God saved our Starry Banner
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE DYING SOLDIER

1

The sun was sinking in the west but fell with lingering rays
  Thro' the branches of a forest where a dying soldier lay
In the shade of the palmetto, 'neath a sultry southern sky
  Far from his loved New England home they laid him down to die

2

A group had gathered round him, his comrades in the fight
  And the tears rolled down each manly cheek as they said their
One, a dear friend and companion was kneeling / last goodnight
  Trying to stay the life blood's flow / by his side
/but alas! in vain he
/tried

3

And his heart filled with deep anguish as he saw that it was
  And upon his loved companion the tears fell down like / vain
Harry, spoke the dying soldier, Harry, weep no more / rain
  I am crossing the dark river, but beyond they all / for me
/are free

4

Listen, comrades, gather round me, listen to the words I say
  I've a story I would tell you ere my soul shall pass away
Far away in dear New England, in the old Pine Tree State
  There is one who for my coming with a saddened heart will wait

5

A fair young girl, my sister, my blessing and my pride
My love and care from boyhood for I had none beside
I've no mother, she is sleeping beneath the churchyard sod
  It is many, many years since her spirit went to God

6

I've no father, he is sleeping beneath the cold dark sea
  I've no brothers, I've no sisters, there was only Nell and me
I have loved her as a brother and with a father's care
  I have tried from grief and sorrow her gentle heart to spare

7

When our country was in danger and they called for volunteers
  She threw her arms around me and bursting into tears
Whispered, go, my darling brother, drive the traitors from our
/shore
  Though my heart will need thy presence, thy country needs
/thee more

8

And tho' my heart seems breaking I will not bid thee stay
  But here in our old homestead I will wait thee day by day
Now my brothers, I am dying, I shall never see her more
  She will vainly wait my coming at the little cottage door

9

Listen, comrades, stand up nearer, listen to my dying prayer
  Who will be to her a brother, shield her with a father's care
Then the soldiers spoke together, like one voice it seemed to
  She shall be to us a sister, we'll protect her one and / fall
/all

FATHER'S SONGS

THE DYING SOLDIER---(cont'd)-

10

A smile radiant in its brightness a halo o'er him shed
  A quick convulsive shudder and the soldier boy was dead
By the waves of the Potomac they have laid him down to rest
  With his knapsack for a pillow and his rifle on his ~~xxxx~~ breast

---

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

1

Why am I so weak and weary--See how short my breath
  All around to me seems darkness-Tell me, comrades,Is this /death
Ah! well I knew your answer-To my fate I'll meekly bow
  If you'll only tell me truly-Who will care for mother now

  Chorus---
Soon with angels I'll be marching
  With bright laurels on my brow
I have for my country fallen
  Who will care for mother now

2

Who will comfort her in sorrow-Who will dry the falling tear
  Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead-Who will whisper words of /cheer
Even now I think I see her kneeling, praying for me, how
  Can I leave her in her anguish-Who will care for mother now
-----Chorus:-

3

Let this knapsack be my pillow and my mantle be the sky
Hasten, comrades, to the battle-I will like a soldier die
Soon with angels I'll be marching, with bright laurels on my /brow
  I have for my country fallen-Who will care for mother /now
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

DON'T YOU SEE THE BLACK CLOUDS?

1

Don't you see the black clouds rising over yonder
  Where Massa's old plantation am
Oh, no, you is mistaken, that am only darkeys
  Gwine to go and fight for Uncle Sam

  Chorus---
Look out, dar, now, for I'se a gwine to shoot
  Look out, dar, don't you understand
Babylon is fallen, Babylon is fallen
  And we'se a gwine to occupy the land

2

Don't you see the lightning flashing in the cane-brake
  Like as if we'se gwine to have a storm
Never you be frightened, that's the darkeys' bayonets
  And the buttons on the uniform
-----Chorus:-

3

Way up in the corn-field where you hear the thunder
  That am our old forty-pounder gun
Oh, when we shall miss him then we'll load with pumpkin
  Just the same to make the coward run
-----Chorus:-

4

Massa's been a colonel in the rebel army
  Eber since he went and runned away
But he loves the darkeys, they have been a-watching
  And they took him prisoner t'other day
-----Chorus:-

5

We will be the Massa, he will be the servant
  Try 'im how he like it for awhile
So we crack the butternut, so we take the kernel
  So we can and carry back the shell
-----Chorus:-

(The above is pretty badly mutilated! The last line should read:- "So de cannon carry back de shell"! The correct version appears on Pages 8 and 9 of "War Songs" under the title "Babylon is Fallen"! I have no paper for re-copying!)

FATHER'S SONGS

KINGDOM COMING

1

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa
  Wid de muffstas on his face
Go long de road some time dis mornin'
  Like he gwine to leab de place
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber
  Whar de Linkum gunboats lay
He took his hat, and lef berry sudden
  An' I specs he's runned away

Chorus---
Dc massa run, ha! ha!
De darkeys stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom coming
An' de year ob Ju-bi-le!

2

He's six foot one way, two foot tudder
  An' he weigh tree hundred pound
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor
  An' it won 't go half way round
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n
  An' he get so drefful tanned
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
  Make 'em think he's contraband
-----Chorus:-

3

De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
  In de log-house on de lawn
Dey move dere tings to massa's parlor
  For to keep it while he's gone
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen
  An' de darkeys dey'll hab some
I spose dey'll all be confiscated
  When de Linkum sojers come
-----Chorus:-

4

De oberseer he make us trouble
  An' he dribe us round a spell
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar
  Wid de key trown in de well
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken
  But de massa'll hab his pay
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better
  Dan to went an' run away
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

FORT WASHINGTON

(This song is copied as written off for F.E.K. by AmesStaples in Waltham, Mass., in the late "eighties", just a short time before Ames came to Searsport to die.)

1

On the banks of the Potomac
  And at old Fort Washington
There's a company of Coast Guards raised
  That's from the State of Maine
They had lived so long on bread and fat
  That they were nearly all played out
So they raised a squad one Saturday night
  To clean the sutler out

2

There was W. Barnes and Harvie
  Some thirty-two in all
And Warback led the company
  As they crept along the wall
It was between Post two and three
  Just over the arbor tree
The night was dark and dreary
  And the sentinels couldn't see

3

Be easy, now, said Harvie, ~~as~~
  As we cautiously did creep
Oh, damn the odds! said Richardson
  Old Belmont is asleep
For as we passed Post two and three
  Not a sound was heard
And until we reached the sutler's shop
  There was no man that spoke a word

4

We~~l~~ halt here, said Warback,
  While I give the shop a rap
And if the sutler is within
  He'll surely smell the rat
So he hit the shop a rap or two
  And then retreated back
But nothing could be heard
  Except the scampering of the cat

5

It's all right, said Warback
  And we all stepped up again
We quickly ripped off a board or two
  And piled and tumbled in
We played the game so shrilly
  So quiet and so still
Till Macey grabbed the walnut bag
  And threw it o'er the hill

FATHER'S SONGS

FORT WASHINGTON---(cont'd)

(The company of Coast Guards which "cleaned the sutler out")
(was raised in Belfast and was composed of men from that and)
(surrounding towns. The men referred to and particularly)
("Bill" are well known to their old-time comrades who survive)

6

Then 'twas hither, there and yonder
  The boxes they did fly
The barrels flew so very thick
  That you couldn't see the sky
Each man was true as any steel
  So fearless, bold and stout
So we all went in our bigness
  Till we cleaned the sutler out

7

'Twas then for our quarters
  We all did march again
We marched in a true Indian file
  Returning home from game
We filed off to our quarters
  And into our bunks did turn
And laid there till the sun was up
  And turned out at roll-call

8

The Captain standing in front of the ranks
  Said he, I understand
That you have made a raid on Mackey's shop
  And I'll give to any man
Who will tell to me the guilty ones
  Or hint so that I may know
Some twenty-five in green-backs
  And a thirty days furlough

9

A corporal from Belfast
  I mention not his name -("Bill" Dyer.F.E.K.)-
But he's noted as the meanest man
  That ever came from Maine
Said he, I'm on the track of them
  And I'll tell to you all I know
So count me out my greenbacks
  And insure me my furlough

10

And so the story was let out
  And told of us so bold
Some thirty-five we had to pay
  In greenbacks or in gold
But we thought we'd got our money's worth
  Besides our fun also
And "Bill" ai'n't got his greenbacks yet
  Nor thirty days furlough

FATHER'S SONGS

FORT WASHINGTON---(cont'd)

11

Come all ye Coast Guard soldiers bold
  Wherever you belong
Ne'er list to a tin-peddler*
  For he'll surely lead you wrong
He'll enlist you all as battery boys
  And ere you smell the rat
He'll take you to Fort Washington
  To live on bread and fat

-(*The Captain. He had organized the regiment, giv-)-
((ing its members to understand that as Coast or)
(Home Guards their term of service would be spent)
(at"The Battery" just below Belfast. After they)
(had signed their enlistment papers and taken the)
(necessary oath they found, too late, -(for some)
(of them at least) that a"Coast Guard" had to go)
(where he was ordered---and this particular contin-)
(gent was ordered to the banks of the Potomac to)
(help garrison Fort Washington, where some of them)
(thought the "grub" wasn't all that it ought to be-)
(Hence this plaint and the raid on the sutler's)
(shop. Father cannot remember the Captain's name.)

NICODEMUS THE SLAVE

-("Nicodemus, The Slave" was an historical personage whom the)-
(Negroes, at least, credited with the gift of prophecy. It)
(was claimed that he foretold many of the most important)
(events of the Civil War.)

1

Nicodemus, The Slave, was of African birth
  And was bought for a bag full of gold
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth
  Though he died years ago, very old
'Twas his last sad request so we laid him away
  In the trunk of an old hollow tree
Wake me up, was his charge, at the first break of day
  Wake me up for the great Jubilee

  Chorus---
There's a good time coming, it's almost here
  'Twas long, long, long on the way
So go and tell 'Lijah to hurry up Pomp
  And meet us by the gum-tree down in the swamp
To wake Nicodemus today

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

NICODEMUS THE SLAVE-(cont'd)

2

He was known as a prophet, at least was as wise
  For he told of the battles to come
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes
  And we heeded the shake of his thumb
Though he clothed us with fear yet the garments he wore
  Were in patches at elbow and knee
And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore
  As he sleeps 'neath the old hollow tree

-----Chorus:-

THE CAPTAIN WITH THE WHISKERS

1

As they marched through the town with their banners so gay
  I ran to the window to hear the band play
I peeped through the blinds very cautiously then
  Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at men
Oh, I heard the drums beat and the music so sweet
  But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat
The troop was the finest I ever did see
  And the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me

2

When we met at the ball I of course thought it was right
  To pretend that we never had met till that night
But he knew me at once I could tell by his glance
  And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance
Then the sweet words he spoke I ne'er shall forget

For my heart was enlisted and could not get free
  As the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me

3

But he marched from the town and I see him no more
  Yet I think of him often and the whiskers he wore
I dream all the night and I think all the day
  Of the love of a captain who went far away
I remember with super-abundant delight
  When we met in the street and danced all the night
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee
  When the Captain with the Whiskers took a sly glance at me

-(Father and Mother first heard this song at a show at Union)-
(Hall, Searsport, in the late"sixties"---probably in 1868.)
-There is a line lacking from the second verse-

FATHER'S SONGS

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

1
Come listen all unto my song
It is no silly fable
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable

2
Bold Cyrus Field he said, said he
I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean

3
Then all the people laughed and said
They'd like to see him do it
He might get "half seas over" but
He never could go through it

4
To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable

5
But Cyrus was a valiant man
A fellow of decision
And heeded not their mocking words
Their laughter and derision

6
Twice did his bravest efforts fail
And yet his mind was stable
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable

7
Once more, my gallant boys! he cried
Three times---You know the fable
I'll make it thirty, muttered he
But I will lay this cable

8
Once more they tried--Hurrah! Hurrah!
What means this great commotion
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean

9
Loud ring the bells---for flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter

FATHER'S SONGS

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE---(cont'd)

10
O'er all the land the tidings speed
And soon in every nation
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration

11
Now long live James and long live Vic
And long live gallant Cyrus
And may his courage, faith and zeal
With emulation fire us

12
And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold and stable
And tell our sons, to make them brave
How Cyrus laid the cable

-(The above is sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle")-
(Congratulatory messages were exchanged over the cable which)-
(was first stretched across the Atlantic in 1858, but which)
(soon became useless. After several unsuccessful attempts)
(a permanently successful cable was laid by the "Great East-)
(ern" in the summer of 1866.)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME

-(Father and Mother first heard this sung at a show at Union)-
(Hall, Searsport, in the late "sixties"---probably in 1868.).

1

In sad despair I wander
My heart is filled with woe
When o'er my griefs I ponder
What to do I do not know
For cruel Fate has on me frowned
And the trouble seems to be
There's another fellow in this town
That's just the image of me

Chorus---
Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him
Whoever he may be
Wouldn't I give him particular fits
This fellow that looks like me

2

With a lady fair I started
To Central Park to go
When I was met by a man in a rage
Saying, Pay this bill you owe
In vain I said, I owe you not
He would not let me free
Till a crowd came round and the bill I paid
For the fellow that looks like me
-----Chorus:-

3

One night as I was walking
Through a narrow street up town
I was stopped by a man in a rage
Saying, I've caught you, Mr. Brown
You know my daughter you have wronged
Though his girl I never did see
He beat me till I was black and blue
For the fellow that looks like me
-----Chorus:-

4

One night as I sat sparking
With a girl as dear as life
Another lady dropping in
Said, Brown, how is your wife
In vain I said, I'm a single man
Though married I'd like to be
They called me a swindler and kicked me out
For the fellow that looks like me
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME---(cont'd)

5

The other night I went to a ball
And was just enjoying the sport
When a policeman grabbed me by the arm
Saying, you're wanted down at Court
You've escaped us twice but now this time
We'll see that you don't get free
So I was arrested, dragged to jail
For the fellow that looks like me
-----Chorus:-

6

I was tried, found guilty
And about to be taken down
When another policeman then brought in
The right man, Mr. Brown
They set me free and locked him up
Oh, he was a sight to see
The worst looking wretch that ever I saw
Was the fellow that looks like me
-----Chorus:-

-(The third line of the second verse should read:- "When I)-
(was accosted by a man" instead of as given above.).

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN

-(Father and Mother first learned this at about the end of)-
(the Civil War---in '64 or '5.)

1

I live in Vermont and one morning last summer
A letter informed me my uncle was dead
And also requested I'd come up to Boston
As he had left me a large sum of money, it said
Of course I determined on making the journey
And to book myself by the first-class I was fain
Though had I gone second I ne'er should encountered
The charming youn widow I met on the train

2

Yes, scarce was I seated within the compartment
Before a fresh passenger entered the door
'Twas a female, a young one, and dressed in deep mourning
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore
A white cap surrounded a face, Oh, so lovely
I never shall look on one like it again
I fell deep in love, over-head, in a moment
With the charming young widow I met on the train

3

The widow and I side by side sat together
The carriage containing ourselves and no more
When silence was broken by my fair companion
Who inquired the time by the watch that I wore
I of course satisfied her and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met on the train

4

We became so familiar I ventured to ask her
How old was the child that she held at her breast
Ah! sir! she responded and into tears bursted
Her infant still closer convulsively pressed
When I think of my child I am well-nigh distracted
Its father, my husband, Oh, my heart bursts with pain
She, choking with sobs, leaned her head on my shoulder
Did the charming young widow I met on the train

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN---(cont'd)-

5

By this time the train had arrived at a station
  Within a few miles of the great one in town
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked through the window
  Good gracious alive! Why, there goes Mr. Brown
He's my late husband's brother, dear sir, would you kindly
  My best-beloved child for a moment sustain
Of course I complied, then off on the platform
  Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train

6

Three minutes elapsed, when the guard's whistle sounded
  The train began moving, no widow appeared
I bawled out-Stop! Stop!-but he paid no attention
  With a snort and a jerk starting off, as I feared
In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour
  But my watch! Where was it? Where was my chain?
My purse and my ticket, gold pencil-case, all gone
  Oh, that artful young widow I met on the train

7

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing
  The train again stopped and I "Tickets, please" heard
So I told the conductor, while dangling the infant
  The loss I'd sustained, but he doubted my word
He called more officials, a lot gathered round me
  Uncovered the child, Oh, how shall I explain
For, Behold! 'Twas no infant, 'twas only a dummy
  Oh, that crafty young widow I met on the train

8

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure
  Though of course I'd to settle my fare the next day
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country
  Lest they should get served in a similar way
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway
  Who lean on your shoulder, whose tears fall like rain
Look out for your pockets in case they resemble
  The charming young widow I met on the train

FATHER'S SONGS

NOW MOSES, DON'T TOUCH IT

1

Now Moses, come tell me what you were a-doing
  Off there in the pantry so still and so sly
Full well do I know there is mischief a-brewing
  Ah, that's what you're after--a whole cherry pie
Stop! Stop! You are taking the last of my baking
  The very last pie I had on the shelf
If ever one did, you deserve a good shaking
  And I have a notion to try it myself

  Chorus---
Now Moses, don't touch it
  Now Moses, you'll catch it
Now Moses, you mind what I say
  'Tis thus without stopping
The music is dropping
  For night after night and for day after day

2

Now Moses, what makes you so strange and forgetful
  Why is it you heed what I tell you no more
Just look at your picture, who would not be fretful
  Your great muddy boots on my clean kitchen floor
Now you are smoking, Oh, dear, how provoking
  To torment and tease me, it is your desire
I'll throw your old meerschaum, Indeed! I'm not joking
  I'll throw your old meerschaum right into the fire
-----Chorus:-

3

Now Moses, come let us live pleasant and happy
  We must not in future lead such a sad life
Come, be my dear, noble husband forever
  And I'll be forever your sweet loving wife
Oh, no one supposes that life is all roses
  But really I think so--But now I declare
You rascal, you villain, you stupid thing, Moses
  You've left your old curry-comb right in my chair
-----Chorus:-

-(Father first learned the above one winter in the late "six-)-
(ties"---probably that of 1867-8---when he was teaching ei-)
(ther on the southern end of Cape Jellison or at Lowder Brook)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

-(Father and Mother learned this of Elva Partridge, before)-
(the Civil War. Partridge*was later Father's tent-mate in)
(the Army. Father says that but for him he (Father) would)
(have died-prior to his going to the hospital with typhoid)

1

There's a yellow rose in Texas
  That I am going to see
No other darkey knows her
  No darkey only me
She cried so when I left her
  It like to broke my heart
And if I ever find her
  We never more shall part

  Chorus---
She's the sweetest rose of color
  This darkey ever knew
Her eyes are like the diamonds
  And they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest May
  And sing of Rosa-lie
But the Yellow Rose of Texas
  Beats the belles of Tennessee

2

Where the Rio Grande is flowing
  And the stars are shining bright
We walked along the river
  On a quiet summer's night
Methinks if I remember
  When we parted long ago
I promised to come back again
  And not to leave her so
-----Chorus:-

3

Yes, and I'm going to find her
  For my heart is filled with woe
We'll sing the songs together
  We sang so long ago
We'll play them on the banjo
  And sing the songs of yore
And the Yellow Rose of Texas
  Shall be mine forevermore
-----Chorus:-

-(*He was Amos Partridge's son and lived over across the brook)
(from Grandfather Crockett's. Mother says that the Part-)
(ridges and Crocketts were as much at home in one house as)
(the other.

FATHER'S SONGS

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

-(This song is said to describe an actual occurrence. Mother)-
(learned it in 1861 or 2, before Father went into the Army,)
(from Charles Watts and Martha Partridge, son and daughter)
(of Park. Watts and Josiah Partridge, both of whom at that)
(time lived in "Blanket Lane", Prospect, the first in the)
(big stone house across from Prospect Marsh Cemetery. Chas.)
(Watts was the father of Annie Watts, now the wife of Ira M.)
(Cobe, who in recent years has built the great "summer cot-)
(tage" on what he calls "Hillside Farm" at Northport. After)
(Watts moved away from the stone house in "Blanket Lane" it)
(was bought by William Clark, husband of Mother's cousin,)
(Hannah Jane Crockett, -(Uncle Jonathan's daughter)-. She)
(died there. It is now owned and occupied by Isaac Cummings)
(one of the present generation of a family which has long)
(made "Blanket Lane" its abode.)

1

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain-side
  In a lone and dreary spot
No dwelling was for miles around
  Except her Father's cot
Yet on many a cold and wintry night
  Young friends would gather there
For her father kept a social abode
  And she was very fair

2

He loved to see his daughter dress
  As fair as a city belle
For she was the only child he had
  And he loved that daughter well
'Twas New Year's eve, the sun went down
  She sat with restless eye
Gazing from the window forth
  As the merry sleighs passed by

3

In a village just fifteen miles from there
  Is a merry ball tonight
Although the air is cold and chill
  Their hearts are warm and light
And still she sat with restless eye
  Till a well-known voice she heard
Driving up to the cottage door
  Young Charles's sleigh appeared

FATHER'S SONGS

YOUNG CHARLOTTE---(cont'd)

4

Charlotte, dear, her mother said
  This blanket 'round you fold
For it is a tedious night without
  And you'll get your death of cold
Oh, No! fair Charlotte said
  And she laughed like a Gypsy queen
To ride in blankets muffled up
  I never could be seen

5

My silken coat is quite enough
  All lined,you know, throughout
Besides, I have a silken scarf
  To tie my neck about
Her gloves and bonnet being on
  She jumped into the sleigh
And away they ride by the mountain-side
  And o'er the hills away

6

There's music in the ringing air
  As o'er the hills they go
What a squeaking noise the runners make
  As they cut the frozen snow
And still they ride by the mountain-side
  Till five miles are rode past
And Charles with these few frozen words
  The silence broke at last

7

Such a night as this I never knew
  The reins I can scarcely hold
And Charlotte said in a feeble voice
  I am very, very cold
Charles cracked his whip and urged his steed
  Much faster than before
And still they ride on the mountain-side
  Till ten miles were rode o'er

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

YOUNG CHARLOTTE---(cont'd)

8

How fast the frozen snow
  It gathers on my brow
And Charlotte said in a feeble voice
  I'm growing warmer now
And still they ride through the frozen air
  And in the clear star-light
Until they reached the Village Inn
  And the ball-room was in sight

9

Then Charlie quickly jumping out
  He gave his hand to her
Why sit you there like a monument
  Which hath not power to stir?
He asked her once, he asked her twice
  And still she never stirred
He asked her for her hand again
  And yet she never moved

10

He threw his arms around her neck
  And bitter tears did flow
He said-My young intended bride
  I nevermore shall know
He threw his arms around her neck
  And kissed her marble brow
His thoughts went back to the place where she said
  I'm growing warmer now

11

They bore her out into the ~~night~~ sleigh
  And with her he drove home
And when they reached the cottage door
  Her parents grieved and mourned
They mourned the loss of their daughter dear
  And Charles mourned o'er his doom
Until with grief his heart did break
  And they slumber in one tomb

FATHER'S SONGS

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

1

A soldier of the Legion
  Lay dying in Algiers
There was lack of woman's nursing
  There was dearth of woman's tears
But a comrade stood beside him
  While his life-blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances
  To hear what he might say

2

The dying soldier faltered
  As he took that comrade's hand
And he said, I never more shall see
  My own, my native land
Take a message and a token
  To some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Bingen
  At Bingen on the Rhine

3

Tell my brothers and companions
  When they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story
  In the pleasant vineyard ground
That we fought the battle bravely
  And when the day was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale
  Beneath the setting sun

4

And midst the dead and dying
  Were some grown old in wars
The death-wound on their gallant breasts
  The last of many scars
But some were young and suddenly
  Beheld Life's morn decline
And one had come from Bingen
  Fair Bingen on the Rhine

5

Tell my mother that her other sons
  Shall comfort her old age
For I was aye a truant bird
  That thought his home a cage
For my father was a soldier
  And even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him
  Tell of struggles fierce and wild

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

BINGEN ON THE RHINE---(cont't)

6

And when he died and left us
  To divide his scanty hoard
I let them take whate'er they would
  But kept my father's sword
And with boyish love I hung it
  Where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen
  Calm Bingen on the Rhine

7

Tell my sister not to weep for me
  Nor sob with drooping head
When the troops are marching home again
  With firm and gallant tread
But to look upon them proudly
  With a calm and steadfast eye
For her brother was a soldier, too
  And not afraid to die

8

And if a comrade seek her love
  I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly
  Without regret or shame
And to hang the old sword in its place
  (My father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen
  Dear Bingen on the Rhine

9

There's another, not a sister
  In the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment
  That sparkled in her eye
Too innocent for coquetry
  Too fond for idle scorning
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart
  Makes sometimes heaviest mourning

10

Tell her the last night of my life
  (For ere the moon be risen)
My body will be out of pain
  My soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood beside her
  And saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen
  Sweet Bingen on the Rhine

-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

BINGEN ON THE RHINE---(cont'd)

11

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along
  I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing
  In chorus sweet and clear
And down the pleasant river
  And up the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through
  The evening calm and still

12

And her glad blue eyes were on me
  As we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore
  And well-remembered walk
And her little hand lay lightly
  Confidingly in mine
But we meet no more at Bingen
  Loved Bingen on the Rhine

13

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse
  His grasp was childish weak
His eyes put on a dying look
  He sighed and ceased to speak
His comrade bent to lift him
  But the spark of life had fled
The soldier of the Legion
  In a foreign land is dead

14

And the soft moon rose up slowly
  And calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field
  With bloody corses strewn
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene
  Her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen
  Fair Bingen on the Rhine

-(The above is the poem by Mrs. E. C. Norton. The "Legion")-
(referred to is of course the famous Foreign Legion of)
(France of which no Frenchman -(except it be the officers?)-)
(may become a member. The plot of "Ouida's" "Under Two)
(Flags" revolves around the Foreign Legion while on service)
(in Algeria.)

FATHER'S SONGS

MY OWN NATIVE LAND

-(Mother first learned this at the Prospect Marsh Schoolhouse)-
(where she used to hear the older people sing it in the ear-)
(ly "sixties", when she was about a dozen years old.)

1

I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood
  I've traversed the wave-rolling sand
Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright
  Yet it was not my own native land
No, No, - No, No, No, No, --- No, No, - No, No, No, No,
  Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright
Yet it was not my own native land

2

The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped
  And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
  In the west--in my own native land
Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, --- Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes,
  Yet happier far were the hours that I passed Yes,
In the west--in my own native land

3

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love
  Where flourishes Liberty's tree
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home
  'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free
Yes, Yes,-Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes,---Yes, Yes,-Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes,
  'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free

-(While I was talking to Mother today about this and other)-
(songs, she"dug up" an old hymn or song book entitled "Brad-)
(bury's Golden Chain of Sabbath School Melodies" by Wm. B.)
(Bradbury, 427 Broome St., New York, and published by Graves)
(& Young, 24 Cornhill, Boston, in which appears not only the)
(above song but also "The Evergreen Shore" (Ps. 76-77) which)
(follows. Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington St., Boston,)
(appear on the cover as Bradbury's Boston Agents. Mother)
(has had the book many years but cannot remember how long.)

F. E. K. 8/18/16

FATHER'S SONGS

THE EVERGREEN SHORE

-(Mother learned this of Helen Seavey -(She later married Ed.)-
(Chase)- when they went to school together at the old "Cen-)
(ter" Schoolhouse. Some years later the "Four Center Girls")
(used to sing it during the intermissions between dances at)
("Pat" Staples's--- He used to live where Kelly Nickerson)
(held forth when I was a boy, on the farm now owned by John)
(Larrabee, and ran dances which were very popular with the)
(young folks of Father's and Mother's day. The dance-hall)
(still stands but has now been converted into the somewhat)
(lowly use of a hen-house. F.E.K. 8/18/16.)

1

We are joyously voyaging over the main
Bound for the evergreen shore
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain
And never see death any more

Chorus---
Then let the hurricane roar
It will the sooner be o'er
We will weather the blast and will land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore

2

We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave
Under our Savior's command
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave
For Jesus will bring us to land
-----Chorus:-

3

Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls
Nothing can baffle His skill
And His voice when the thundering hurricane rolls
Can make the loud tempest be still
-----Chorus:-

4

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon
Send not a glimmering ray
Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon
Will drive all our terror away
-----Chorus:-

5

Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave
Fearfully overhead break
There is One by our side that can comfort and save---
There's One who will never forsake
-----Chorus:-

6

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal
Sink to be seen never more
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore
-----Chorus:-

-(Since writing this I have told Mother that I thought it was)-
(rather serious stuff to be singing at dances. F. E. K.)

FATHER'S SONGS

GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

-(Mother's recollection of this runs back to the middle "six-)-
(ties" when Almeda Grant -(now the wife of Henry True Sanborn)
(of Bangor)- gave it to Luella Whitehouse as a singing les-)
(son, while Evelyn Treat Grant -(who afterward married Doc-)
(tor Fellows of Winterport)- performed a similar office for)
(Ella Peaslee.)

1

They grew in beauty side by side
  They filled one home with glee
Their graves are severed far and wide
  By mount and stream and sea
The same fond mother bent at night
  O'er each fair sleeping brow
She had each folded flower in sight
  Where are those dreamers now

2

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
  Above the noble slain
He wound his colors 'round his breast
  On a blood-red field of Spain
The sea, the lone blue sea hath one
  He lies where pearls lie deep
He was the loved of all, yet none
  O'er his low bed may weep

3

One midst the forests of the West
  By a dark stream is laid
The Indian knows his place of rest
  Far in the cedar shade
And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
  Its leaves by soft winds fanned
She faded midst Italian flowers
  The last of that fair band

4

And parted thus they rest who played
  Beneath the same green tree
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
  Around one parent's knee
They who with smiles lit up the hall
  And cheered with song the hearth
Alas for love, if thou art all
  And naught beyond, Oh Earth

FATHER'S SONGS

HAPPY ARE WE TONIGHT, FRIENDS

1

Happy are we tonight, friends
  Happy, happy are we
The hearts that we delight, friends
  With us may happy be
Friends should laugh with those who laugh
  And sigh with those in pain
The most of us have met before
  And now we meet again

  Chorus---
Happy are we tonight, friends
  Happy, happy are we
The hearts that we delight, friends
  With us may happy be

2

Many will be the mile, friends
  Many, many the mile
That we shall rove and smile, friends
  With those who ne'er beguile
The voices we have often heard
  And faces we have met
Like tones of sweetest melody
  We never can forget
-----Chorus:-

3

Weary we may return, friends
  Weary, weary at last
But Memory will learn, friends
  To love the happy past
Age may bring us gloomy hours
  And time may make us sad
But we tonight are free from care
  And all our hearts are glad
-----Chorus:-

-(Mother learned the above in 1863 while on her annual (?))*
(visit to the home of her mother's cousin, Richard Killman,)
(who lived at "The Mountain", Prospect, just where the Bangor)
(road swings off to go around the mountain from the one that)
(keeps on to "Spout Hill")

FATHER'S SONGS

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY

-(Mother learned this of Hiram Hurd of Exeter, Me., about 1858)

1

There was once a little sailor
  Who was both brisk and bold
He courted a damsel
  Worth thousands of gold
Her father said, Dear Daughter
  If this is your intent
To wed with this sailor boy
  I will never give consent

2

So she sat down and wrote
  And the letter she sent
To let her true love know
  Her old father's intent
Saying-My heart is sincere
  My love it will prove true
There is none in this world
  I can fancy but you

3

Then the little sailor wrote
  Saying-If you I can't obtain
I will cross the wide ocean
  And go into Spain
Some craft there project
  Intending to try
To outwit your old father
  Or else I must die

4

So he bought him rich robes
  And in pearls he did appear
Disguised as a prince
  From Morocco he did steer
With a star upon his breast
  Came to see his love again
And the old man was pleased
  With his young Prince of Spain

FATHER'S SONGS

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY---(cont'd)

5

So he said-Most Noble Prince
  If you will agree
To wed with my daughter
  Your bride she shall be
'Tis with my whole heart
  This young sailor boy did say
If she'll be my bride
  I'll get married today

6

So off to the church
  They were hurried with speed
The old man gave up his daughter
  His daughter indeed
Which caused this old man
  With pride and joy to dance
To think that his daughter
  Had wed with a prince

7

Then up spoke the little sailor
  Saying-Don't you know me
I am that little sailor boy
  You once turned away
'Tis you I have outwitted
  By venturing my life
Gaining twelve thousands pounds
  And a beautiful wife

8

You may go to the d----
  The old man made reply
You have robbed me of my money
  And my daughter likewise
But if I'd once mistrusted
  That this had been your plot
Not one penny of my money
  Nor my daughter would you got

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SINGING SCHOOL

-(This was a sort of rallying song at a Singing School which)-
(Mother attended at the Prospect Marsh Schoolhouse in the)
(early "sixties" -(about 1862 or 3)- and of which Levi Rosen-)
(baum was the instructor. He ran singing schools in various)
(places in Waldo County,from which it appears that represen-)
(tatives of "God's chosen people" are by no means new to this)
(section of the country.)

1

Come, let's make our voices ring
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
And sing the songs we love to sing
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

  Chorus---
For we love the singing school
  Our pleasant singing school
We'll sing its praise
  In joyful lays
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

2

Come in spite of rain or snow
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
In spite of all the winds that blow
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
-----Chorus:-

3

Come from many a distant road
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
And come from many a bright abode
  Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
-----Chorus:-

TOSSED UPON LIFE'S RAGING BILLOW

1

Tossed upon life's raging billow
  Sweet it is, Oh, Lord, to know
Thou canst press a sailor's pillow
  And canst feel a sailor's woe
Never slumbering, never sleeping
  Though the night be dark and drear
Thou the faithful watch art keeping
  All is well, Thy constant cheer

2

And though loud the winds be howling
  Fierce though flash the lightnings red
And the storm-clouds wildly lowering
  O'er the sailor's anxious head
Thou canst calm the ocean billow
  And its noise and tumult still
Crush the tempest's wild commotion
  At the bidding of Thy will

-(Father and Mother learned this last in the Fall of '66,)-
(while attending a singing school at the Roberts Schoolhouse)
(run by a man named Tucker.)

FATHER'S SONGS

ANNA LEE

(Father and Mother learned this from Eugene Waterman, who married "Uncle" Sylvanus Roberts'S daughter Jane, in the early "seventies". Roberts was the "Uncle Syl" of the "high forehead." Waterman lived on what was later the Lucullus Roberts place, now owned by Harold Seekins. He died there of typhoid fever.)

1

I have finished it, the letter
  That shall tell him he is free
From this moment and forever
  He is nothing more to me
And my heart feels lighter, gayer
  Since the deed at last is done
I will teach him that while courting
  He should never court but one

2

Everybody in the village
  Knows that he's been wooing me
And last night they saw him riding
  With that saucy Anna Lee
And they say he smiled upon her
  As he cantered by her side
And I warrant you he promised
  He would make her soon his bride

3

But I've finished it, the letter
  That shall tell him he is free
He can have her if he wants her
  If he loves her more than me
And as sure as I am living
  If he ever comes here more
I will act as if we'd never
  Never, never met before

4

It is time he should be coming
  And I wonder if he will
If he does I'll act so distant-
  What's that shadow on the hill
I declare, out in the twilight
  There is someone coming near
Can it be, yes, 'tis his figure
  Just as sure as I am here

5

Now I almost wish I'd written
  Not to him that he was free
For perhaps 'twas but a story
  That he rode with Anna Lee
Now he's coming through the gateway
  I will meet him at the door
I will tell him I'll still love him
  If he'll court Miss Lee no more

FATHER'S SONGS

ANNIE LISLE

-(Mother learned this as an eight-year-old school-girl at the)-
(old "Center" Schoolhouse.)

1

Down where the waving willows 'neath the sunbeams smile
Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters, dwelt sweet Annie Lisle
Pure as the forest lily, never thought of guile
Had its home within the bosom of sweet Annie Lisle

Chorus---
Wave willows! Murmur waters!
Golden sunbeams, smile!
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle

2

Soft came the hallowed chiming of the Sabbath bell
Borne upon the morning breezes down the woody dell
On a bed of pain and anguish lay dear Annie Lisle
Changed were the lovely features, gone the happy smile
-----Chorus:-

3

Raise me in your arms, dear mother, let me once more look
On the green and waving willows and the flowing brook
Hark! What strains of heavenly music from the choirs above
Dearest mother, I am going,- Truly, God is Love
-----Chorus:-

DAISY DEAN

-(Mother learned this of Emma Young -(she afterwards married)-
(Alphonso Cunningham of Swanville)- at one of "Pat" Staples')
(dances, in 1864.)

1

Oh, down in the meadows the violets were blowing
And the young grass grew so fresh and green
And the birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing
There I first met my darling Daisy Dean

Chorus---
None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart
Oh, thy memory is ever fresh and green
Though the sweet buds may wither and fond hearts be broken
Still I love thee, my darling Daisy Dean

2

Her eyes soft and tender the violets out-vying
And a fairer form was never seen
With brown silken tresses and cheeks like the roses
There was none like my darling Daisy Dean
-----Chorus:-

3

Oh, down in the meadows I still love to wander
Where the young grass grows so fresh and green
But those bright golden visions of Springtime have faded
With the flowers and my darling Daisy Dean
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE BROKEN VOW

-(Mother learned this of Uncle "Joe" Griffin -(before he be-)-
(came her brother-in-law)- while she was a girl at home in)
(the "sixties"---probably about 1864.)

1

Thou hast learned to love another
  Thou hast broken every vow
We have parted from each other
  And my heart is lonely now
I have taught my looks to shun thee
  When coldly we have met
For another's smile hath won thee
  And thy voice I must forget

Chorus:---I grieve that e'er I met thee
  Fain, fain, would I forget thee
  'Twere folly to regret thee
  Farewell! Farewell! forever.

2

We have met and we have parted
  But I uttered scarce a word
Like a guilty thing I started
  When thy well-known voice I heard
Thy looks were stern and altered
  And thy words were cold and high
My traitor courage faltered
  When I dared to meet thine eye

Chorus:---Oh, was it well to sever
  This heart from thine forever
  Can I forget thee? Never
  Farewell! Farewell! forever

3

We have met in scenes of pleasure
  We have met in halls of pride
I have seen thy new-found treasure
  I have gazed upon thy bride
I have marked the timid lustre
  Of her down-cast, happy eye
I have seen thee gaze upon her
  Forgetting I was by

Chorus:---Oh, woman's pride will leave her
  Oh, woman's heart will grieve her
  Life's fled when Love deceives her
  Farewell! Farewell! forever

FATHER'S SONGS

EVA CLAIRE

-(Mother learned this of Hiram Hurd of Exeter, Maine, while)-
(attending the school taught by him in the old "Center").
(Schoolhouse in -(about)- 1858. -(1858)-)

1

In early spring when all was gay
  And perfume filled the air
I rode on many a pleasant day
  With lovely Eva Claire
Her lips were of the rosy hue
  While lilies decked her hair
And mildly beamed those eyes of blue
  Of lovely Eva Claire

  First Chorus---
But now within the churchyard lies
  Beneath the cold ground there
The only treasure I did prize
  My lovely Eva Claire

2

One eve we wandered by the stream
  And on its banks reclined
While there beneath the moon's pale beams
  She promised to be mine
But ere the summer days were gone
  The flowers had ceased to bloom
My Eva left me here alone
  To mourn her early doom
-----1st Chorus:-

3

Weep not for me, your Eva Claire
  I'm sweetly sleeping now
Where Pain nor Care no longer rest
  Upon my youthful brow
But while on earth we love so well
  Our hopes are ever bright
Your Eva's gone from hence to dwell
  Where prospects know no blight

  Second Chorus---
But now within the churchyard lies
  They left her resting there
But, Oh, in fairer climes afar
  You'll meet your Eva Claire

FATHER'S SONGS

FANNY GRAY

-(Mother first heard this sung in the hall in the High School)-
(Building at Stockton in (about) 1861 on the occasion of)
(some amateur theatricals in which the two parts of this)
(song were sung by Nettie Deshon and Willard Griffin. Miss)
(Deshon's husband was afterward Major Parker Mudgett of)
(Stockton. She made Mother's wedding hat which, after Moth)
(er had kept it for many years, was finally cut up by Martha)
(Bowen and Flora Porter for dolls' hats, while Mother was)
(absent in Belfast.)

1

Well, well, sir! So you've come at last
  I thought you'd come no more
I've waited with my bonnet on
  From one till half-past four
You know I hate to sit alone
  Unsettled where to go
You'll break my heart, I know you will
  If you continue so---
You'll break my heart, I know you will
  If you continue so

2

Pooh! Pooh! My love! Put by that frown
  Now don't begin to scold
You surely will persuade me soon
  You're growing cross and old
I only stopped at Grosvenor's gate
  Young Fanny's eye to catch
I won't, I say I won't, be made
  To keep time like a watch---
I won't, I ~~xxxxx~~ say I won't, be made
  To keep time like a watch

3

It took two hours to make a bow
  Two hours to take off your hat
I wish you'd bow that way to me
  And apropos of that
I saw you making love to her
  You see I saw it all
I saw you making love to her
  At Lady Gossip's ball---
I saw you making love to her
  At Lady Gossip's ball

4

Now, Jane, I see your temper
  Is so very odd today
You're jealous--and of such a girl
  As little Fanny Gray
Make love to her indeed!
  I did do no such thing
I stood a moment at her side
  To see her turquoise ring
I stood a moment at her side
  To see her turquoise ring -(Continued next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

FANNY GRAY---(cont'd)

5

I tell you, Charles, I saw it all
  The whispering and the grimace
The flirting and coquetting
  In her foolish little face
Why, Charles, I wonder that the earth
  Doesn't open where you stand
For, By the Powers above us both
  I saw you kiss her hand ---
For by the Powers above us both
  I saw you kiss her hand

6

You did not, love, and if you did
  Allowing that be true
When a pretty woman shows her ring
  What can a poor man do
My life, my love, my darling Jane
  I love but you alone
I never thought of Fanny Gray
  How tiresome she has grown---
I never thought of Fanny Gray
  How tiresome she has grown

7

Take off your hat, put down your stick
  Now prithee, Charles, do stay
You never come to see me now
  But you long to get away
There was a time, there was a time
  You never wished to go
What have I done, what have I done
  Dear Charles, to change you so---
What have I done, what have I done
  Dear Charles, to change you so

8

Pooh! Pooh! My love! I am not changed
  But dinner is at eight
And Father's so particular
  He never likes to wait
Goodbye! my love, you'll come again-
  Yes, one of these fine days-
He's turned the street, I knew he would
  He's gone to Fanny Gray's---
He's turned the street, I knew he would
  He's gone to Fanny Gray's

FATHER'S SONGS

GENTLE LAURA

-(Father and Mother learned this of Eugene Waterman in the)-
(early "seventies"---See Page 65)

1

While the stars were brightly shining
  O'er the silent hill and dell
Softly came the angels stealing
  O'er the cot of Laura Bell
For my gentle flower had faded
  From her cheek the rose had flown
And the angels came to claim her
  Claiming Laura for their own

  Chorus---
Gentle Laura! Dark-eyed Laura!
  Floweret of that humble cot
Ever may thy memory linger
  Never shalt thou be forgot

2

She was dying, surely dying
  She, the jewel of my heart
And the angels 'round her flying
  Told us that we soon must part
With a gentle sigh she murmured
  Let me kiss thy anxious brow
Let me linger on thy bosom
  Angels, they are waiting now
-----Chorus:-

3

To my heart I gently pressed her
  Smoothed her golden, shining hair
Gazed upon her dying features
  Once so beautiful and fair
Then she lisped, -We'll meet in Heaven
  Gave a gentle, parting sigh
And her golden lashes parted
  As she softly said- Goodbye
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

KITTY WELLS

(Father first heard this song while his regiment was enjoy-
(ing a short afternoon rest during a march near Newport News)
(Virginia. The "Boys in Blue" had thrown themselves on the)
(ground, using their knapsacks as pillows. While lying in)
(this position, William B. Cammett of Company A, 26th Maine)
(Volunteers, who had enlisted from Morrill, Me., sang this)
(and other songs. See Page 154 of Father's "History of the)
(Twenty-sixth Maine Regiment". Mother says she noticed an)
(account of Cammett's death a short time since.)

1

You ask what makes this darkey weep
  Why he like others am not gay
What makes the tears roll down his cheeks
  From early morn till close of day
My story, darkeys, you shall hear
  For in my memory fresh it dwells
It will cause you all to shed a tear
  On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells

Chorus---
While the birds were singing in the morning
  And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom
And the sun on the hills was dawning
  It was then we laid her in the tomb

2

I never shall forget the day
  That we together roamed the dell
I kissed her cheek and named the day
  That I should marry Kitty Wells
But death came in my cabin door
  And took from me my joy and pride
And when I found she was no more
  Then I laid my banjo down and cried
-----Chorus:-

3

I often wish that I were dead
  And laid beside her in the tomb
The sorrow that bows my heart down
  Would be silent in the midnight gloom
The springtime has no charm for me
  Though flowers are blooming in the dell
For that loved form I do not see
  'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

MARY OF THE GLEN

-(Mother first learned this of Emma Pendleton who was a fre-)-
(quent visitor at "Uncle" Sam Heagan's during the early "six-)
(ties", including the winter of 1862-3 when Johnson Nickerson)
(taught the old "Center" school. She later married Captain)
(James Blanchard of that part of Searsport now called Park)
(and was*in a waterspout at sea with him and their infant)
(child about the year 1865. The only one of the ship's com-)
(pany to be saved was the first mate, a man named Park, of)
(Searsport. -(***Insert "lost" where star appears above.)-)

1

Has there anybody spoke for you
  Mary of the Glen
Has there a heart been broke for you
  Mary of the Glen
I have lands and I have leases
  And gold and silver, too
And flocks of finest fleeces
  Can I marry you?

2

Nobody, sir, has spoke for me
  Mary of the Glen
There has no heart been broke for me
  Mary of the Glen
But there is blue-eyed Willie
  He labors with the men
He brings the sweet pond-lily
  To Mary of the Glen

3

He's neither lands nor leases
  But his cheek is cherry-red
And finer than your fleeces
  Are the curls upon his head
Although he's never spoke for me
  I know he loves me true
And his heart it would be broken
  If I should marry you

FATHER'S SONGS

NETTIE MOORE

-(Mother learned this in 1863--she thinks from someone in the)-
(George Settlement.)

1

In a little white cottage where the trees are ever green
And the climbing roses blossom at the door
I have often sat and listened to the music of the birds
And the charming voice of gentle Nettie Moore

Chorus---
Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore and my happiness is o'er
While her spirit sad around my heart doth come
And the busy days are long and the nights are lonely now
Since you've gone from my little cottage home

2

And often in the Autumn ere the dew had left the lawn
I have wandered over fields far away
But those moments have departed-Gentle Nettie, too, has gone
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray
-----Chorus:-

3

Since the time that you departed I have longed from earth to /rise
And to join the happy angels gone before
I cannot now be merry for my heart is full of woe
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore
-----Chorus:-

4

You have gone, darling Nettie, I have mourned you many a day
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes
And as soon as life is past I shall meet you once again
Up in Heaven, darling, up above the skies
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

LUCY MAY

-(Mother learned this of Uncle "Joe" Griffin, about 1864 or 5)-
(before his marriage to her sister Clara.).

A long time since, when I was young
A-fore this wool got gray
I used to court a colored gal
Her name was Lucy May

Chorus---
Oh Lucy, dear Lucy
Those days have passed away
But I'll never forget thee
My own sweet Lucy May

2
She lived near by, across the creek
And there at close of day
I'd go at least eight nights a week
To see sweet Lucy May
-----Chorus:-

3
And then with loving words and kind
I'd ask her for to say
That she'd be mine and only mine
My own sweet Lucy May
-----Chorus:-

4
She promised me she'd be my true
And everlasting wife
And then we both looked forward to
A long and happy life
-----Chorus:-

5
But just before that day came 'round
Death snatched her right away
And left me all alone to mourn
For my sweet Lucy May
-----Chorus:-

6
Now every time I cross the creek
I kneel upon the clay
That covers all I loved on earth
My own sweet Lucy May
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SILVERY TIDE

-(Mother thinks Father learned this while teaching at Lowder)-
(Brook, Stockton, in the winter of 1867-8.).

1

There was a fair young damsel
  Who lived by the seaside
Of lovely form and features
  She was called the village pride
Her lover's name was Henry
  A lad both brave and bold
And very true she was to him
  While he was on the silvery tide

2

In young Henry's absence
  A young nobleman there came
Who tried with all his powers
  Young Mary's love to gain
Young Mary she repulsed him
  With all her power and strength
Saying-My lover, and I have but one
  Is on the silvery tide

3

Then near to desperation
  This nobleman did say
To prove the separation
  I'll take her life away
I'll watch her late and early
  And in some silent place
I'll send her body floating
  Out on the silvery tide

4

As this nobleman was walking
  One morn to take the air
Down by the silvery waters
  He spied this maiden fair
Then said the saucy villain
  Consent to be my bride
Or you'll sink or swim far, far from him
  Who's on the silvery tide

5

With trembling lips said Mary
  My vows I ne'er can break
My Henry I love dearly
  And I'll die for his sweet sake
With his handkerchief he bound her arms
  And plunged her o'er the main
And shrieking, she went floating out
  Upon the silvery tide

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SILVERY TIDE---(cont'd)

6

It happened a few days after
  Young Henry he came home
Expecting to be happy
  And fix the wedding day
We fear your true love's murdered
  Her enraged parents cried
Or she's caused her own destruction
  Out on the silvery tide

7

-(Mother cannot remember it now)-
(Will add later, if possible).

FATHER'S SONGS

THE GIRL OF THE SEWING MACHINE

-(Father and Mother learned this from Uncle "Joe" Griffin----)-
(probably about 1865. He was "a musical cuss" and could)
(not only sing but could play almost any kind of musical)
(instrument as well. Mother was today speaking of an en-)
(tertainment at the old "Turner" Schoolhouse in December,)
(1865 when, the musician failing to appear, he was called)
(upon to act in that capacity and later, after the show was)
(over, regaled the assemblage by playing and singing many)
(of the songs which are being copied here.)

1

I am one of those unlucky chaps
  Who once did fall in love
With a being fair beyond compare
  She was my turtle dove
Her hair was black and curly
  And the handsomest ever was seen

And the way she earned her livelihood
  Was running a sewing machine

  Chorus---
Oh, I fairly lost my heart
  And I wish I never had seen
That female fair with curly hair
  That ran the sewing machine

2

The first time that I met her
  'Twas at a dashing shop
At Thomas's Block, Number Two
  At the window I did stop
The signs that passed between us
  I'm sure no other had seen
For I made it all right to meet her that night
  When she'd done with her sewing machine
-----Chorus:-

3

I took her to the Botanic Gardens
  And for her fare I paid
As we were walking along
  Said she, - I feel afraid
Of losing all my money
  And she gave me such a look
And said, - Kind sir, will you please take care
  Of this, my pocket book
-----Chorus:-

4-(Continued on next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE GIRL OF THE SEWING MACHINE-(cont'd)

4

Of course I took the book
  For I thought it would be best
And to protect it safely
  I put it inside my vest
Just then a "bobby" came up
  And collared me all serene
And from my sight did vanish quite
  The Girl of the Sewing Machine
-----Chorus:-

5

He took me to the station-house
  To search me they began.
Of course they found the pocket-book
  And the contents they did scan
They said I was a convict
  And there was no reprieve
And*in the book from the girl I took
  They found a ticket-of-leave
-----Chorus:-

6

And then before a magistrate
  They took me up to try
Said he, - My boy, to this grave charge
  What have you got to say
Says I, I am not guilty
  But to believe me he didn't seem
For he gave me six months-(and so he did)-where I
  To run a sewing machine /learned

***For "And" substitute "For"

FATHER'S SONGS

THAT JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER

-(Father and Mother learned this during the middle "sixties")-
(---probably from Juliet Berry.)

1

As I walked out the other night
  Thinking of the weather
I met a pair of roguish eyes
  Beneath a hat and feather
She looked at me, I looked at her
  It made my heart pit, pat
And turning around to me she said
  How do you like my hat

  Chorus---
I said 'twas gay and pretty, too
  And they looked well together
Those rosy cheeks and glossy curls
  Beneath the hat and feather

2

She wore a handsome broadcloth basque
  Cut the latest fashion
With flounces all around her dress
  Which made her look quite dashing
Her high-heeled boots as she walked on
  The pavements, went pit, pat
I never shall forget the look she gave
  Beneath that jockey hat
-----Chorus:-

3

She kissed her hand and said -Goodbye
  I thought I was a goner
Before I'd time to say good-bye
  She went 'round the corner
I tried that night but could not sleep
  So up in bed I sat
And right before my eyes I thought
  I saw that jockey hat
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

LET HIM GO, LET HIM STAY

-(Mother learned this of Annie Marden -(who later became Ames)- (Staples's wife)- when she worked for her a couple weeks when) (Bert was born---in 1873.)

1

Adieu to ye cold winters
  Farewell to your frost
There is nothing I have gained
  But my true love I have lost
I can sing and be as merry
  As the gayest girl you see
I can rest when I am weary
  Let him go! Farewell he!

  Chorus---
Let him go, Let him stay
  Let him sink or let him swim
For since he has deceived me
  I care no more for him
There are young men a-plenty
  And enough as good as he
And I care no more about him
  Than the sands of the sea

2

My true love he sent me
  A fine diamond ring
He thinks to delude me
  And to his heart to win
He thinks to delude me
  As he has two or three
I defy a man to do it
  Let him go! Farewell he!----Chorus:-

3

My true love he met me
  Down by the shady groves
He smiled in my face
  And offered me a rose
He thinks that I would speak to him
  As he was passing by
But before I'd humble to that man
  I'd lay me down and die-----Chorus:-

4

I've love in my pocket
  But none in my heart
I have but a little
  I share you all a part
My heart is as light
  As the dew upon the lawn
I can lay it down at night
  And take it up at morn -----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

UP IN A BALLOON, BOYS

-(This song was "brought" to Maine, or at least to this part)-
(of it,by Nellie Stiles, either in 1871 or during the years)
(just prior thereto when it was her custom to come to)
(Stockton and Searsport every summer. See next page.)
(It strikes me as an ancient version of "Waiting at the Church"

1

I am as you know a Beacon street belle
Who did captivate once a magnificent swell
He was Envoy, Ambassador, or something rare
To King What's-His-Name-I do not know where
'Twas at the White Mountains, a year from last June
We walked and we talked by the light of the moon
There was squeezing of hands-followed up by a kiss
And as far as I remember, I felt just like this---

Chorus---
Ah! Up in a balloon, boys-Up in a balloon
All among the little stars, sailing 'round the moon
Up in a balloon, boys-Up in a balloon
Of course it's fine and jolly to be up in a balloon

2

The wedding was fixed, the presents were bought
And from Bigelow jewelry was to be brought
But alas! when the bills to my fond lover went **(was sent)**
By some misadventure he had not a cent
My guardian, a broker, who 'way down in "State"
Supplied him with plenty of funds at quick rate
But when the old gentleman questioned him where
His securities were, he answered-"Up there!"
-----Chorus:-

3

The wedding day came - I practised a tear
I got up a blush and my veil was a dear
The parson was ready, likewise the champagne
But alas! my false lover, he ne'er came again
Instead of my darling, my hope, and my joy
There came to the altar a telegraph boy
I saw that he knew and I gasped out -"Oh, where
Has he gone?" And he pointed right up in the air
-----Chorus:-

4

I said-"Never mind"- and I rose to my feet
And down I strode into Washington street
Determined to have the first fellow I met
Of course you must know I was quite in a pet
I saw one I fancied-he gave me his arm
Said he - In such matters, do you consult marm
Not much! I replied and he gave me a kiss
I am perfectly happy and feel just like this
-----Chorus:-

-(Transpose "captivate" and "once" in second line of 1st verse)-
(Insert "of" after "King What's-His-Name" in 4th line,1st ")
(The fourth word, 1st line, 2nd verse, should be "set".)
(5th-6th line,2nd verse-""broker,away down in State-Provided)
(him plenty". 2nd line,4th verse-"strolled". Last line of cho)
(rus,"I think it very jolly to be up in a balloon"!)

(was sent)

(replace "cappriyle" and "once" in second line of last verse)
(insert "of" after "King" "ra'e-ma-'ano" in 4th line,last "
(The fourth word, 1st line, 2nd verse, should be "sat".
(5th-6th line,2nd verse-"brother,sent down in 'ta'o-'roy'ead
(him plenty". 2nd line,4th verse-"abroiled". "sat line of one
(was "[illegible] lally to [illegible] in a [illegible]"!

FATHER'S SONGS

I'M DREAMING OF THE LOVED ONES

(This song was a favorite of Uncle Frank E. Kneeland's---!--)
(Father's brother---and was one of several "imported" to)
(Maine by Nellie Stiles in the years just prior to and in-)
(cluding 1871, in August of which year she was married to Doc-)
(tor Frank Fenno Kelley of Lowell, Mass., at the home of)
(Aunt Mary Matthews in Stockton -(now Ivory George's)-. It)
(was for Dr. Kelley that Frank Fenno Crockett was named.)
(Uncle Frank had worked for Uncle Amos Matthews during the)
(Winter and Spring prior to his death in May, 1871. Nellie)
(Stiles had been staying at Aunt Mary Matthews's since late)
(Winter or early Spring---her father didn't approve of)
(her forth-coming marriage to Kelley---and when Uncle Frank)
(was about to join the vessel in trying to board which he)
(lost his life at Bangor she and Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin
(---on May 10, 1871---drove him over to spend the day with)
(Father and Mother, after which they took him down to Grand-)
(mother Kneeland's at the top of what we now call the Whit-)
(tum hill on the Mount Ephraim road, where he spent the)
(night. He went to Bangor next day and joined the **Brig**)
(**"Charles Wesley"** of which Captain **Griffin*** of Sears-)
(port was Master. He was preparing for bed that night when)
(**Wilson** West came on board and asked him to go up town with)
(him. He did so. They returned at about 9:30 in the ev-)
(ening. It was as black as a pocket. Uncle Frank walked)
(off the side of the wharf. In falling he struck his head)
(and evidently became senseless. Therefore when he came up)
(under a raft near-by he drowned. This was on May 11, 1871)
(He is buried in the Village Cemetery at Searsport.)

1

I'm dreaming of the loved ones
  Of the happy days of yore
Of the joys that I have tasted
  Joys that I shall know no more
I am dreaming, fondly dreaming
  Of the happy days of yore
Of the joys that I have tasted
  Joys that I shall know no more

Chorus---
I'm dreaming of the loved ones
  Of the happy days of yore
Of the joys that I have tasted
  Joys that I shall know no more

2

Oh, my heart is filled with sorrow
  When I think upon the years
That have brought some pleasant memories
  But alas! how many tears
I have seen the fairest flowers
  Blasted by the storms of Fate
Brightest hopes all torn and scattered
  Hearts once glad made desolate
-----Chorus:-

***Captain Dennis Griffin**

FATHER'S SONGS

HEAVEN OUR HOME

-(This is Number Three of Nellie Stiles's "importations"--See)-
(the two preceding pages. She was the eldest child of Alba)
(and Caroline (Crockett) Stiles---See Page 17 of Crockett)
(Family Notes---and was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1854 or 5.)
(Her mother first brought her to Stockton when she was two)
(years old and used to bring her,and the brothers and sis-)
(ters which followed after, to Grandfather Crockett's each)
(summer up to the time of her death---except that in 1867)
(she brought only "Arnie", then an obstreperous kid just)
(past two years of age. Nellie -(she was named Helen Maria)
(for Uncle Alba's sisters (?)-)- continued to come to Maine)
(each summer after her mother's death until 1871 when she)
(was married at Aunt Mary's to Dr. Kelley, of Lowell, who)
(although he was a college graduate and had later taken a)
(medical degree, never practised his profession. Mother)
(says that this wedding was <u>some</u> swell affair and that the)
(bride's "duds", all of which had been made in New York,)
(were a revelation to the inhabitants of this neck of woods)
(at that particular time. Immediately after their marriage)
(Doctor and Mrs. Kelley went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where)
(he became editor of the "Carroll Democrat". She died at)
(Council Bluffs in (about) 1874, of quick consumption, leav-)
(ing behind,besides her husband,a daughter and son---May -(.)
(named for Aunt May Matthews) and Willie. Dr. Kelley and)
(his children continued to reside at Council Bluffs for man-)
(y years but he eventually returned to Lowell and died there)
(Mother says that the daughter, at least, reached ~~to~~ matur-)
(ity but she is under the impression that she died after the)
(family had returned to Lowell. Mrs. Kelley is buried at)
(Council Bluffs. This particular song -(which must have)
(been "imported" while Nellie Stiles was yet a young girl)-)
(was a great favorite of Aunt Sarah Gray, who used to like)
(to have Mother sing it to her while she was on her death-)
(bed at Brewer---Mother visited her there in '66, '67 & '68)

-(See next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

HEAVEN OUR HOME

-(See note on preceding page)-

1

Autumn's pale leaves, withered and dying
  Bloom of the lily that lasts but a day
Mist of the morn, on the breeze flying
  Tell us how swiftly we're passing away
Beautiful things, born but to perish
  Go as the snowflake is lost in the foam
Passing away, all that we cherish
  All things are telling that earth's not our home

Chorus---
Heaven our home! Heaven our home!
  Grasping at phantoms not long shall we roam
Heaven our home! Heaven our home!
  Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home

2

Beautiful earth! dearly we love it
  Though in its bosom we shortly must lie
Teeming with forms angels might covet
  Yet in the grasping they wither and die
Beautiful earth, thou canst not hold us
  Faith that looks upward to Heaven's high dome
Sees outstretched arms soon to enfold us
  How can we murmur that earth's not our home
-----Chorus:-

3

List the faint tones, nearer and nearer
  Earth hath no voices with music like this
Thrillingly sweet, clearer and clearer
  Angels are hymning their chorus of bliss
Rapturous sight! Over the river
  Frost cannot wither nor age bring decay
Beautiful things bloom on forever
  Nothing in Heaven is passing away
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THERE'S A FRESH LITTLE MOUND 'NEATH THE WILLOW

(This is Number Four of Nellie Stiles's "importations"---See four preceding pages. While I was copying these songs today Mother told me of a time when, Father always having asserted that he had never had enough strawberries and cream, Clara (Crockett) Griffin and Nellie Stiles picked, hulled, and brought over to the old farm where Kit, Bert and I were born a six-quart-pail full of strawberries for the purpose of supplying the deficiency. In order to assure herself that there were no lapses in filling this "long-felt-want" Nellie followed Mother down cellar when she added the cream As she stood watching the process she exclaimed:- "Aunt 'Manda, you put on the clear quill, don't you?")

1

There's a fresh little mound 'neath the willow
  Where at evening I wander and weep
There's a dear vacant spot on my pillow
  Where a sweet little face used to sleep
There were pretty blue eyes but they slumber
  In silence beneath the dark mold
For the little pet lamb of our number
  Has gone to the Heavenly fold---
For the little pet lamb of our number
  Has gone to the Heavenly fold

2

Do I dream when in sleep I behold her
  With a beauty so fresh and divine
When so close to my heart I enfold her
  And feel her soft lips upon mine
When so loving those gentle eyes glisten
  That my vision is lost in my tears
And bewildered, enraptured, I listen
  To a voice from the Spirits' bright spheres---
And bewildered, enraptured, I listen
  To a voice from the Spirits' bright spheres

3

There's a silence in parlor and chamber
  There's a sadness in every room
Oh, I know 'twas the Father that claimed her
  Yet everything's burdened with gloom
But I'll not be a comfortless mourner
  Nor longer brood over my pain
For I know where the angels have borne her
  And soon I shall see her again---
For I know where the angels have borne her
  And soon I shall see her again

FATHER'S SONGS

TENDER AND TRUE, ADIEU!

-(This is the last of the songs learned from Nellie Stiles%.)-
(See preceding five pages.).

1

He stole from its nest in my golden hair
  A knot of ribbon blue
He placed on my hand a jewel rare
  And whispered soft as he held it there---
Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

2

The almonds were bending with blossoms white
  The roses were bright with dew
The violets bloomed in the glowing light
  Life was happy and hope was bright
Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

3

They brought my soldier home to me
  And my knot of ribbon blue
But the cruel wound on his brow was hid
  By the flag draped over the coffin lid
Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

4

The almond flowers in the breezes shake
  The roses still blush through the dew
But the springtime of hope will never awake
  And the poor lone heart must wail till it break
Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

FATHER'S SONGS

YOUNG FOLKS, COME LISTEN TO MY SONG

1

Young folks, come listen to my song
  I'm old and won't detain you long
I'm eighty-four, I'd have you know
  And the young folks call me Uncle Joe
My hair, once black, has all turned gray
  But what's the odds while I feel gay
Oh, I can sing a song with glee
  For I feel as young as I used to be

  Chorus---
Tid-de-id-de-hoop-de*do
  How I love to sing to you
Oh, I can sing with joy and glee
  For I feel as young as I used to be

2

When I was young and in my prime
  I was chasing the girls the most of my time
I'd take them out each day for a ride
  And always had one by my side
I'd hug and kiss them just for fun
  And haven't forgot the way 'tis done
So if any girl here is in love with me
  She'll find me as young as I used to be
-----Chorus:-

3

When I was young I knew life's joys
  And now that I'm old I'm one of the boys
I can take a smile or sing a song
  With any good friend that comes along
I can tell a story or crack a joke
  And never refuse to drink or smoke
I'm a gay old sport, you'll all agree
  And I feel as young as I used to be
-----Chorus:-

-(The above is as the song was sung by Elroy Bowen at an en-)-
(tertainment at The Porter District Schoolhouse during the)
(winter of 1879-80. He was togged out as an old man with)
(flowing beard and danced an accompaniment to the chorus)
(which almost literally "brought down the house"--- as it)
(certainly did figuratively. Uncle Wilt Randell and Aunt)
(Nell were here -(It was just before they were married)- and)
(went to the "show" with the rest of us. Uncle Wilt's silk)
(hat gave Elroy, as well as some of the other performers,)
("buck fever" but I remember that Uncle Wilton was particu-)
(larly "taken" with Elroy's rendition of this song.)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE LITTLE LOW LOG CABIN BY THE STREAM

1

I am getting old and feeble and I can't work any more
And I've laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest
For old massa and old missus they are sleeping side by side
And their spirits now are roving with the blest

Chorus---
Oh, hang up the fiddle and the banjo on the wall
And lay aside the bones and tambourine
For the fiddle and the banjo, boys, shall make the harvest ring
In the little low log cabin by the stream

2

Oh, it was a happy time to me not many years ago
When the darkeys used to gather 'round the door
They used to sing and dance all night and play the old banjo
But alas, they cannot do so any more
-----Chorus:-

3

The hinges are all rusty and the door is tumbling down
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain
And the only thing that's left me is this little boy of mine
In the little low log cabin by the stream
-----Chorus:-

4

Now Father, don't you be so sad and melancholy now
For you there're many happy days in store
Although you're old and feeble yet your boy is young and strong
And he'll love and cherish you forever-more
-----Chorus:-

5

Oh, child, I am contented but the day will surely come
When I'll go to leave this world forevermore
The angels they will take me from this humble little cot
And they'll waft me to the pure celestial shore
-----Chorus:-

-(The above is another song which Elroy R. Bowen used to sing)-
(He wrote it off for F. E. K. when they were schoolmates in)
(the Porter District School.)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

-(This song used to be a favorite of George Bowen's)-

1

Our barque lay far, far from the land
  When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale and waned away
  Like the twilight of an Autumn day
We watched him through long hours of pain
  Our cares were great, our hopes in vain
Death-struck, he gave no coward's alarm
  But he smiled and died in his mess-mate's arms

2

We had no costly winding-sheet
  We placed two round shot at his feet
He lay in his hammock as snug and sound
  As a king in his long shroud, marble bound
We proudly decked his funeral vest
  With the Starry Flag upon his breast
We gave him this as a badge of the brave
  And then he was fit for a sailor's grave

3

All hearts were sad, each voice grew weak
  Oft a tear was seen on the brownest cheek
The quiver played on the lip of Pride
  As we lowered him down the ship's dark side
Then a splash and a plunge and our task was o'er
  And the billows rolled on as they rolled before
And many wild prayers hallowed the wave
  As he sank to rest in a sailor's grave

FATHER'S SONGS

GRANDFATHER' CLOCK

-(Mother says she and Father first heard this when it was)-
(sung by Carrie -(She was named Marietta Caroline for her)
(father's sister and her mother)- Stiles when she visited us)
(the first summer after we moved here from the Steele place-)
(It was therefore in the summer of 1877.)

1

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

Chorus---
Ninety years, without slumbering, tick, tick, tick, tick
His life's seconds numbering, tick, tick, tick, tick
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

2

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours had he spent while a boy
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

-----Chorus:-

3

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the end of each week to be wound
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

-----Chorus:-

4

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was planning for flight
That his hour of departure had come
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chi/me
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

-(This was a favorite song of Uncle Wilton T. Randell. Moth-)-
(er learned it from Hattie Clifford Hichborn while she was)
(yet Hattie Clifford---she later married the widower of her)
(deceased sister Lizzette ("Zettie"), Captain "Will" Hich-)
(born, thereby becoming the step-mother of Captain Harry R.)
(Hichborn, who is Addie Crockett's husband,and incidentally)
(captain of the S.S. "Caracas" of the "Red D" Line to Venez-)
(uela. She has been a widow for many years and now lives)
(in Stockton Springs.

1

On a pleasant morn as the waves that rippled
'Neath a calm and gentle breeze
A ship set sail with a cargo laden
For a port beyond the seas
There were sweet farewells and kind words spoken
While a form they yet discerned
Though they knew it not, 'twas a sad, sad parting
Of the ship that never returned

Chorus---
Did she never return? No, she never returned
And her fate is yet unknown
For years and years there were loved ones waiting
For the ship that never returned

2

Said a feeble youth to his anxious mother
I must cross the wide, wide sea
They say perchance in a foreign climate
There is health and strength for me
A ray of hope 'mid a maze of danger
And her heart for her youngest yearned
She sent him forth with a smile and a blessing
In the ship that never returned
-----Chorus:-

3

Only one more trip, said a gallant captain
As he kissed his weeping wife
Only one more bag of the golden treasure
That shall last us all through life
Then we'll settle down in a cosy cottage
To enjoy the rest I've earned
But alas, poor man! he sailed commander
Of the ship that never returned
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

KITTY MAUNEE

-(Mother learned this of Hattie Ellis, then of Cape Jellison,)-
(when she visited here with Aunt Nell about 1878. Miss)
(Ellis's mother, whose name was also Hattie, was Grandmother)
(Kneeland's niece---which goes to prove that if you investi-)
(gate long enough you will find that sooner or later we find)
(ourselves related to more or less everyone in the community)

1

The moss-rose is budding, the peach is in bloom
And the daisy is peeping so sly
The spider has got his first web in the loom
And sitteth athwart of the fly
The blue-bird is telling its love to its dear
'Twill build its nest in this tree
And all things are telling that springtime is near
But Oh, it is winter for me!

Chorus---
But Oh! It is winter for me
My heart's like the wild raging sea
I dare not caress, her lips may not press
But darling, I love thee, sweet Kitty Maunee

2

Her face, like the sunshine, no lily more fair
But pure as the rose from the bud
Her voice like the flute, but those waves in her hair
They speak of the taint in her blood
I must not, I dare not--But list to her voice
Cease, birdling, till Kitty is done
My heart, fiercely beating, shall do her no wrong
My mother'll not blush for her son
-----Chorus:-

3

She's under my window, there's love in her eyes
I reel as if drunken with wine
I'd leap to her feet were I up in the skies
Could I but caress her as mine
But somebody's darling my Kitty will be
Some lover will win her too soon
Will gather the sweet rose that blooms not for me
Farewell to my gentle quadroon
-----Chorus:-

-(When Fred Porter built for Father what we now call the "old")-
(barn--in 1879--he used to sing this song to Kit, then a lit-)
(tle toddler of four years, who, however, didn't seem to be)
(much impressed as she used to go about singing:-)
("I look away across the sea)
(Where Manson George prepared for me")

FATHER'S SONGS

LORENA

-(Anna Colson used to sing this when she gave F. E. K. music)-
(lessons---just prior to or after 1880.)

1

The years roll slowly by, Lorena
  The snow is on the grass again
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena
  The frost gleams where the flowers have been
But the heart beats on as warmly now
  As when the summer days were nigh
The sun will never dip so low
  A-down affection' s cloudless sky---
The sun will never dip so low
  A-down affection's cloudless sky

2

An hundred months have passed, Lorena
  Since last I clasped your hand in mine
And felt your pulse beat fast, Lorena
  But mine beat faster, far, than thine
An hundred months--'Twas flowery May
  When up the hilly slopes we'd climb
To watch the dying of the day
  And hear the village church-bells chime---
To watch the dying of the day
  And hear the village church-bells chime

3

We loved each other then, Lorena
  More than we ever dared to tell
And what might we have been, Lorena
  Had but our loving prospered well
But all is past, those years are gone
  I'll not call back their shadowy forms
I'll say to them:- Lost years, sleep on-
  Sleep on--nor heed life's pelting storms---
I'll say to them:- Lost years, sleep on-
  Sleep on--nor heed life's pelting storms

4

We've passed youth's golden glow, Lorena
  Those days are with the eternal past
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena
  Life's tide is ebbing out so fast
But there's a future--Oh, thank God
  Of life this is so small a part
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod
  But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart---
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod
  But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart

-(Anna Colson is now the wife of Captain James Butman. Her)-
(brother, Captain Albert Colson of Brooklyn, called here to-)
(day as this was being copied. 8/23/16)

FATHER'S SONGS

WE MET, 'TWAS IN A CROWD

1

We met, 'twas in a crowd
  And I thought he would shun me
He came, I could not speak
  For his eyes were upon me
He spoke, his words were few
  And his look was unaltered
I knew how much he felt
  For his deep-toned voice faltered

2

I wore my bridal dress
  And I rivalled its whiteness
Bright gems were in my hair
  How I hated their brightness
He called me by my name
  As the bride of another
Oh, thou hast been the cause
  Of this anguish, my mother

3

And once again we met
  And a fair girl was near him
He smiled,and whispered low
  As I once used to hear him
She leaned upon his arm
  Once 'twas mine and mine only
I wept, but I deserved
  To be wretched and lonely

4

Now she will be his bride
  At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
  For a heartless deceiver
The world may think me gay
  But ~~kka~~ my grief I will smother
Since thou hast been the cause
  Of this anguish, my mother

5

Farewell! Farewell to thee
  This heart can but cherish
Forgive, forgive me now
  Ere I lie down and perish
When you kneel upon my grave
  And your feelings you smother
Forgive, as I do now
  Forgive my poor mother

(The poem is by Thomas Haynes Bayly. It is copied as we used to sing it. The last verse does not appear in my volume of "Favorite Poems")

FATHER'S SONGS

THE FLAG OF THE FREE

-(This used to be much sung in the Searsport High School when)-
(F. E. K. was a pupil there.).

1

Let Englishmen shout for Victoria their Queen
  Let Russians hurrah for their Czars
Let Irishmen fight for their banner of green
  But we for the Stripes and the Stars
The Red, White and Blue is the Flag of the Free
  Its colors were caught from the sky
No people on earth so happy as we
  With our Flag and our Fourth of July

2

In the folds of that Flag as It floats o'er the land
  Equal rights and protection for all
From far-off Alaska to Florida's strand
  All races, the great and the small
Behold how they're crowding our generous shores
  From every isle of the sea
Forsaking their firesides, farms and stores
  For a home in the Land of the Free

3

They're coming by thousands on every hand
  The cause of our greatness to see
Columbia's reply doth resound through the land
  God's Word and the Land of the Free
How oft have the foemen that banner assailed
  And lightnings of war rent the air
But the storms have abated and Freedom prevailed
  And our glorious Flag is still there

4

Our banner withstood the Rebellion's fierce strife
  In its seams not a rent nor a scar
And proudly it floats o'er the North and the South
  The Union is stronger than war
Let Englishmen shout for Victoria their Queen
  Let Russians hurrah for their Czars
Let Irishmen fight for their banner of green
  But we for the Stripes and the Stars

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SPANISH CAVALIER

1

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat
And on his guitar played a tune, dear
The music so sweet they'd oft-times repeat
The blessings of my country and you, dear

Chorus---
Say, darling, say! When I'm far away
Sometimes you will think of me, dear
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away
Remember what I say and be true, dear

2

I'm off to the war--To war I must go
To fight for my country and you, dear
But if I should fall, in vain I would call
The blessings of my country and you, dear
-----Chorus:-

3

When the war is o'er to you I'll return
Back to my country and you, dear
But if I be slain you may seek me in vain
Upon the battle-field you may find me
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE OLD WOODEN ROCKER

-(This song was "introduced" into Porter District by Miss)-
(Inez Morse of Dixmont when she taught the school here in)
(-about-1885 to 1887. She boarded at Felker's and had Jim)
(very much on a "string". Later, when she had dropped both)
(the school and James E., Mother, to "devil" him, began)
(singing this in his presence. Jim looked at her, snorted,)
(and exclaimed rather pettishly:-"Yes, That Old Dixmont Rocker"
(Nowadays, we would say that Mother "got his goat" .)

1

There it stands in the corner with its back to the wall
The old wooden rocker, so stately and tall
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom
For now no-one uses that back parlor room
Oh, how well I remember in days long gone by
How we stood by that rocker, dear sister and I
As we listenéd to the stories that our Grandma would tell
By the old wooden rocker we both loved so well

Chorus---
As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock
And she heard but the tick of the old brass clock
Eighty years she had sat in that chair grim and tall
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

2

If that chair could but speak, Oh, the tales it would tell
How dear, noble Grandpa in fierce battle fell
'Neath the Stars and the Stripes he fought bravely and true
He cherished his freedom, the red, white and blue
It could tell of bright days and of dark ones beside
Of the time when dear Grandma stood forth as his bride
This is why we all love it, that old chair grim and tall
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall
-----Chorus:-

3

But dear Grandma is gone and her stories are done
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one
They have all gone to meet her in the sweet bye and bye
And now no-one's left but dear sister and I
Nevermore will we hide her gold "specs" or her cap
Nevermore will we tease her while taking her nap
Nevermore will she slumber in that chair grim and tall
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall
-----Chorus:-

-(As long as I have spoken of Jim Felker I am going to note)-
(here that he died of cancer of the face and throat four or)
(five weeks ago in Massachusetts -(Hudson or Marlboro'?)-)

F. E. K. 8/23/16

FATHER'S SONGS

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
  Upon the schoolhouse playing-ground which sheltered you and me
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
  Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago

2

The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-footed boys at play
  Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay
But the Master sleeps upon the hill which, coated o'er with snow
  Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago

3

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side
  Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we play-/wide
  And swung our sweet-hearts, pretty girls, just /ed the beau
/twenty years ago

4

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading
  Is very low,'twas once so high that we could almost /beech
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started/reach
  To see how sadly I had changed since twenty years ago /so

5

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name
  Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, while you did mine
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,'tis dying /the same
  Just as the one whose name you cut died twenty/sure but slow
/years ago

6

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes
  When I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties
I visited the old church-yard and carried flowers to strew
  Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago

7

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea
  But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go
  I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago

802193 A

-(I suppose this song has been sung by several succeeding)-
(generations. It was much in vogue when I was a "kid" in)
(the Porter District School and I remember that we boys used)
(to contemplate with awe the possibility that we should ever)
(be so old as to make its words a reality to ourselves. It)
(would now be more applicable to the boys of my day if the)
("Twenty" were changed to "Thirty" F. E. K. 8/24/16)

FATHER'S SONGS

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

1

My grandmother she, at the age of eighty-three
  Became ill one day and quickly died
And when she was dead her Will of course was read
  By the lawyer as we stood side by side
To my brother it was found she had left a hundred pounds
  To my sister the same I do declare
But when it came to me the lawyer said, I see
  She has left you her old arm chair

  Chorus---
How they tittered, how they chaffed
  How my brother and my sister laughed
When they heard the lawyer declare
  Granny'd only left to me her old arm chair

2

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care
  And in the evening took the chair away
The neighbors at me laughed, my brother at me chaffed
  And said-It will be useful, John, some day
When you settle down in life, take some girl to be your wife
  You will find it very useful, I declare
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright
  You can sit in your old arm chair
-----Chorus:-

3

One night the chair fell down and on picking it up I found
  That the seat had fallen out upon the floor
And there before my eyes, I saw to my surprise
  A lot of notes---three thousand pounds or more
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess
  Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair
But I only laughed at him and said unto him, John
  Don't you wish you'd had the old arm chair

-(This used to be one of the "popular" songs of Porter Dis-)-
(trict. Mother says it was much sung by the "Cunningham)
(boys". Of these "boys" Melvin and Dustin are now well)
(up in the sixties---Henry is dead.)

FATHER'S SONGS

DAN M'GINTY

1

Soonday marnin' just at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine
  Shtood lookin' up agin a high stone wall
Whin his young friend, Pat McCann, Siz, Oi'll bet a foiver, Dan
  Oi kin carry yez to the top without a fall
So on his shoulders he took Dan and to climb the lad began
  An' 'twas very near he did to rache the top
Whin McGinty, thinkin' thin, that the foiver he would win
  Let go his hould an' tuk an awful drop

  Chorus---
Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the wall
  And tho' he won the foive
'Twas more dead he was than alive
  Wid ribs an' nose an' back broke from the fall---
Dressed in his best shoot of clothes

2

From the hospital McGinty went home, when they'd fixed ache /broken bone
  To find he was the father av a choild
So to celebrate it roight, Friends he wint out to invoite
  And soon was dhrinkin' whusky fast and woild
As he wandered down the strate, in his Soonday shoot so nate
  Wid head hould up as proud as John the Great
In the sidewalk was a hole, for to resave a ton av coal
  That McGinty never saw till joost too late

  Chorus---
Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the hole
  And the driver av the car-r-t
Bedad, he gave the coals a star-r-t
  An' it tuk us an hour to dig McGinty from the coal---
Dressed in his best shoot av clothes

3

When McGinty, thin an' pale, wan foin day got out of jail
  He wid love to say his bhoy was nearly woild
To his house he quickly ran, an' to his wife--his birdy Ann
  But she had skipped the rope an' tuk the choild
Then he gave up to despair, and plucked all his ripest hair
  Then in an hour he stood by the river shore
An' knowin' well he cud not swim, he did foolishly jump in
  Although water he had never tuk before

  Chorus---
Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the say
  An' he must be very wet
For they havn't got him yet
  But his ghost is at the dock ivery marn at break of day
Dressed in his best shoot av clothes

-(The above is as the song was printed in the "New York Mail)-
(and Express" in the Fall of 1889, when it was being sung at)
(the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, by Fox and Conroy.)
(It was written by John Chenevix Fox who claimed that it was)
(founded on an incident that befell him in Boston. At least)
(one verse is missing ---where he went "down---to the jail")

FATHER'S SONGS

WHAT MAKES MY FATHER STAY SO LONG

-(Mother learned this of Amanda Stinson during the early days)-
(of the Civil War. She was a sister of Alfred E. Stinson)
(of North Searsport, they being children of Joseph Stinson,)
(who lived on the south-eastern side of the Marsh Stream)
(about one half mile below the bridge near which "old" Eben)
(Seavey -(father of the Eben of my boyhood)- had his saw-mill)
(and about a quarter of a mile above where Hervey Partridge)
(now lives. There used to be a sort of Stinson-ville in)
(that locality, as Preston Stinson lived on the farm which)
(he subsequently sold to Aunt Mary Matthews when she was Mrs)
(Thomas Bretherick --- she later sold it to Uncle Nelson)
(Staples about 1867 ---, and his brothers Graham and Brad-)
(bury lived on the old home farm of their father, William)
(Stinson, which during my boyhood was owned and occupied by)
(Freeman Partridge. The house now standing on the Freeman)
(Partridge place was built by Graham and Bradbury Stinson.)
(William Stinson was not only the father of Graham, Bradbury)
(Preston and Joseph, but he bore the additional distinction)
(of being the husband of "Aunt Billy" Stinson to whom Mother)
(likens a certain lady of my acquaintance by saying that:-)
("She washes every day, like "Aunt Billy" Stinson!" What)
(used to be the farms of Uncle Nelson Staples, Aunt Mary)
(Matthews, and Joseph Stinson, are now all comprised in the)
(farm of Hervey Partridge. Amanda Stinson married Lorenzo)
(Jones of Brooks, where she died a year or two ago as a re-)
(sult of a fall in her own house. F. E. K. 8/24/16)

1

What makes my father stay so long
  Away from you and I
You said he would again return
  Mother, what makes you cry
Mother, what makes you cry

2

Six months you said he would be gone
  And leave us here alone
And by the winter's snow and rain
  Six months have passed and gone
Six months have passed and gone

3

Where is his fine and gallant ship
  You took me once to sea---
Our colors were the Stars and Stripes
  The Flag of Liberty
The Flag of Liberty

4

Mother, I well remember him
  He took me on his knee
Here are the birds and shells he brought
  Across the distant sea---Across the distant sea

FATHER'S SONGS

WHAT MAKES MY FATHER STAY SO LONG---(cont'd)

5

Mother, methinks I see him now
  He waves both hat and hand
His last words were--God bless you both
  As we stood on the strand
As we stood on the strand

6

And other ships are coming in
  Leaving their white wave foam
When will my father's ship return
  And when will he come home
And when will he come home

7

Your father tarries long, my child
  Across the distant main
And to his home and family
  He will ne'er return again
He will ne'er return again

8

Your father's ship, my gentle boy
  Has sunk beneath the wave
There is a bright and shining sea
  Sweeps o'er your father's grave
Sweeps o'er your father's grave

9

What makes you cry so, mother dear
  Shall I ne'er see him more
Or will the deep and watery grave
  The dead no more restore
The dead no more restore

10

My child, you are the only tie
  This earth has left to me
There is a home in yonder sky
  Where we may happy be
A home for you and me

FATHER'S SONGS

NOT FOR JOE

-(This is another of the songs which Nellie Stiles used to)-
(sing---See Pages 82 to 87.)

1

Joseph Baxter is my name
  My friends all call me Joe
I'm up to every sort of game
  And everything I know
I once was green as green could be
  I suffered through it, though
Now if they try it on with me
  I tell them:- Not for Joe

  Chorus---
Not for Joe, Not for Joe
  Not for Joseph if he knows it
Not for Joe, Not for Joe
  Not for Joseph, Oh, dear, No

2

A friend of mine down in Pall Mall
  The other night said:- Joe
I'll introduce you to a girl
  You really ought to know
She's a widow you should try and win
  It would be a good match for you
She's pretty and got lots of tin
  And only forty-two

-(Spoken:---Forty-two! Old enough to)-
(be my mother! Pretty, though! And)
(got lots of "tin"! But forty-two!)
(No! Not for Joe!-------)
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

O'GRADY'S GOAT

1

O'Grady lived in Shanty Row
  The neighbors often said
They wished that he would move away
  Or that his goat was dead
He kept the neighborhood in fear
  And children always vexed
They could not tell just when nor where
  That goat would turn up next

  Chorus---
Now you can bet your coat
  That if there's fun afloat
Or if there's any divilment
  You'll find O'Grady's goat
With rocks and guns and knives
Mad husband's and their wives
Have tried 'most all their lives to find
  And kill O'Grady's goat

2

Mike Doyle was courting Biddy Shea
  And standing at the gate
They were just about to kiss
  Each other sly and swate
They came together like two rams
  And mashed their noses flat
They never speak as they pass by
  O'Grady's goat done that

3

The widow Casey stood one day
  The dirty clothes to rub
When suddenly she took a dive
  Head-foremost in the tub
She lit upon her back and yelled
  As she was laid out flat
Go get your gun and shoot that baste
  O'Grady's goat done that

4

Pat Ryan's wife hung out the clothes
  Upon the line to dry
She went to take them in at night
  But stopped to have a cry
The sleeves of two red flannel shirts
  That once were worn by Pat
Were chewed off almost to the neck
  O'Grady's goat done that

FATHER'S SONGS

O'GRADY'S GOAT---(cont'd)

5

The folks in Grady's neighborhood
All live in fear and fright
They deem it certain death to go
Around there after night
And in their sleep they see a form
Upon the air afloat
And wake themselves by shouting out
Look-out for Grady's goat
-----Chorus:-

6

One winter's morning when the snow
Lay deep upon the ground
Men, women, children in a crowd
Were sad and gathered 'round
The form of one cold, stark and dead
And sticking down his throat
Was Mag McGinty's bustle fast
That ended Grady's goat
------Chorus:-

-(Hal learned the above of Julia Pevey---in the "nineties")-

HE IS SLEEPING IN THE KLONDIKE VALE TONIGHT

1

One day I saw a gallant ship departing
Friends and sweet-hearts waved a good-bye from the shore
But the merry scene it bore a tinge of sadness
For among the throng there's one we'll see no more
In the crowd there stood a woman lone and lonely
For against her will her boy had taken flight
Tempted by the wealth untold, to a land that's decked with
He's prospecting in the Klondike vale tonight /gold

Chorus---
In far-away Alaska where the Yukon river flows
Where the mighty boulders stand 'mid wealth and might
With fortune there untold, in a grave that's decked with
He is sleeping in the Klondike vale tonight /gold

2

On the shore each day an anxious throng was waiting
For tidings of the ones they loved so well
When a message came it cast a glow of sorrow
'Twas the saddest story ever tongue could tell
Some had wealth but in their joy was mingled sadness
As they told how many perished in the fight
One a lad so brave and bold, in a grave that's decked with
He is sleeping in the Klondike vale tonight /gold
-----Chorus:-

-(See Boston Sunday Globe, Sept. 19, 1897)-

FATHER'S SONGS

MCSORLEY'S BEAUTIFUL TWINS

1

Arrah! Mrs. McSorley had fine purty twins
  Two fat little divils they were
With squalling and bawling from morning till night
  They would deafen you I do declare
By my soul, 'twas a caution, the way they would scream
  Like a blast from a fisherman's horn
Said McSorley, - Not one blessed hour have I slept
  Since those two little divils were born

  Chorus---
With the beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night
  Faith! they couldn't stand up on their pins
Such an illegant time at the christening we had
  Of McSorley's most beautiful twins

2

Said Mrs. McSorley-A christening we'll have
  Just to give me two darlints a name
Faith! we will, said McSorley, sure some they must get
  Something grand, to be sure, for the same
Then for Godmothers Kate and Mag Murphy stood up
  And for Godfathers came the two Flynns
Johanna Maria, Ignatius O'Mara
  Were the names that they christened the twins
-----Chorus:-

3

When the christening was over the company began
  With good whiskey to fill up their skins
And the neighbors came in just to wish a good luck
  To McSorley's most beautiful twins
When old Mrs. Mullins had drank all her punch
  Faith! she hardly could stand up at all
She fell flat on her stomach on top of the twins
  And they set up a murdering squall
-----Chorus:-

4

Then Mrs. McSorley jumped up in a rage
  And she threatened Mrs. Mullins's life
Said old Daddy Mullins, I'll bate the first man
  That dare lay a hand on me wife
The McGanns and the Googans they had an old grudge
  And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynns
They fought like the devil, turned over the bed
  And they smothered the two little twins
----------Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

ODD FELLOWS HALL

1

I met my friend Patsy McKenna
  One evening on Washington street
Said he to me-Hi, Timmy Doolan
  Here's a ticket will give you a treat
So I took the card that he offered
  'Twas not very large, 'twasn't small
And it read -- Admit a gent and a lady
  To the party at Odd Fellows Hall

2

I paid fifty cents for the ticket
  Then called on Miss Bridget McCann
She said she would go to the party
  For I was an illegant man
We went down and jumped in a herdic
  The driver says where shall I call
Said I, in a dignified manner
  You may take us to Odd Fellows Hall

3

McKenna he was floor director
  He wore a green badge on his chest
With a pink necktie tucked in his shirt-front
  Begobs! he was handsomely dressed
So when he waltzed off with Miss Bridget
  Sure and I wasn't in it at all
But says I to meself-Pat McKenna
  There is more than one man in this hall

4

I waited till it was all over
  Then up to him boldly I goes
Says I to him--Patsy McKenna
  Say! where did you hire them clothes
You're a liar, says Pat, in an instant
  Says I, what's that word that you call
And the next minute me and McKenna
  Was a scrappin' in Odd Fellows Hall

5

Next morning before Justice Duffy
  McKenna and me were brought in
Tin dollars, says he, or tin days, sir
  And me and Pat hadn't the tin
So we took a short trip down the harbor
  Begobs! we were feeling quite small
And we stayed for tin days on Deer Island
  For scrappin' in Odd Fellows Hall

-(Hal learned the above from Julia Pevey---in the "nineties")-

FATHER'S SONGS

MISTER DOOLEY

-(Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz. Published by)-
(Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York.)

1

There is a man that's known to all, a man of great renown
A man whose name is on the lips of everyone in town
You read about him every day, you've heard his name no doubt
And if he even sneezes they will get an extra out

Chorus:-For Mister Dooley, for Mister Dooley
The greatest man the country ever knew
Quite diplomatic and democratic
Is Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

2

Napoleon had an army of a hundred thousand men
He marched them up the hill and then he marched them down
When they were up, why they were up, on that I'll bet a /again
And tho' Napoleon marched them up--Who was it called /~~thrown~~
/them down

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley
He always knew a little parle vou
With Boni Partee, a la McCarty
Was Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

3

This country never can forget, forget we never will
The ~~b~~ way the boys at San Juan they went charging up the hill
Though Teddy got the credit of that awful bloody fray
The hero who deserved it and the man who saved the day

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley
Like a locomotive up the hill he flew
Who drove the Spaniards back to the Tanyards
'Twas Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

4

Now wireless telegraphy is cutting quite a dash
And messages across the sea are sent now like a flash
With all the great inventors it has made an awful hit
And but few of them acknowledge that the man invented it

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
To Edison he taught a thing or two
A young Marconi, eats macaroni
Along with Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

5

Of Washington you've heard the tale about the cherry tree
In fact it seems to be a part of Yankee history
Who cut that tree? his father said, and George began to cry
Oh, father dear, said little George, I cannot tell a lie

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
His father said, now Georgie, is it true
With meditation, was it Carrie Nation
Or Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

FATHER'S SONGS

MISTER DOOLEY---(cont'd)

6

Who settles all the labor strikes without a word or blow
And sees the men who work receive the right amount of dough
Who causes them to arbitrate? who uses all the grease
To keep the men of capital and labor both at peace

Chorus:-It's Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
A man reporters like to interview
Who changed the manner of Marcus Hanna
Sure 'twas Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

7

Of course you all remember the reception to the prince
And ev'ry one who met him voted Henny was immense
He said he had a bully time while he was over here
And the only man he ever met could beat him drinking beer

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
He drank more than the Germans they could brew
The great adviser to Bill the Kaiser
Is Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

8

Columbus he came over here in fourteen-ninety-two
When New York was a vacant lot if history is true
'Twas down at Castle Garden he first put his foot on land
And as he did the first one there to grab him by the hand

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
And he took him up Columbus Avenue
With head uncovered, said -- we're discovered
Did Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

9

The great "Four Hundred" haven't any leader, so it seems
They want a man to show them how to eat their cakes and creams
It once was Ward McAllister who led the merry pace
And they claim there's only one man who can ever take his /place

Chorus:-It's Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley
Who writes the jokes for Chauncey M. Depew
It seems that Chauncey took quite a faucy
To the jokes of Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

10

A doctor in this city once his business it was bad
His name it was unknown, for not a customer he had
But now his name is famous, his success it is assured
Just through a certain party that this certain doctor cured

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley
That made the doctor known to me and you
For Doctor Munyon once cured a bunion
For Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

FATHER'S SONGS

ROMEO AND JULIET

-(Hal thinks he picked up this classic ditty at college)-

1

Come now and listen to my little song
  Of Romeo and Juliet
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking with woe
  Poor Romeo and Juliet
Ne'er was a story so mournful as that one
  If you have tears now prepare to get at them
For Romeo's the thin one and Juliet's the fat one
  Poor Romeo and Juliet

2

I am the hero of this little tale
  I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo
I am that very susceptible male
  I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo
Ne'er was a lover dare do as I did
  When his best girl to Eternity slid-ed
I drank cold poison and I suicid-ed
  I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo

3

I am the heroine of this tale of woe
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet
I am the maiden who mashed Romeo
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet
Locked in a prison, no pick-axe to force it
  Nasty old hole, scarce room there to stand or sit
I up and jabbed myself right through the corset
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet

4

This of my story is the short and the long
  Of Romeo and Juliet
This is the moral of my little song
  Of Romeo and Juliet
Lovers, I warn you, always be wary
  Don't buy your drinks of an a-poth-e-ca-ry
Don't stab yourselves through the left pul-mo-na-ry
  Like Romeo and Juliet

FATHER'S SONGS

THE WHITE HOUSE

-(This parody on "The Bowery" appeared in the comic weekly---)-
("Truth" in 1896. Hal, then a boy of less than 14, no scon-)
(er got his eye on it than he began singing it to the tune)
(for which it was evidently intended---although he didn't)
(wait for anyone else to make the discovery. People of a)
(later generation may need to be told that it is President)
(Cleveland who is supposed to be speaking.)

1

Oh, when I was elected last
I was proud of my record past
Folks who loved their country said
That I should "fish" and "duck" instead
But I was out for a deathless name
There was the White House, power and fame
But somehow things didn't go the same
And I'll never go there any more

Chorus---
In the White House, the White House
I did such things and I said such things
In the White House, the White House
I'll never get there any more

2

I had been there but a month or two
When Lil'o'kalani hove in view
In Venezuela they raised a row
That brought the cold sweat to my ample brow
Then the finances began to fail
Of public censure there came a gale
And then I twisted the Lion's tail
And I'll never go there any more
-----Chorus:-

3

Then into Wall Street I took a dive
I was in luck to get out alive
The papers pounded me on the neck
Until they left me a battered wreck
The pool was "busted"-and out in the cold
Was the Morgan Syndicate with all its gold
"Get out of the White House"- I was told
And I'll never get there any more
-----Chorus:-

-(Verse number two of course refers to the visit to the Unit-)-
(ed States of the (then) Queen of the Hawaiians-Liliuokalani)
(-or, as she was somewhat familiarly called--Queen "Lil"----.)
(The allusion to Venezuela was regarding Cleveland's famous)
(note -(or that of his Secretary of State, Richard Olney)-)
(to the British Government, as a result of which they (or it)
(agreed to submit to arbitration its differences over the)
(boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. The third)
(verse refers to the notorious bond issue in time of peace)

FATHER'S SONGS

HIAWATHA

-(This is included because of the fact that Hal used to sing)-
(it so much. To F. E. K. it always recalls the station of)
(Apizaco, Pue., Mexico, the junction point of the main line)
(of the Mexican Railroad and the branch to the city of Puebla)
(where, during a period of several years and on at least a)
(dozen occasions, he used to hear a broken down Mexican beg-)
(gar playing it on a very much broken down hand-organ---sup-)
(posedly in the belief that it was particularly adapted to)
(loosening the purse-strings of los americanos on the pass-)
(ing trains. His machine certainly had the phthisic.)

1

Oh, the moon is all agleam on the stream where I dream
  Here of you my pretty Indian maid
While the rustling leaves are singing high above us, overhead
  In the glory of the bright summer's night in the light
And the shadows of the forest glade
  I am waiting here to kiss your lips so red
There's a flood of melodies on the breeze from the trees
  And of you they breathe so tenderly
While the woodlands all around are resounding your name
  Oh, my all in life is you, only you, fond and true
And your own forever-more I'll be
  Hear then this song I sing with lips aflame

  Chorus---
I am your own, your Hiawatha brave
  My heart is yours, you know,
Dear one, I love you so
  Oh, Minnehaha, gentle maid, decide
Decide, and say you'll be
  My Indian bride

2

In the tresses of your hair lies a snare, Love, it's there
  Where my heart a willing captive lies
Oh, my winsome queen, I pray you'll hold it ever in your care
  In my little birch canoe, Love, with you, just we two
Down the stream of life in wedded bliss
  I would drift, sweetheart, with you, my lot to share
When the birds upon the wing, in the spring, gaily sing
  Of the green and golden summer-time
When the snows of early Winter clothe the woodland in white
  Thenyour Hiawatha free, I will be, and to thee
Every thought of mine will e'er incline
  Hear then this song I sing to thee this night
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

AFTER THE BALL

-(This was one of the popular songs of the early"nineties"---)-
(I remember that I found it all the rage when I came up from)
(the Tennessee Mountains for my vacation in July, 1893.F.E.K)

1

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee
  Begged for a story - Do, Uncle, please
Why are you single, why live alone
  Have you no babies, have you no home
I had a sweetheart long years ago
  Where she is now, pet, you soon shall know
List to the story, I'll tell it all
  I broke her heart, pet, after the ball

Chorus---
After the ball is over, after the break of dawn
  After the dance is ended, after the stars are gone
Many's the heart is aching, if you could read them all
  Many's the hope that has vanished, after the ball

2

Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room
  Softly the music playing sweet tunes
  Here came my sweet-heart, my love, my own
  Bring me some water - Leave me alone
When I returned, pet, there stood a man
  Kissing my sweet-heart,as lovers can
  Down fell the glass, pet, broken-that's all
  Just as my heart was, after the ball
-----Chorus:-

3

Long years have passed, pet, I have never wed
  True to my lost love, though she is dead
She tried to tell me, tried to explain
  I would not listen, pleadings were vain
One day a letter came from that man
  He was her brother, the letter ran
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all
  I broke her heart, pet, after the ball
-----Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS

-(This is made up of the titles of various songs which were)-
-(popular 50-60 years ago and was much sung when Father and)-
-(Mother were young.)-

You've heard of many songs but of one thing I'm sure
  Although you've seen "The Active Boy" and laughed at "The Cure"
You've never heard the song I'm now going to sing
  "And if you will but listen", "I think it just the thing"

2

I stopped the other day at the Park, where, you know
  They've got the penny ballads sticking up in a row
The titles I read and, of course, so have you
  And if you will but listen, I will sing them all to you

3

There was "Abraham's Daughter", "Going Out on a Spree"
  With "Old Uncle Snow" - "In the Cottage by the Sea"
"If Your Foot is Pretty Show It" - "At Lannigan's Ball"
  "And Why Did She Leave Him" - "On the Raging Canal"

4

There was bonnie "Annie Laurie", with "The Jockey Hat and Feath-
  "I Don't Think Much of You"-"We Were Boys and Girls Togeth/er"
"Do They Think of me at Home"-"I'm Afloat-I'm Afloat" /er"
  "Don't Despise a Man Because he Wears a Ragged Coat"

5

"In the Days When I was Hard Up" - "With My Mary Ann"
  "My Johnny Was a Shoemaker" - "Or Any Other Man"
"The Captain With the Whiskers" - "And Annie of the Vale"
  "Along with "Old Bob Ridley" - "Riding on a Rail"

6

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" - "Going 'Round the Horn"
  "I'm Not Myself At All" - "I'm a Bachelor Forlorn"
"Mother, Is the Battle Over?" - "What Are the Men About?"
  "How Are You, Horace Greeley?" - "Does Your Mother Know You're /Out?"

THERE WAS AN OLD SAILOR

There was an old sailor and he had a wooden leg
  No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg
Another old sailor he had plenty of rocks
  And plenty of tobacco in his old tobacco box

Said the first old sailor - Will you give me a chew
  Said the second old sailor - I'll be d----d if I do
If you'd save up your money and take care of your rocks
  You'd have plenty of tobacco in your old tobacco-box

MATINEE'S SONGS

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS

-(This is made up of the titles of various songs which were
-(popular 30-40 years ago and was much sung when father and
-(Mother were young.

You've heard of many songs but of one thing I'm sure
Although you've seen "The Native Boy" and laughed at "The Sure"
You've never heard the song I'm now going to sing
"And if you will but listen", "I think it just the thing"

2

I stepped the other day at the Park, where, you know
They've got the penny ballads sticking up in a row
The titles I read and, of course, so have you
And if you will but listen, I will sing them all to you

3

There was "Abraham's Daughter", "Going Out on a Spree"
With "Old Uncle Snow" - "In the Cottage by the Sea"
"If Your Foot is Pretty Show It" - "At Lanigan's Ball"
"And Why Did She Leave Him" - "On the Swaying Deck!"

4

There was bonnie "Annie Laurie", with "The Cooley Lad and Leatha-
"I Don't Think Much of You"-"We Were Boys and Girls Together\or"
"Do They Think of Me at Home"-"I'm Afloat-I'm Afloat" \or"
"Don't Despise a Man Because he Wears a Ragged Coat"

5

"In the Days When I was Hard Up" - "With My Navy Man"
"My Johnny Was a Shoemaker" - "Or Any Other Man"
"The Captain With the Whiskers" - "And Annie of the Vale"
"Long with "Old Bob Ridley" - "Riding on a Rail"

6

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" - "Being 'Round the Horn"
"I'm Not Myself At All" - "I'm a Bachelor Forlorn"
"Mother, Is the Battle Over?" - "What Are the Man About?"
"How Are You, Horace Greeley?" - "Hear Your Mother Know Turing \Out"

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FATHER'S SONGS

LOVELY MRS. JOHNSON

At the entertainments which were of frequent occurrence at the Old Center Schoolhouse, Edward K. Partridge and Allard Staples (in costume) used to take the part of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson respectively---re-inforced by the "seventeen lovely boys" in the shape of volunteers whose principal efforts were directed toward looking as disreputable as possible---an object attained by turning their coats and caps wrong side out etc., and otherwise appearing and acting as ridiculous as possible.

1

Oh, I have got a charming bride
And with my wife I'm satisfied
She's worthy all the world beside
Is lovely Mrs. Johnson

2

Oh, I can manage any craft
And keep things ship-shape fore and aft
I'm just the boy to steer a raft
And so is Mrs. Johnson

3

The life I lead is rather gay
Around the town here all the day
I generally at ten-pins play
With lovely Mrs. Johnson

4

I have tasted deep of wedlock's joys
I never mind the darlings' noise
I'm dad to seventeen lovely boys
And so is Mrs. Johnson

POP---GOES THE WEASEL

1

All around the cobbler's bench
The monkey chased the weasel
The priest he kissed the cobbler's wife
Pop!--goes the the weasel

2

First he bought a skein of thread
And then he bought a needle
And that's the way the money goes
Pop!--goes the weasel

Queen Victoria's very sick
And Sally's got the measles
And every time the doctor comes
Pop!--goes the weasel

When a year has told its tale--Around the corner - maybe
Out upon the wicked world-- Pop!--goes a baby

MAMMY'S SONGS

LOVELY MRS. JOHNSON

(Art the entertainments which were of frequent occurrence at the Old Center Schoolhouse, Edward K. Partridge and Allard Staples (in costume) used to take the part of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson respectively--re-introduced by the "seventeen lovely boys" in the shape of volunteers whose principal efforts were directed toward looking as disreputable as possible--an object attained by turning their coats and caps wrong side out, etc., and otherwise appearing and acting as ridiculous as possible.)

I

Oh, I have got a charming bride
And with my wife I'm satisfied
She's worthy all the world beside
Is lovely Mrs. Johnson

2

Oh, I can manage any craft
And keep things ship-shape fore and aft
I'm just the boy to steer a raft
And so is Mrs. Johnson

3

The life I lead is rather gay
Around the town here all the day
I generally at ten-pins play
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I'm dad to seventeen lovely boys
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The priest he kissed the cobbler's wife
Pop!--goes the ~~the~~ weasel

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And every time the doctor comes
Pop!--goes the weasel

When a year has told its tale--Around the corner - maybe
Out upon the wicked world-- Pop!--goes a baby

FATHER'S SONGS

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

-(This song was much sung sixty years ago---Mother remembers)-
(that it was a favorite of her mother's.)

1

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
  I'm off to the wars again
My peaceful home has no charms for me
  The battlefield no pain
The lady I love will soon be a bride
  With a diadem on her brow
O, why did she flatter my boyish pride
  She's going to leave me now

2

She took me away from my warlike lord
  And gave me a silken suit
I thought no more of my master's sword
  When I played on my master's lute
She seemed to think me a boy above
  Her pages of low degree
O! had I but lov'd with a boyish love
  It would have been better for me

3

Then, I'll hide in my breast every selfish care
  I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine
When smiles awake the bridal pair
  I'll hasten to give them mine
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed
  And I'll walk in the festive train
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed
  And I'll off to the wars again

4

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
  In my helmet's sable plume
And then on the field of Palestine
  I'll seek my early doom
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall
  'Mid the noble and the brave
A tear from my lady love is all
  I ask for the warrior's grave

MOTHER'S SONGS

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

-{This song was much sung sixty years ago---Mother remembers
{that it was a favorite of her mother's.

1

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
I'm off to the wars again
My peaceful home has no charms for me
The battlefield no pain
The lady I love will soon be a bride
With a diadem on her brow
O, why did she flatter my boyish pride
She's going to leave me now

2

She took me away from my warlike lord
And gave me a silken suit
I thought no more of my master's sword
When I played on my master's lute
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree
Ol had I but lov'd with a boyish love
It would have been better for me

3

Then, I'll ride in my brisket every selfish care
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine
When smiles awake the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them mine
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed
And I'll walk in the festive train
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed
And I'll off to the wars again

4

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's noble plume
And then on the field of Palestine
I'll seek my early doom
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall
'Mid the noble and the brave
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave

FATHER'S SONGS

KITTY CLYDE

O, who has not seen Kitty Clyde
  She lives at the foot of the hill
In a sly little nook
  By the babbling brook
That carries her father's old mill
  O, who does not love Kitty Clyde
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass
  With a sweet dimpled chin
That looks roguish as sin
  With always a smile as you pass

---Chorus
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty
  My own sweet Kitty Clyde
In a sly little nook
  By the babbling brook
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde

With her basket to put in her fish
  Every morning with line and a hook
This sweet little lass
  Through the tall, heavy grass
Steals along by the clear running brook
  She throws her line into the stream
And trips it along the brook side
  O, how I do wish
That I was a fish
  To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde
---Chorus

How I wish that I was a bee
  I'd not gather honey from flowers
But I'd steal a dear sip
  From Kitty's sweet lip
And make my own hive in her bowers
  -(Last lines missing)-

BABYLON IS FALLEN

-(This was a favorite with Grandfather Kneeland and was, I un-)-
(derstand, one of the popular hymns during the Millerite ex-)
(citement of 1843. Only the first and last verses are here)
(given. Father and Mother had been unable to remember the)
(second one but Father, only a day or two before he died, re-)
(called one line or more and felt sure that he would eventual)
(ly remember the whole of it. I have taken up so much room)
(with this explanation that I shall have to give both verses)
(on the next page.)

MAMMY'S SONGS

KITTY CLYDE

O, who has not seen Kitty Clyde
She lives at the foot of the hill
In a dry little nook
By the babbling brook
That carries her father's old mill
O, who does not love Kitty Clyde
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass
With a sweet dimpled chin
That looks roguish as sin
With always a smile as you pass

---Chorus
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty
My own sweet Kitty Clyde
In a dry little nook
By the babbling brook
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde

With her basket to put in her fish
Every morning with line and a hook
This sweet little lass
Through the tall, heavy grass
Steals along by the clear running brook
She throws her line into the stream
And trips it along the brook side
O, how I do wish
That I was a fish
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde
---Chorus

How I wish that I was a bee
I'd not gather honey from flowers
But I'd steal a dear sip
From Kitty's sweet lip
And make my own hive in her bowers
-(Just listen dearing)-

SERVICE TO MAMMY

(This was a favorite with Grandfather Kneeland and was, I understand, one of the popular songs during the Millerite excitement of 1843. Only the first and last verses are here given. Father and Mother had been unable to remember the second one but Father, only a day or two before he died, recalled one line or more and felt sure that he would eventually remember the whole of it. I have taken up so much room with this explanation that I shall have to give both verses on the next page.)

FATHER'S SONGS

BABYLON IS FALLEN

-(See Note on previous page regarding Grandfather Kneeland, &c)-

1

Hail the day so long expected
  Hail the day of full release
Zion's walls are now erected
  And her watchmen publish peace
Through the Shiloh's wide dominions
  Hear the trumpet loudly roar
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen
  Babylon is fallen to rise no more

-(Third verse is given below---)-
(The second is missing.)

Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion
  Christ will come a second time
Ruling with a rod of iron
  All who now as foes combine
Babel's garments we've rejected
  And the wedge of golden ore
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen
  Babylon is fallen to rise no more

TA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

-(This is changing the subject with a vengeance but I want to)-
(include this popular hit of the early nineties as sung by)
(Lottie Collins, a popular music hall artist in London at)
(that time, and of which---while Miss Collins was in Quaran-)
(tine during the cholera scare of September, 1892, the "New)
(York World" printed a parody reading as follows:-)
("Lottie Collins down the Bay)
(Quarantining, so they say)
(Sure to lose her two weeks pay)
(She must feel all shades of gray")

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see
  Queen of swell society
Fond of fun as fond can be
  When it's on the strict q.t.
I'm not too young - I'm not too old
  Not too timid - Not too bold
Just the kind you'd like to hold
  Just the kind for sport I'm told

---Chorus---
Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
  Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

-(See next page)-

MATRON'S DUNCE

BABYLON IS FALLEN

-(See Note on previous page regarding Grandfather Kneeland, Jo)-

I

Hail the day so long expected
Hail the day of full release
Zion's walls are now erected
And her watchmen publish peace
Through the Sublon's wide dominions
Hear the trumpet loudly roar
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen
Babylon is fallen to rise no more

-(Third verse is given below---)-
("The second is missing.)

Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion
Christ will come a second time
Ruling with a rod of iron
All who now as foes combine
Babel's garments we've rejected
And the wedge of golden ore
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen
Babylon is fallen to rise no more

TA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

-(This is changing the subject with a vengeance but I want to)-
(include this popular bit of the early nineties as sung by)
(Lottie Collins, a popular music hall artist in London at)
(that time, and of which---while Miss Collins was in Queen-)
(ties during the cholera scare of September, 1892, the "New)
(York World" printed a parody reading as follows:-)
("Lottie Collins down the Bay)
(Quarantining, so they say)
(Sure to lose her two weeks pay)
(She must feel all shades of gray")

A sweet Texas girl you see
Queen of swell society
Head of fun as fond can be
When it's on the strict q.t.
I'm not too young - I'm not too old
Not too timid - Not too bold
Just the kind you'd like to hold
Just the kind for sport I'm told

---Chorus---
Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

-(See next page)-

FATHER'S SONGS

TA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY
(Continued from P. 119)

I'm a blushing bud of innocence
  Papa says at great expense
The old maids say I have no sense
  The young men say I'm just immense
Before my story I conclude
  I wish it clearly understood
That though fond of fun I'm never rude
  Though not too bad I'm not too good
---Chorus

(The above song brings back memories of the yachting and fishing trip which Fred Kendall, Otis Chessman, 'Gene Kneeland, Bert and I took down the Bay (Penobscot) while on vacation in July, 1892, and during which we celebrated a (to us) somewhat thrilling incident by paraphrasing it as follows:-
"We lost our topmast today
Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!")

I WISH I HAD A BARREL OF RUM

(The following is one of the numerous "ditties" which George Bowen was constantly singing when he was a young man and we were children.)

I wish I had a barrel of rum
  And sugar three hundred pounds
And a great big bowl to put it in
  And a spoon to stir it 'round
I'd drink success to the Searsport girls
  They are so mighty fine
Go over to see the Stockton girls
  To pass away the time

I sing my humble ditty
  As from town to town I steer
Like every honest fellow
  I drink my lager beer
Like every honest fellow
  I take my whiskey clear
I'm a roving wreck of poverty
  And the son of a gambolier

The son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a
  Son-of-a-gambolier
The son-of-a good-for-nothing
  Son of a gambolier
Like every honest fellow
  I take my whiskey clear
I'm a roving wreck of poverty
  And the son of a gambolier!

BATTER'S SCORE

TA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY
(Continued from p. 178)

I'm a blushing bud of innocence
Pops says of great expense
The old maids say I have no sense
The young men say I'm just immense
Before my story I conclude
I wish it clearly understood
That though fond of fun I'm never rude
Though not too bad I'm not too good
---Chorus

(The above song brings back memories of the washing and fish-
(ing trip which Fred Kendall, Otis Sherman, Gene Kneeland,
(Bert and I took down the Bay (Penobscot) while on vacation in
(July, 1892, and during which we celebrated a (to us) some-
(what thrilling incident by paraphrasing it as follows:-
("We lost our topmast today
("Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

I WISH I HAD A BARREL OF RUM

(The following is one of the numerous "ditties" which George
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And a great big bowl to put it in
And a spoon to stir it 'round
I'd drink success to the Seasport girls
They are so mighty fine
So over to see the Stockton girls
To pass away the time

I sing my humble ditty
As from town to town I steer
Like every honest fellow
I drink my lager beer
Like every honest fellow
I take my whiskey clear
I'm a roving wreck of poverty
And the son of a gambolier

The son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a
Son-of-a-gambolier
The son-of-a good-for-nothing
Son of a gambolier
Like every honest fellow
I take my whiskey clear
I'm a roving wreck of poverty
And the son of a gambolier!

FATHER'S SONGS
POOR LITTLE JOE

-(This is another of the songs which Hal used to sing as a boy)-
(I cannot remember the whole of it and I am not even sure)
(that such as I do remember is properly arranged.)

1

As I walked along
  Through New York's gay throng
I met a young orphan
  Forgotten by God
Although he was smiling
  He wanted for bread
Although he was cheerful
  He wished himself dead

  Chorus---
Cold blew the blast
  Down came the snow
No home to shelter him
  Nowhere to go
No mother to guide him
  In the grave she lies low
Out on the cold streets
  Lived poor little Joe

2

A carriage passed by
  With a lady inside
She looked on Joe's face
  And saw that he cried
He followed the carriage
  She not even smiled
But fondly caressed
  Her own darling child
---Chorus:-

3

The lights they were out (?)
  The clocks they struck one
Along came a policeman
  Whose duty was done
-(four lines lacking)-

4

Oh, what is this
  The policeman said
As he looked on Joe's face
  And saw he was dead
His eyes turned to Heaven
  All covered with snow
Out on the cold streets
  Died poor little Joe

MARGARET'S SONGS
FROM LITTLE JOE

-(This is another of the songs which Mal used to sing as a boy)-
(I cannot remember the whole of it and I am not even sure
that such as I do remember is properly arranged.)

1

As I walked along
Through New York's gay throng
I met a young orphan
Forgotten by God
Although he was smiling
He wanted for bread
Although he was cheerful
He wished himself dead

Chorus---
Cold blew the blast
Down came the snow
No home to shelter him
Nowhere to go
No mother to guide him
In the grave she lies low
Out on the cold streets
Lived poor little Joe

2

A carriage passed by
With a lady inside
She looked on Joe's face
And saw that he cried
He followed the carriage
She not even smiled
But frosty caressed
Her own darling child
---Chorus:-

3

The lights they were out (?)
The clocks they struck one
Along came a policeman
Whose duty was done
-(Your lines looking)-

4

Oh, what is this
The policeman said
As he looked on Joe's face
And saw he was dead
His eyes turned to Heaven
All covered with snow
Out on the cold streets
Died poor little Joe

FATHER'S SONGS

HOE OUT YOUR ROW

1

One sultry day a farmer's boy
  Was hoeing in the field of corn
And anxiously had waited long
  To hear the welcome dinner horn
The welcome call was heard at last
  And down he quickly dropped his hoe
The farmer shouted in his ear
  Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

2

Although a hard one was the row
  The farmer's pay but meagre hire
The lad had worked from early morn
  And now had well begun to tire
I can-- said he -- and manfully
  He seized again the fallen hoe
The good man smiled well pleased to see
  The farmer's boy hoe out his row

3

The lad the text remembered long
  And often proved the moral well
That perseverance to the end
  At last will always nobly tell
Take courage then -- resolve you can
  And strike an earnest, vigorous blow
In Life's great field of varied toil
  Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

HOE YOUR OWN ROW

1

Avery many maxims under the sun
  Scarce worth preservation - but here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple - 'tis worth while to know
  And all in a single line --- Hoe your own row

2

A very many workers, known in my prime
  Some builders of houses, some builders of rhyme
And they who have prospered have prospered I know
  By intent and meaning of -- Hoe your own row

3

I've known, too, a good many -- idlers who said
  I've a right to my living -- the world owes me bread
A right! Lazy lubber! A thousand times No
'Tis his and his only who -- Hoes his own row

FATHER'S SONGS

HOE OUT YOUR ROW

I

The sultry day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing in the field of corn
And anxiously had waited long
To hear the welcome dinner horn
The welcome call was heard at last
And down he quickly dropped his hoe
The farmer shouted in his ear
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

2

Although a hard one was the row
The farmer's pay but meagre hire
The lad had worked from early morn
And now had well begun to tire
I can-- said he -- and manfully
He seized again the fallen hoe
The good man smiled well pleased to see
The farmer's boy hoe out his row

3

The lad the text remembered long
And often proved the moral well
That perseverance to the end
At last will always nobly tell
Take courage then -- resolve you can
And strike an earnest, vigorous blow
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

HOE YOUR OWN ROW

I

Every many maxim under the sun
Coarse worth preservation - but here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple - 'tis worth while to know
And all in a single line --- Hoe your own row

2

A very many workers, known in my prime
Some builders of houses, some builders of rhyme
And they who have prospered have prospered I know
By instant and meaning of -- Hoe your own row

3

I've known, too, a good many -- idlers who said
I've a right to my living -- the world owes me bread
A right! lazy lubber! A thousand times no
'Tis his and his only who -- Hoes his own row

FATHER'S SONGS

GOOD NIGHT

-(Mother learned this of the older boys and girls when she was ten or twelve years old.)-

1

How sweet the happy evening's close
'Tis the hour of calm repose
Goodnight!
The Summer winds have sunk to rest
The moon, serenely bright
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray
Softly now she seems to say
Good-night!

2

Those tranquil hours of social mirth
Form the dearest links of earth
Good-night!
Oh, could we ever feel as now
Our hearts with love up-raised
And while our warm affections flow
Hear in murmurs soft and low
Good-night!

3

Oh, how each gentle thought is stirred
As we breathed the parting word
Good-night!
And while each hand is kindly pressed
Oh, may our prayers to Heaven
With gentle fervor be addressed
For His blessing on our rest
Good-night!

"THE WORST THING EVER I DONE"

-(Listen to George Bowen's gentle plaint of bygone days)-

The worst thing ever I done
My brother Caleb done
He set a pigeon trap for a quail
And caught a blue-jay
He pulled out all of his tail-feathers
Excepting his wing-feathers
And let him go again
And the blue-jay flew up toward Heaven crying
Caleb! Caleb! What shall I do
To be saved

MOTHER'S SONGS

GOOD NIGHT

-(Mother learned this of the older boys and girls when she was ten or twelve years old.)-

1

How sweet the happy evening's close
'Tis the hour of calm repose
Goodnight!
The Summer winds have sunk to rest
The moon, serenely bright
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray
Softly now she seems to say
Good-night!

2

Those tranquil hours of social mirth
Form the dearest links of earth
Good-night!
Oh, could we ever feel as now
Our hearts with love up-raised
And while our warm affections flow
Hear in murmurs soft and low
Good-night!

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Oh, how each gentle thought is stirred
As we breathed the parting word
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And while each hand is kindly pressed
Oh, may our prayers to Heaven
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"THE WORST THING EVER I DONE"

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My brother Caleb done
He set a pigeon trap for a quail
And caught a blue-jay
He pulled out all of his tail-feathers
Excepting his wing-feathers
And let him go again
And the blue-jay flew up toward Heaven crying
Caleb! Caleb! What shall I do
To be saved

FATHER'S SONGS

YANKEE DOODLE

-(In copying Father's and Mother's and other Songs, I left this)
(page vacant so that it would be available for any that might)-
(be remembered at the Eleventh Hour! I do not know of any)
(better purpose for which the space can be used than for a)
(record of that old standby--Yankee Doodle--the words and de-)
(scription of the origin of which I take from Pages 18-19 of)
("War Songs" published by Oliver Ditson & Co. in 1883 (?).)
( )
("Origin of Yankee Doodle.---In the summer of 1775, the Brit-)
(ish army, under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the)
(east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of)
(Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militiafrom the Eastern)
(States, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the)
(month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company af-)
(ter company, each man differently armed, equipped and accou-)
(tred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spec)
(tacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regi-)
(ment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their outrè appearance furnish)
(ed great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Sham-)
(burg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle)
(and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to)
(the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come)
(down to this day. The original words, which we take from)
(Farmer and Moore's "Historical Collections", published in)
(1820, we have not, however, met with before in many years.")

1

Father and I went down to camp
  Along with Captain Good-win
And there we saw the men and boys
  As thick as hasty pudding

---Chorus:-
Yankee Doodle, Keep it up
  Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
  And with the girls be handy

2

And there was Captain Washington
  Upon a slapping stallion
And giving orders to his men
  I guess there was a million---Chorus

3

And then the feathers on his hat
  They looked so tarnal fine-y
I want-ed pes-ki-ly to get
  To give to my Je-mi-ma---Chorus

4

And there they had a swamping gun
  As big as a log of ma-ple
On a deu-ced lit-tle cart
  A load for father's cattle---Chorus

MARTHA SPIRE

MARTHA SPIRE-o'l'd

1

And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder
It made a noise like father's gun
Only a million louder

2

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinin'
And father went as near again-
I thought the devil had in him

3

(It scared me so I ran the streets
Her stopped as I remember
Till I got home and safely locked
In grandma's little chamber)

4

And there I saw a little man
The leader were, also of location
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together

5

And there they'd fife away like fun
And play on corn stalk fiddles
And some had children red as blood
All round around their middles

6

The troopers too, would gallop up
And fire a gun in our faces
It scared us almost half to death
To see them run such races

7

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some cutting
For Jennes came to carry here
To give his wife and young one

8

But I can't tell you half I see
They kept up such a racket
So I took my hat off, made a bow
And scampered home to mother

(I do not seem able to reconcile the above, i.e. the "Battle" of 1776, on June 15th or which year the Continental Congress at Philadelphia (at which time we were just in a quarrel from (Virginia) appointed George Washington Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces, of which he took command on July 3rd--- (fifteen days after the battle of Bunker Hill. Therefore, how (happened Jerusalem to be joined the British forces in con- (sidering numbers after the had already fought?

FATHER'S SONGS

PRETTY PHYLLIS GRAY

1

Pretty Phyllis lives alone with her father in the lane
  Where the elm trees make an arch across the way
And shield the little cottage from the snow-fall and the rain
  And the pretty birds are warbling all the day
And when I go to see her as the shades of evening fall
  And the labors of the summer day are o'er
I seem to hear the robins in the orchard sweetly call
  Oh, Phyllis, here's your sweetheart at the door

---Chorus---
The song-birds sweetly sing of pretty Phyllis Gray
  They tell her of my true love all the day
The nightingale its tune no more sings to the moon
  But calls the name of pretty Phyllis Gray

2

In the cottage in the lane you can hear the happy song
  Of Phyllis, charming Phyllis all the day
And the cattle in the evening as they slowly pass along
  Try to get a smile from pretty Phyllis Gray
Oh, she is a lovely picture with her eyes and cheeks aglow
  And the glint of sunshine gleaming on her hair
Oh, the singing birds all love her and it is for her I know
  That the honeysuckle sweetens all the air
---Chorus:-

3

She has named the happy day and we'll shortly married be
  And live there in the cottage in the lane
And I know she'll be a loving and a faithful wife to me
  And our honeymoon will never, never wane
To the daisies and the roses and the birds our love we'll tell
  And the cattle as they down the meadow stray
To the goldenrod and clover and the grasses in the dell
  When I'm wedded to my pretty Phyllis Gray

-(The above, as well as "The Song of Other Days" on the succeed)-
(ing page, was written off for Mother by Gertrude Stiles twen-)
(ty-odd years ago. "The Little Brown Church in the Vale",)
(also on the succeeding page, was a great favorite of Carrie)
(Stiles, who used to play an accompaniment to her singing of)
(it on the old organ of Mother's during her summer vacation)
(visits here thirty-five or forty years ago! Mother first)
(learned it of her!)

PRETTY PHYLLIS GRAY

I

Pretty Phyllis lives alone with her father in the lane
Where the elm trees make an arch across the way
And shield the little cottage from the snow-fall and the rain
And the pretty birds are warbling all the day
And when I go to see her as the shades of evening fall
And the labors of the summer day are o'er
I seem to hear the robins in the orchard sweetly call
Oh, Phyllis, here's your sweetheart at the door

---Chorus---

The song-birds sweetly sing of pretty Phyllis Gray
They tell her of my true love all the day
The nightingale the tune no more sings to the moon
But calls the name of pretty Phyllis Gray

II

In the cottage in the lane you can hear the happy song
Of Phyllis, charming Phyllis all the day
And the cattle in the evening as they slowly pass along
Try to get a smile from pretty Phyllis Gray
Oh, she is a lovely picture with her eyes and cheeks angelic
And the glint of sunshine gleaming on her hair
Oh, the singing birds all love her and it is for her I know
That the honeysuckle sweetens all the air

---Chorus:-

III

The sun named the happy day and we'll shortly married be
And live there in the cottage in the lane
And I know she'll be a loving and a faithful wife to me
And our honeymoon will never, never wane
To the daisies and the roses and the birds our love we'll tell
And the cattle as they down the meadow stray
To the goldenrod and clover and the grasses in the dell
When I'm wedded to my pretty Phyllis Gray

("The above, as well as "The Song of Other Days" on the succeed-
(ing page, was written off far hand by Gertrude Stiles Swan-
(ty-odd years ago. "The Little Brown Church in the Vale",
(also on the succeeding page, was a great favorite of Carrie
(Stiles, who used to play an accompaniment to her singing of
(it on the old organ of father's during her summer vacation
(visits here thirty-five or forty years ago! Father first
(learned it of her!

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS

1

As I sit and dream in my solitude
  And into the firelight gaze
I think of a dear, sweet old melody
  A song of other days
'Tis linked with the love of bygone days
  Like a chain it seems to bind me
As my thoughts go drifting and drifting away
  Till the present is far behind me

---Chorus---
'Tis only the verse of an old love song
  Tender and sweet and true
'Tis the song that you used to love so well
  'Tis the one I sung for you

2

Oh, that summer night in the long ago
  Ah! 'tis but a memory now
The memory of what might have been
  If you had but kept your vow
No-one could have loved you as I loved you
  Through all these years of grief and pain
And the sweet old song with its cadences low
  Bring the happy past back again
---Chorus:-

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

1

There's a little brown church in the wildwood
  No lovelier spot in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
  As the little brown church in the vale

---Chorus:-
Oh, come to the church in the wildwood
  Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
  As the little brown church in the vale

2

-(lacking)-

3

Close to the church in the wildwood
  Lies the one that I loved so well
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps in the valley
  Disturb not her rest in the vale
---Chorus:-

NATURE'S SONGS

THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS

I

As I sit and dream in my solitude
And into the twilight gone
I think of a dear, sweet old melody
A song of other days
'Tis linked with the love of bygone days
Like a chain it seems to bind me
As my thoughts go drifting and drifting away
Till the present is far behind me

---Chorus---

'Tis only the verse of an old love song
Tender and sweet and true
'Tis the song that you used to love so well
'Tis the one I sang for you

2

Oh, that summer night in the long ago
Ah! 'tis but a memory now
The memory of what might have been
If you had but kept your vow
No-one could have loved you as I loved you
Through all these years of grief and pain
And the sweet old song with its cadences low
Bring the happy past back again

---Chorus:-

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

I

There's a little brown church in the wildwood
No lovelier spot in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale

---Chorus:-

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the vale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale

2

-(Jackie)-

3

Close to the church in the wildwood
Lies the one that I love-d so well
The steeple, sweetly sleeps in the valley
Disturb not her rest in the vale

---Chorus:-

FATHER'S SONGS

THE WHITE SQUALL

(This song used to be a great favorite of Fred Kendall's and was (I believe) much sung during his sea-faring days. He sent this and "The Cumberland's Crew" to me from Oxford, Mass after returning there in September, 1916. Following the "Cumberland's Crew" I have included a few verses of songs and chanteys which Fred used to sing but which he cannot now remember. Will Staples has promised to make me a set of copies of sailors ' chanteys if he can locate some which he says are around his house.)

1

Oh, the sea was bright and the barque rode well
The breeze bore the tones of the vesper bell
'Twas a gallant barque with a crew as brave
As e'er was launched on the heaving wave
--As e'er was launched on the heaving wave
For she shone in the light of declining day
Each sail was set and each heart was gay
For she shone in the light of declining day
Each sail was set and each heat was gay
--And each heart was gay

2

They neared the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles
All thought of home and the welcome dear
That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear
--That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear
And in fancy joined in the social throng
The festive dance and the joyous song
And in fancy joined in the social throng
The festive dance and the joyous song
--And the joyous song

3

The White Squall glides through the azure sky
Hark! What means that despairing cry
Farewell the transient dreams of home
'Tis the cry for help where no help can come
1-'Tis the cry for help where no help can come
For The White Squall glides o'er the surging wave
And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave
For the White Squall glides o'er the surging wave
And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave
--In an ocean grave

MATTHEW'S SONGS

THE WHITE SQUALL

(This song used to be a great favorite of Fred Kendall's and
(was (I believe) much sung during his sea-faring days. He
(sent this and "The Dumbarnland's Crew" to me from Oxford, Miss.
(after returning there in September, 1916. Following the
("Dumbarnland's Crew" I have included a few verses of songs
(and chanteys which Fred used to sing but which he cannot now
(remember. Will Stephen has promised to make me a set of h
(copies of sailors ' chanteys if he can locate some which he
(says are around his house.

I

Oh, the sea was bright and the barque rode well
The breeze bore the tones of the vesper bell
'Twas a gallant barque with a crew as brave
As e'er was launched on the heaving wave
--As e'er was launched on the heaving wave
For she sailed in the light of departing day
Each sail was set and each heart was gay
For she sailed in the light of departing day
Each sail was set and each heart was gay
--And each heart was gay

2

They neared the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles
All thought of home and the welcome dear
That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear
--That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear
And in fancy joined in the social throng
The festive dance and the joyous song
And in fancy joined in the social throng
The festive dance and the joyous song
--And the joyous song

3

The White Squall glides through the azure sky
Hark! What means that deafening cry
Throughout the tremulent breeze at home
'Tis the cry for help where no help can come
--'Tis the cry for help where no help can come
For the White Squall glides o'er the surging wave
And the barque is quilled in an ocean grave
For the White Squall glides o'er the surging wave
And the barque is quilled in an ocean grave
--In an ocean grave

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW

-(This of course recounts the destruction of the U.S.S. "Cumber-)-
(land" (along with the "Saratoga" and others) by the iron or)
(steel rails protected "Merrimac", to which the Confederates)
(had added a ram and re-named her the "Virginia"! The fol-)
(lowing day the re-named "Merrimac" sallied forth from Nor-)
(folk to finish up the Federal Fleet---and met the "Monitor")
(and her finish instead!)

1

Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty
Of a terrible battle that's happened of late
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity
As they think of the once gallant Cumberland's fate

2

The eighth day of March told a terrible story
And many a brave tar to the world bid adieu
But our Flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew

3

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning
The sky it was cloudless and bright shone the sun
When the drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun

4

An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing
And high in the air the base rebel flag flew
The pennant of Treason she proudly was waving
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew

5

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution
Saying:- Boys, by this monster now don't be dismayed
We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution
And to die for our Country we are not afraid

6

We'll fight for the Union - Our cause it is glorious
To the Stars and the Stripes we will ever stand true
We'll die at our quarters or conquer victorious
Was answered with cheers by the Cumberland's crew

7

They fought us three hours with stern resolution
Till those rebels found cannon would never avail
For the flag of secession had no power to gall us
Though the blood from our scuppers it crimsoned the wave

8

She struck us amidships - Our plank she did sever
Her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through
As slowly she sank on that dark, rolling river
We'll die at our guns cried the Cumberland's crew

DAMNEY'S SONGS

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW

U.S.S.
(This of course recounts the destruction of the N.N. "Cumber-
land" (along with the "Savannah" and others) by the iron or
steel walls protected "Merrimac", to which the Confederates
had added a ram and re-named her the "Virginia"! The fol-
lowing day the re-named "Merrimac" sallied forth from Nor-
folk to finish up the Federal fleet--and met the "Monitor"
and her friends instead!

I

Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty
Of a terrible battle that's happened of late
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity
As they think of the once gallant Cumberland's fate

2

The eighth day of March told a terrible story
And many a brave tar to the world bid adieu
But our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew

3

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning
The sky it was cloudless and bright shone the sun
Then the drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun

4

An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing
And high in the air the base rebel flag flew
The pennant of treason she proudly was waving
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew

5

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution
Saying:- Men, by this monster now don't be disarmed
We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution
And to die for our Country we are not afraid

6

We'll fight for the Union - Our cause it is glorious
To the Stars and the Stripes we will ever stand true
We'll die at our quarters or conquer victorious
Was answered with cheers by the Cumberland's crew

7

They fought us three hours with stern resolution
Till shore rebels found cannon would never avail
For the flag of secession had no power to pull us
Though the blood from our scuppers it ornamented the wave

8

The struck us amidships - Our plank she did sever
Her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through
As slowly she sank on that dark, rolling river
We'll die at our guns cried the Cumberland's crew

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW -(cont'd))

9

Slowly they sank 'neath Virginia's waters
  Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters
  May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore

10

In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying
  Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu
But The Star Spangled Banner above them is flying
  It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew

11

Columbia's sweet birthright of Freedom's communion
  Thy Flag never floated so proudly before
For the spirits of those who have died for our Union
  Above its broad folds now exultingly soar

12

And when our sailors in battle assemble
  God bless our dear Banner, The Red, White and Blue
Beneath its broad folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble
  Or we'll die at our guns - like the Cumberland's crew

THE BUTTERFLY DUDE

-(This was one of the popular hits of well-nigh forty years)-
(ago. I remember that it used to be sung by Fred Kendall)
(and Frank Crockett -(Tyler's son)- at a time when they may)
(be said to have exhibited "<u>some</u> <u>class</u>" themselves --- so far)
(as (at that time) thoroughly up-to-date <u>dress</u> was concerned!)
(Fred couldn't remember any more of it than I have given!)

1

Oh, the latest sensation, they say
  That the dude is the swell of the day
He's all neck and collar- He'd make a mule holler
  He's tender as flowers in May
He's a birdie that 's fond of his ease
  To get into his pants is a squeeze
And the ladies cry - Maybe! Now aint he a baby
  He'd fall all apart if he'd sneeze

  Chorus---
Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude
  The sweet-scented monkey - He's softer than honey
Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude
  Say! Did you ever "get on" to a dude

2

He's his mother's own dear little pet
  He can smoke a real strong cigarette-(Bal.forgotten)

NATHAN'S SONGS

THE GUARDSMAN'S GRAVE - (cont'd)

8

Slowly they sank 'neath Virginia's waters
Their voices on earth will never be heard more
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore

10

In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu
But the Star Spangled Banner above them is flying
It was rolled to the mast by the Dumbarland's crew

11

Columbia's sweet birthright of freedom's communion
The flag never floated so proudly before
For the spirits of those who have died for our Union
Above its broad folds now exultingly soar

12

And when our soldiers in battle assemble
God bless our dear Banner, The Red, White and Blue
Smooth its broad folds we'll cease tyrants to trouble
Or we'll die at our guns - like the Dumbarland's crew

THE BUTTERFLY DUDE

-{This was one of the popular hits of well-nigh forty years ago. I remember that it used to be sung by Fred Kendall and Frank Orchard - (Taylor's son)- at a time when they say he said to have exhibited "some change" themselves --- as far as (at that time) thoroughly up-to-date dress was concerned! I have always remember any more of it than I have given!}-

1

Oh, the latest sensation, they say
That the dude is the swell of the day
He's all neck and collar- He'd make a nice holler
He's tender as flower in May
He's a birdie that 's fond of his nose
To get into his pants is a squeeze
And the ladies say - Maybel! How aint he a baby
He'd fall all apart if he'd sneeze

Chorus---
Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude
The sweet-scented monkey - He's softer than honey
Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude
Say! Did you ever "get on" to a dude

2

He's his mother's own dear little pet
He can smoke a real strong cigarette- (Mr. Forrester)

FATHER'S SONGS

SAILORS' CHANTEYS

-(The following are parts of two chanteys which I used to hear)-
(sung by Fred Kendall and Will Staples---when they were sea-)
(faring men and at a time when a large proportion of the)
(young men of Searsport looked upon the sea as their natural)
(calling. I am not sure that even these extracts are correct)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

The Captain gives out the word of command
Then it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
The Captain gives out the word of command
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

HOMEWARD BOUND

We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound
Good-bye! Fare-ye-well! Good-bye! Fare-ye-well!
We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound
Three Cheers! My Boys! We're Homeward Bound!

SAILORS' CHANTEYS

(The following are parts of two chanteys which I used to hear
(sung by Fred Kendall and "Bill Stephens"--when they were sea-
(faring men and at a time when a large proportion of the
(young men of Bearsport looked upon the sea as their natural
(calling. I am not sure that even these extracts are correct)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

The Captain gives out the word of command
Then it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
The Captain gives out the word of command
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down
For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

HOMEWARD BOUND

We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound
Good-bye! Here-ye-well! Good-bye! Fare-ye-well!
We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound
Three Cheers! Ye Boys! We're Homeward Bound!

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CHICKADEE SONG

-(This and the two following songs were long sung to Helen by)-
(her mother each night as a part of the regular order of)
(things---as they had been sung to Bertha by her mother in)
(the long ago. In fact, they were written off for Bertha by)
(her mother the last time she visited us in Brooklyn in Sep-)
(tember, 1912. She died August 6, 1913. -(in Dubuque, Iowa)

1

The ground was all covered with snow one day
  When two little sisters were busy at play
And a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree
  And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

2

He had not been singing this tune very long
  Ere Emily heard him - so loud was his song
Oh! sister! come here to the window and see
  Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee

3

Poor fellow! He walks in the cold and the sleet
  And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee
  He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

4

Oh, Mother! Do buy him some stockings and shoes
  And a dear little frock - and a hat if he choose
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
  How warm we would make him- Poor Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  How warm we would make him - Poor Chick-a-dee-dee

5

The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread
  And heard every word little Emily said
What a figure I'd make in that dress, thought he
  And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee

6

I'm grateful, said he, for the wish you express
  But have no occasion for such a fine dress
I'd rather remain with my little limbs free
  Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee

See next page

MOTHER'S SONGS

THE CHICKADEE SONG

(This and the two following songs were long sung to Helen by her mother each night as a part of the regular order of things---as they had been sung to Bertha by her mother in the long ago. In fact, they were written off for Bertha by her mother the last time she visited us in Brooklyn in December, 1912. She died August 6, 1913. -(in Dubuque, Iowa)

I

The ground was all covered with snow one day
Then two little sisters were busy at play
And a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree
And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

2

He had not been singing this tune very long
Ere kindly heard him - so loud was his song
Oh! sister! come here to the window and see
Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee

3

Poor fellow! He walks in the cold and the sleet
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee
He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

4

Oh, mother! We buy him some stockings and shoes
And a dear little trock - and a hat if he chooses
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him- Poor Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
How warm we would make him - Poor Chick-a-dee-dee

5

The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread
And heard every word little Emily said
That a figure I'd make in that dress, thought he
And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee

6

I'm grateful, said he, for the wish you express
But have no occasion for such a fine dress
I'd rather remain with my little limbs free
Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee

See next page

FATHER'S SONGS

THE CHICKADEE SONG -(concl'd)-

7

There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who
  Has clothed me already and warm enough, too
Good Morning! Oh, who are so happy as we
  And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
  And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

JIPPIE AND JIMMIE

1

Jippie and Jimmie were two little dogs
  They went to ride on some floating logs
The logs rolled over - The dogs rolled in
  They got very wet for their clothes were thin

2

Jippie and Jimmie crept out again
  They said - The water is full of rain
They said - The water is far from dry
  Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi!

3

Jippie and Jimmie went shivering home
  They said - The water no more we'll roam
And we won't go to sail until we know how
  Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!

-(If anyone asks if "Jippie" would not better be spelled)-
("Gyppie", the answer is---Quien sabe!!!)

MARGIE'S SONGS

THE CHICKADEE'S SONG -(concl'd)-

V

There is one, my dear child, though I cannot tell who
Has clothed so already and warm enough, too
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we
And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!
And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

TIPPIE AND TINKLE

I

Tippie and Tinkle were two little dogs
They went to ride on some floating logs
The logs rolled over - The dogs rolled in
They got very wet for their clothes were thin

II

Tippie and Tinkle crept out again
They said - The water is full of rain
They said - The water is far from dry
Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi!

III

Tippie and Tinkle went shivering home
They said - The water no more will roam
And we won't go to sail until we know how
Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!

-(If anyone sells if "Tippie" - the net helper be called "Ki yi!", the answer is--- Bow-wow-wow!!!)-

FATHER'S SONGS

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE BASKET GONE

1

Where has my little basket gone
  Said Charlie boy, one day
I guess some little boy or girl
  Has taken it away

2

And kitty, too! where has she gone
  Oh, dear! what shall I do
I wish I could my basket find
  And little kitty, too

3

I'll go to Mother's room and look
  Perhaps she may be there
For kitty likes to take a nap
  In Mother's easy chair

4

Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Come and look
  See what a little heap
My kitty's in the basket here
  All cuddled down to sleep

5

He took the basket carefully
  And brought it in a minute
And showed it to his mother dear
  With little kitty in it

MAMMY'S SONGS

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE BASKET GONE

1

Where has my little basket gone
Said Sheville boy, one day
I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away

2

And kitty, too! where has she gone
Oh, dear! what shall I do
I wish I could my basket find
And little kitty, too

3

I'll go to Mother's room and look
Perhaps she may be there
For kitty likes to take a nap
In Mother's easy chair

4

Oh, Jennie! Jennie! Come and look
See what a little heap
My kitty's in the basket here
All cuddled down to sleep

5

He took the basket carefully
And brought it in a minute
And showed it to his mother dear
With little kitty in it

MOTHER'S POEMS

MOTHER'S POEMS

GRANITE GRANGE

(When we lived on the Steele Place in 1876, Uncle Nelson was a member of Granite Grange, which met in Whitcomb's Hall, North Searsport, and ran a co-operative store for the benefit of its members? Uncle Nelson was always telling about the low prices at this store. Mother got tired of it, with the result that she wrote this screed and hung it, together with a freshly-baked pie, on Uncle Nelson's door in a May-basket! Next morning, "Uncle Nelse" betook himself and the poem to the stone-wall down in front of his house and, sitting astride of same, carefully "pized" his spectacles on his "lovely nose", submitted it to a careful and long-drawn-out perusal, after which he went back to the house, showed it to Aunt Lucy, and remarked:- "I don't see who could have sent me that!" "Huh!", replied Aunt Lucy, "I shouldn't think you would have to think long, Father, with "Manda" living in the neighborhood!"

1

You belong to Granite Grange
  Though why so-called we cannot tell
The name to us seems rather strange (strange)
  As naught but softness in it dwells

2

You think you are a boy again
  Mrs. Whitcomb thinks so, too
But that to us looks rather thin
  When your large family we view

3

Your "wild oats" should have been sown
  Long years ago - if sown at all
But some allowance we'll make for you
  When young men all obey her call

4

Anticipate her slightest wish
  And strive to gain her approving smile
While their poor wives with wrinkled brows
  Look on in anger all the while

5

But now your morals - good or bad
  We'll lay upon the shelf to dry
And talk of more substantial things
  And of the prices - low and high

6

You say you can good flour sell
  At prices very low
You may to Grangers - not to us
  Who its poor quality know

7

To our mind flour should be white
  In your Grange it is <u>awful black</u>

MOTHER'S POEMS

GRANITE GRANGE

When we lived on the Steele Place in 1876, Uncle Nelson was a member of Granite Grange, which met in Whitcomb's Hall, North Somerport, and ran a co-operative store for the benefit of its members. Uncle Nelson was always telling about the low prices at this store. Father got tired of it, with the result that she wrote this screed and hung it, together with a freshly-baked pie, on Uncle Nelson's door in a May-basket! Next morning, "Uncle Nelse" boxed himself and the pies to the stone-wall down in front of his house and, sitting astride of same, carefully "plied" his spectacles on his "lovely nose", submitted it to a careful and long-drawn-out perusal, after which he went back to the house, showed it to Aunt Lucy, and remarked:- "I don't kn see who could have sent me this!" "Huh!", replied Aunt Lucy, "I shouldn't think you would have to think long, Father, with "hands" living in the neighborhood!"

1

You belong to Granite Grange
Though why so-called we cannot tell
The name to us seems rather strange (strange)
As naught but sorriness in it dwells

2

You think you are a boy again
Mrs. Whitcomb thinks so, too
But that to us looks rather thin
When your large family we view

3

Your "wild oats" should have been sown
Long years ago - if sown at all
But some allowance we'll make for you
When young men all obey her call

4

Anticipate her slightest wish
And strive to gain her approving smile
While their poor wives with wrinkled brows
Look on in anger all the while

5

But how your morals - good or bad
We'll lay upon the shelf to dry
And talk of more substantial things
And of the prices - low and high

6

You say you can good flour sell
At prices very low
You say to Grangers - not to us
Who its poor quality know

7

To our mind flour should be white
In your Grange it is awful black

MOTHER'S POEMS

GRANITE GRANGE -(concl'd)-

7

To our mind flour should be white
  In your Grange it is awful black
Its color doesn't matter so much
  But oh, of sweetness, what a lack

8

Next comes the saleratus
  Oh, where's the nose can stand
The odors that from it arise
  In this, our Christian land

9

Your molasses, we'll admit
  Is passable - not extra good
To those who choose to purchase it
  But we'd not be the ones who would

10

And as for tea! Oh, dear! Oh, me!
  Such a vile compound we never did see
As that you sell at Granite Grange
  And call it good! 'Tis strange! 'Tis strange!

11

And now of sugar we would speak
  What we have seen is very good
We hope Bro. S. will get enough
  Of sugar - likewise firewood

12

Now in conclusion we would say
  Let not your angry passions rise
When on the bridge of your lovely nose
  Your spectacles you carefully "pize"

13

And scan the lines which we have penned
  In friendly spirit - not in wrath (wrath)
'Tis not too late to mend your ways
  So hasten back to the good old path

14

And taste these eatables of ours
  Then wonder if you think it strange
We thank Kind Fortune day and night
  That we're not members of Granite Grange

MOTHER'S POEM

GEORGE GARNER - (contd)

7

To our mind flour should be white
In your Grange it is <u>sadly</u> bilsh
The color doesn't matter so much
But oh, of sweetness, what a lack

8

Next comes the calorine
Oh, where's the book can stand
The odors that from it arise
In this, our Christian land

9

Your mildness, we'll admit
Is passable - not extra good
To those who choose to purchase it
But we'd not be the ones who would

10

And so for taxi Oh, dear! Oh, me!
Such a vile compound we never did see
As that you call at Grange's Grange
And call it good! 'Tis strange! 'Tis strange!

11

And now of sugar we would speak
That we have seen is very good
We hope Bro. S. will get enough
Of sugar - likewise firewood

12

Now in conclusion we would say
Let not your angry passions rise
Then on the bridge of your lovely nose
Your spectacles you carefully "plan"

13

And scan the lines which we have penned
In friendly spirit - not in wrath (wrath)
'Tis not too late to mend your ways
To hasten back to the good old path

14

And taste these samples of ours
Then wonder if you think it strange
To thank God fortune day and night
Not being not members of Grange's Grange

MOTHER'S POEMS

WHO IS IT?

(When, during his strenuous efforts to secure Etta Piper for his wife, Mother used to see Fred Savery returning home after "sun-up", she felt impelled to chronicle the circumstances in the following "pome"! This was in 1881. The poem was read at one of the "Exhibitions" which used to be given at the Porter Schoolhouse. Fred and Etta were present. Fred began to get "wise" as the reading proceeded and at the denoument he rose up in his seat as if he were going to make a speech. Etta only laughed! Which goes to prove (?) that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male)

1

Who is it rides o'er dale and hill
  Past the schoolhouse, past the mill
Then takes the first turn to the right
  And quickly passes from our sight

2

Let the wind blow high or low
  Down the road he's sure to go
Is he doctor, lawyer, scribe
  That in such weather he must ride

3

No old gray horse for him, I ween
  When in her company he's seen
His team must be the very best
  His person also neatly dressed

4

For now he has the inside track
  He's no idea of turning back
And let some other fellow win
  The prize he's sure was meant for him

5

Returning he's not always seen
  Sometimes 'tis 'neath the moon's pale beams
Sometimes the sun has risen high
  When this young man goes dashing by

6

But this we know - and that's a fact
  For sleep his eyes doth surely lack
And we can tell - though we're no writer
  'Tis Fred Savery been to see Miss Piper!

SCHOOLMAN'S SONGS

NO. 16. LIE

(When, during his strenuous efforts to secure Alice Viper for
his wife, Arthur used to see Fred Savory returning home at-
ter "sun-up", she felt impelled to circumlocute the circumstan-
ces in the following "poem"! This was in 1881. The poem
was read at one of the "Exhibitions" which used to be given
at the Porter Schoolhouse. Fred and Ella were present. Fred
began to get "wise" as the reading proceeded and at the de-
nouement he rose up in his seat as if he were going to make
a speech. Ella only laughed! Which goes to prove (?)
that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male")

I

Who is it rides o'er dale and hill
Past the schoolhouse, past the mill
Then takes the first turn to the right
And quickly passes from our sight

2

Let the wind blow high or low
Down the road he's sure to go
Is he doctor, lawyer, scribe
That in such weather he must ride

3

A old gray horse for him, I ween
When in her company he's seen
His team must be the very best
His person also neatly dressed

4

Yet now he has the inside track
He's no idea of turning back
And let some other fellow win
The prize he's sure was meant for him

5

Returning he's not always seen
Sometimes 'tis 'neath the moon's pale beams
Sometimes the sun has risen high
When this young man goes dashing by

6

But this we know - and that's a fact
For sleep his eyes doth surely lack
And we can tell - though we're no writer
'Ella Fred Savory been to see Alice Viper!

MOTHER'S POEMS

SOLOMON DA-VID

-(This is the appearance that the final smash-up of what was)-
(apparently one person's fond dream had to two persons"up a)
(tree" --- in the shape of Mother and Mannie Matthews!)
(David Nickerson and Martha Bowen are the principals!)
(Time:- The late eighties! The original was sent me in Boston)

1

Solomon David, with his quadrupid
Drove up to Henry's door
But Martha said with a toss of her head
She ne'er would ride with him more.

2

Then Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid
He asked what was the matter
But Martha said - I am going to bed
And you had better scatter

3

So Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid
Drove away from Henry's door
And said that he, with his quadrupid
Would never trouble her more

4

Now the light of day had passed away
And the stars shone out in the sky
As Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid
Kicked up his heels and died!

OUR PEDDLER

1

Who comes oft-times with loaded cart
To please our eyes, and cheer our heart
And never fails to do his part
---Our Peddler!

2

Who brings us goods from other shores
The best of teas, from Japan's stores
Molasses nice, and sugar sweet
Made from the cane, or sugar beet
---Our Peddler!

3

Who buys our eggs, when high or low
And pays us down, as well we know
In goods, assorted, from the shelves
Where you can choose, and suit yourselves
---Our Peddler!

4

And if our purses e'er run low
As sometimes is the case, you know
Who would bring these goods we see
And never hint the C. O. D.---Our Peddler!

-(This offering was from Mrs. Freeman Partridge--between1900-10)-

MOTHER'S POEMS

SELF-CONTEMPLATION

(This is the appearance that the final breath-of what was apparently one person's fond dream had to the "poetess" in a "vee" --- in the shape of letter and sketch [illegible]! (David Nicholson and Martha Bowen are the principals! (Note:- The lady sketched! The original was sent to Boston)

I

Solomon David, with his quadruplid
Drove up to Henry's door
But Martha said with a toss of her head
The motor would ride with him more.

II

Then Solomon David, with his qua-dru-plid
He asked what was the matter
But Martha said - I am going to bed
And you had better scatter

III

So Solomon David, with his qua-dru-plid
Drove away from Henry's door
And said that he, with his quadruplid
Would never trouble her more

IV

Now the light of day had passed away
And the stars shone out in the sky
As Solomon David, with his qua-dru-plid
Hiked up his heels and died!

OUR PRIVILEGES

I

The coons off-times with loaded carts
To please our eyes, and cheer our hearts
And never fails to do his part
---Our Daddies!

II

To bring us goods from other shores
The best of teas, from Japan's stores
Molasses rich, and sugar sweet
Made from the cane, or sugar beet
---Our Daddies!

III

To bye our eggs, when high or low
And pay us down, as well we know
In goods, assorted, from the shelves
Where you can choose, and suit yourselves
---Our Daddies!

IV

And if our purses ever run low
'e sometimes is the case, you know
We would bring these goods we see
And never think the C. C. D.---Our Daddies!

(This offering was from Mr. Freeman Partridge---[illegible]

MOTHER'S POEMS

"AFTER THE BALL"-AN OLD VERSION

(When, in 1866, Mother's sister Clara became somewhat "peeved")
(at Joseph Griffin because of his taking another girl to a)
(dance she delivered a broadside at him in the shape of the)
(following poetic effusion---in the preparation of which she)
(was aided and abetted by Hattie Dickey, afterward the wife)
(of Granville Grant! Griffin heard of it and the girls laid)
(it on to Mother. "Uncle Joe" taxed her with it at a party)
(given at Isaac George's--next house below the Alfred Berry)
(place! Mother wouldn't stand for it and gave the perpetra-)
(tors away! Joe went into the woods---up river! He married)
(Aunt Clara some two years later!)

1

Joseph Griffin, old Eben's son
He learned to play when he was young
And all the tunes that he could play
Were "Broken Vow" and "Lucy May"---Tol-de-rol-de-ri-do!

2

With silk cravat and light pants on
Who would think it was Eben's son
He carried Melinda to the ball
Up to M. R. Staples' hall

3

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe
For he lost his heart and his sleigh-robe, too
I think he much deserves our pity
And for such I have written this little ditty

4

Next morn Joe and Fred arose with the lark
And up to Staples's they did start
The robe to find - but all in vain
'Tis doubtful if Joe goes to a ball again

5

Joseph now has "took to the woods"
He'd stayed at home if he possibly could
I pity Melinda with all my heart
To think she and Joseph had to part

JOE'S RHAPSODY

To no more balls or parties I'm going
For they have proved my entire ruin
So farewell, Melinda! My joy and pride
No more can I carry you on a ride

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe
For his thoughts on Melinda he did bestow
He lost his heart, his sleigh-robe too
What a plight to be in - that splendid beau!

(Father and Mother had difficulty in recalling the above in)
(the Fall of 1916. This last is Father's version of the 3rd)
(verse!)

ESTHER'S POEMS

"WHEN THE RAIN"--AN OLD VERSION

(When, in 1888, Mother's sister Clara became engaged "pseud")
(at Joseph Griffin because of his taking another girl to a)
(dance she delivered a broadside at him in the shape of the)
(following poetic effusion---in the preparation of which she)
(was aided and abetted by Nettie Blakey, afterward the wife)
(of Greenville Grant! Griffin heard of it and the girls laid)
(it on to Mother. "Uncle Joe" taxed her with it at a party)
(given at Isaac Hoagle's--most house below the Alfred Berry)
(place! Mother wouldn't stand for it and gave the perpetra-)
(tors away! Joe went into the woods---up river! He married)
(Aunt Clara some two years later!

I

Joseph Griffin, old Khon's son
He learned to play when he was young
And all the tunes that he could play
Were "Broken Vow" and "Lucy Gay"---"Tol-de-rol-de-ri-de!

2

With silk cravat and light pants on
He would think it was Khon's son
He carried Malinda to the ball
Up to V. E. Stapleys' hall

3

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe
For he lost his heart and his sleigh-robe, too
I think he much deserves our pity
And for such I have written this little ditty

4

Next morn Joe and Fred drove with the team
And up to Stapleys they did steer
The robe to find - but all in vain
'Tis doubtful if Joe goes to a ball again

5

Joseph now has "took to the woods"
He'd stayed at home if he possibly could
I pity Malinda with all my heart
To think she and Joseph had to part

JOHN'S RHAPSODY

No more balls or parties I'm going
For they have proved my entire ruin
Farewell, Malinda! My joy and pride
No more can I carry you on a ride

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe
For his thoughts on Malinda he did bestow
He lost his heart, his sleigh-robe too
That's plight to be in - that splendid beau!

(Mother and Mother had difficulty in recalling the above in)
(the Fall of 1918. This last is Mother's version of the 3rd)
(verse!

-(Cover Design)-

for the

-(THE CROCKETT GENEALOGY)-

(If It Is Ever Written)

THE CROCKETT COAT OF ARMS

-(Of course this proposed cover design applies only to such)-
(part of the present volume as may be used in "The Crockett)
(Genealogy"---if it is ever written!)

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THE CROCKETT FAMILY

-(Photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett)-

-(Photograph of Grandfather Daniel Crockett(?))-

-(Photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett(?))-

-(Photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett)-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Although the Crocketts have been Americans so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" I have always understood that they were of English stock, an opinion shared by the Acting Librarian of the Maine Genealogical Society, although G. T. Ridlon, Sr., in his article in the "Portland Sunday Telegram" of November 27, 1910, avers that their ancestry is Scotch! So far as I can learn, no Genealogy of the family exists, its members---like most Americans of the Colonial Period,---appearing to have been too busy establishing themselves in a new land to take much interest in preserving a written record of their family history! More's the pity!

While I have since boyhood carried in the back of my head a hazy recollection to the effect that Uncle Nelson Staples and, I am quite certain, Grandfather Crockett himself, have told me that the Crockett ancestor of our family came to the then American Colonies from England and either immediately or eventually settled at Amesbury, Massachusetts, the earliest <u>definite</u> record which I have been able to obtain during my recent investigations is that of Daniel Crockett who, according to the First Census of the United States taken in 1790 was in that year living in "Windham Town" in Cumberland County of what is now the State of Maine and had a family of five persons composed of "one free white male of sixteen years and upward, including heads of families" - "one free white male under sixteen years" - and "three free white females including heads of families"! The only other Crockett shown in Windham by the First Census is George Crockett (whom The History of Windham mentions as having died in 1834,

THE DROOKETT FAMILY

Although the Droketts have been Hardtown's long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" I have always understood that they were of English stock, an opinion shared by the Acting Librarian of the Maine Genealogical Society, although C. T. Stetson, Sr., in his article in the "Portland Sunday Telegram" of November 27, 1910, avers that their ancestry is Scotch. So far as I can learn, no genealogy of the family exists, its members--like most Americans of the Colonial Period,--appearing to have been too busy establishing themselves in a new land to take much interest in preserving a written record of their family history. Hence the plight!

While I have since boyhood carried in the back of my head a hazy recollection to the effect that Polly Nelson Stapleton and, I am quite certain, Grandfather Droketts himself, have told me that the Droketts ancestor of our family came to the then American Colonies from England and either immediately or eventually settled at Amesbury, Massachusetts, the earliest definite record which I have been able to obtain during my recent investigations is that of Daniel Droketts who, according to the First Census of the United States taken in 1790 was in that year living in "Hardtown Town" in Cumberland County of what is now the State of Maine and had a family of five persons composed of "one free white male of sixteen years and upward, including heads of families" - "one free white male under sixteen years" - and "three free white females including heads of families". The only other Droketts shown in "Hardtown by the First Census in George Droketts (whom the History of Hardtown considers as having died in 1806,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

aged 90 years) who had a family of eleven members composed of "1", "3", and "7" under the same Census headings as those I have quoted in the case of Daniel Crockett.

As the Trevett Family Record shows Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett to have been born at Windham*** on July 29, 1775 (according to his tombstone it was July 16, 1775) and as it was then a quite general rule to follow the old English custom of naming the eldest son for his father, I have assumed that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett constituted that portion of the family of the Daniel Crockett of Windham alluded to in the First Census described as "one free white male under sixteen years"!---he having been fifteen years of age at the time!

Of Great-Grandfather Crockett's life up to the time when he settled on the farm on Spout Hill in Prospect (probably) more than a hundred years ago I have been unable to obtain any consecutive or definite record other than that as a young man he sailed with a Captain Powers in a trading packet which used to ply between Massachusetts and Penobscot Bay ports and that he made a voyage to Labrador---whether with the same Captain Powers or not I do not know! That he married Anna Trundy for his first wife is certain but where he married her I do not know. I have always understood that she belonged in Frankfort but the First Census does not show that a single head of family by that name was living within the confines of "Frankfort Town" in Hancock County in 1790---Frankfort then extended from Bangor to Belfast! The Records of the old Town of Frankfort were destroyed in a fire some years ago so there is no information to be gained from that quarter but as Grandfather Crockett's brother Samuel was born on January 28, 1801, and his sister

***See Aunt Mary Gray's letter on Page 382.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

aged 50 years) who had a family of eleven members composed of "1", "2", and "7" under the same headings as those I have quoted in the case of Daniel Crockett.

As the Trevett Family Record shows Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett to have been born at Windham on July 29, 1775 (according to his tombstone it was July 16, 1775) and as it was then a quite general rule to follow the old English custom of naming the oldest son for his father, I have assumed that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett constituted that portion of the family of the Daniel Crockett of Windham ~~assumed~~ alluded to in the "First Census described as "One free white male under sixteen years"---he having been fifteen years of age at the time!

Of Great-Grandfather Crockett's life up to the time when he settled on the farm on Spout Hill in Prospect (probably) more than a hundred years ago I have been unable to obtain any consecutive or definite record other than that as a young man he sailed with a Captain Powers in a trading packet which used to ply between Massachusetts and Penobscot Bay ports and that he made a voyage to Labrador---whether with the same Captain Powers or not I do not know! That he married Anna Grundy for his first wife is certain but where he married her I do not know. I have always understood that she belonged in Frankfort but the First Census does not show that a single head of family by that name was living within the confines of "Frankfort Town" in Hancock County in 1790---Frankfort then extended from Bangor to Belfast! The records of the old Town of Frankfort were destroyed in a fire some years ago so there is no information to be gained from that quarter but as Grandfather Crockett's brother Samuel was born on January 28, 1801, and his sister

Continued from Crockett's letter on Page 1.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Ann was older than he, they must have been married in or prior to 1799. If they were married in Frankfort the record is destr destroyed. When the First Census was taken there were but three heads of families named Trundy living within the boundaries of what now constitutes the State of Maine. They were

Samuel Trundy,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County	"3"	"1"	"7"
Jno. Trundy,	Buxton Town, York County,	"1"	---	"1"
George Trundy,	Cape Elizabeth Town, ---Cumberland County	"3"	"1"	"3"

-(The figures give the number of males above sixteen years of age, those under sixteen, and the number of female members of the family, under the headings quoted on the first page of this chapter)-!

As Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a sister of George William Trundy, the father of Job Larrabee's first wife and of Levi Trundy of Searsport (Ferd's father), and as George William's grandson ---William Henry Trundy of North Searsport -(Meshach's son)- ---wrote me under date of December 6, 1916:- "My grandfather, whose name was George William, first found himself in the home of one Rethman Dodge at the early age of seven years" and further on in his letter states that Dodge lived in Islesboro' -(probably the Rathburn Dodge of the First Census)-, I am inclined to think that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, that her brother George William (who was born in 1785) was that part of Samuel Trundy's family described by the figure "1" in the First Census and that, probably because of death or business reverses, he was "farmed out" to Dodge---where he"found himself" two years later! I am strengthened in this belief by the fact that there seems to be

THE GROONERT FAMILY

Ann was older than he, they must have been married in or prior to 1795. If they were married in Frankfort the record is death destroyed. When the First Census was taken there were but three heads of families named Grundy living within the boundaries of what now constitutes the State of Maine. They were

Samuel Grundy, Deer Isle Town, Hancock County"3" "1" "7"

Jno. Grundy, Buxton Town, York County, "1" --- "1"

George Grundy, Cape Elizabeth Town, --- Cumberland County"3" "1" "3"

-(The figures give the number of males above sixteen years of age, those under sixteen, and the number of female members of the family, under the headings quoted on the first page of this chapter)-!

As Anna (Grundy) Groonert was a sister of George William Grundy, the father of Job Larrabee's first wife and of Levi Grundy of Somesport (Ann's father), and as George William's grandson ---William Henry Grundy of North Somesport---wrote me under date of December 6, 1918:- "My grandfather, whose name was George William, first found himself in the town of one Nathaniel Dodge at the early age of seven years" and further on in his letter states that Dodge lived in Islesboro' -(probably the Nathaniel Dodge of the First Census)-, I am inclined to think that Great-Grandmother Anna (Grundy) Groonert was a daughter of Samuel Grundy of Deer Isle, that her brother George William (who was born in 1798) was that part of Samuel Grundy's family described by the figure "1" in the First Census and that, probably because of death or business reverses, he was "farmed out" to Dodge---where he"found himself" two years later! I am strengthened in this belief by the fact that there seems to be

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a quite general impression among the descendants of Grandfather Crockett's brothers, Samuel and Jonathan, to the effect that they were born at Deer Isle---Joshua Crockett of Winterport -(Samuel's son)- in particular sent word to Mrs. Trevett in reply to an inquiry to the effect that:- "All the Crockett boys were born at Deer Isle!", the "boys" referred to being his father and brothers! If Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of Samuel Trundy -(of Deer Isle)- and if the first part of her married life was spent there and at least part of her children born there, I have as yet been unable to confirm it from any written record---although I hope to determine the fact from the communication which I have established with Postmaster Elmer E. Crockett and Dr. B. Lake Noyes, both of Stonington, Maine! Elmer E. Crockett is a great-great-grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Falmouth -(Portland)- in 1785, his brother, Josiah Crockett having come there from the same place in 1768---seventeen years earlier. The First Census shows that both Josiah and Robinson Crockett were living at "Deer Isle Town" in 1790. Elmer E. Crockett and myself began our correspondence on the assumption that we had the same common ancestors but investigation developed the fact that---as Great-Grandfather Crockett was living at Windham in 1790 while both Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett were then living at Deer Isle---this was not the case---unless, perchance, Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett may have been brothers of or otherwise related to Daniel Crockett of Windham, of which town The History of Windham says that:- "Commissioners were appointed in Dec., 1734, to lay out the contents of a township six miles square on the back of the Town of Falmouth in Casco Bay"!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a quite general impression among the descendants of Grandfather Crockett's brothers, Samuel and Jonathan, to the effect that they were born at Deer Isle--Joshua Crockett of Winsborough (Samuel's son)- in particular sent word to Mrs. Trevett in reply to an inquiry to the effect that:- "All the Crocketts born were born at Deer Isle!", the "boys" referred to being his father and brothers! If Anna (Grandy) Crockett was a daughter of Samuel Grandy and if the first part of her married life was spent there and at least part of her children born there, I have as yet been unable to confirm it from any written record--although I hope to determine the fact from the communication which I have established with Postmaster Elmer E. Crockett and Dr. B. Isle Moses, both of Stonington, Maine! Elmer E. Crockett is a great-great-grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Belmouth -(Portland)- in 1795, his brother, Josiah Crockett having come there from the same place in 1788---seventeen years earlier. The First Owners show that both Josiah and Robinson Crockett were living at "Deer Isle Town" in 1795. Elmer E. Crockett and myself began our correspondence on the assumption that we had the same common ancestors but investigation developed the fact that---as Great-Grandfather Crockett was living at Windham in 1790 while both Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett were then living at Deer Isle---this was not the case---unless, perchance, Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett may have been brothers of or otherwise related to Daniel Crockett of Windham, of which town The History of Windham says that:- "Commissioners were appointed in Dec., 1734, to lay out the contents of a township six miles square on the back of the Town of Falmouth in Casco Bay"!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Grandfather Crockett himself has told me on many occasions that he "was born down at Cape"Rose-you-a"!" but since I began delving into this proposition it has occurred to me that usually, if not always, when he told me this we were standing in the yard here and looking down at Cape Rosier -(named for James Rosier, the historian of Waymouth's Expedition of 1605)- with the result that I have wondered if he was trying to give a young boy merely an idea of the locality where he was born! In a letter dated February 23, 1917, Mrs. A. M. Crockett of Harborside, widow of Charles Robinson Crockett, a grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett whose father (Robinson Crockett)"came to Cape Rosier about 1816 from Deer Island", says:- "We do not know of any Crocketts ever living at the Cape (Rosier) only our family"! At any rate, it is an undoubted fact -(as shown by the Trevett Family Record---prepared by Richard Trevett many years ago)- that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham in July, 1775; that his first wife's maiden name was Anna Trundy; that they settled on the farm at Spout Hill, Prospect, around the opening years of the Nineteenth Century; that Anna(Trundy)Crockett died there on December 23, 1821, at the age of 41 years, 7 months, and 3 days; and that Great-Grandfather lived there for many years after his second marriage to the Widow Trevett on December 1st, 1825! Speaking of him in a letter to Mother dated September 21, 1916, Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Lydia Mackenzie, now living at 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., with her grandson Dr. William T. White, says:- "He must have lived a long time on Spout Hill as his first wife and daughter Olive were buried in our field, with many others! He married my mother's sister, Sally Trevett"!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Grandfather Crockett himself has told me on many occasions that he "was born down at Cape"Rose-ye-ay"!" but since I began delving into this proposition it has occurred to me that usually, if not always, when he told me this we were standing in the yard here and looking down at Cape Dexter -(named for Tames Dexter, the historian of Wyncoch's Expedition of 1608)- with the result that I have wondered if he was trying to give a young boy merely an idea of the locality where he was born! In a letter dated February 22, 1917, Mrs. A. K. Crockett of Harborside, widow of Charles Robinson Crockett, a grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett whose father (Robinson Crockett)"came to Cape Dexter about 1815 from Deer Island", says:- "We do not know of any Crocketts ever living at the Cape (Dexter) only our family"! At any rate, it is an undoubted fact -(as shown by the Trevett Family Record---prepared by Richard Trevett many years ago)- that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham in July, 1776; that his first wife's maiden name was Anna Trundy; that they settled on the farm at Mount Hill, Trescott, around the opening years of the Nineteenth Century; that Anna(Trundy)Crockett died there on December 23, 1821, at the age of 41 years, 7 months, and 3 days; and that Great-Grandfather lived there for many years after his second marriage to the Widow Trevett on December 1st, 1823! Speaking of him in a letter to Father dated September 21, 1918, Father's sole remaining Aunt, Lydia Blackmanie, now living at 3 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., with her grandson Mr. William T. White, says:- "He must have lived a long time on Mount Hill as his first wife and daughter Olive were buried in our field, with many others"! He married my mother's sister, Sally Trevett"!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Lydia Mackenzie was Mother's mother's half sister, having been the daughter of Abijah Reed and Lucy Ann (Staples) Heagan-Reed, Mother's grandmother Heagan having married Reed after James Heagan's early death (death). The field referred to is therefore that of the old Heagan farm on Spout Hill where Mother's mother was born and which is now owned and occupied by Charles Kazick. Anna (Trundy) Crockett's remains must have been removed later to their present resting-place in the "Marsh Village" Cemetery ---probably by Mrs. French as her tombstone bears the inscription "Erected by her daughter, Ann French"---but there is no record to show that Mrs. French removed the remains of her sister Olive! Replying to an inquiry from me on the subject in the Fall of 1916, George Dockham, who lives on the opposite side of the road from the old Crockett and Heagan places on Spout Hill, said that he did not know of any old graves in the vicinity. Possibly Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine, who wrote me on December 17, 1916, that her daughter (who lives in California) has Mrs. Littlefield's Aunt Olive's for a middle name and also a nearly life-size picture of her painted by a then celebrated artist in Bangor shortly before her death, may know if her Aunt Olive Crockett still sleeps on Spout Hill or not! I doubt if anyone else does!

"Spout Hill" was so-called from a large spring whose waters "spouted" from the earth. It is about one mile and a quarter north of Prospect Marsh Village on the road "around the mountain" to Bangor---or rather, about a quarter of a mile from that road. About a mile from Prospect Marsh Village the Bangor road turns sharp to the right to go around the mountain---the old

THE CROCKETT MAINE

Lydia Mackenzie was Esther's mother's half sister, having been the daughter of Abijah Reed and Lucy Ann (Staples) Keegan-Reed, Esther's grandmother Keegan being married Reed after James Keegan's early death (death). The field referred to is therefore that of the old Keegan farm on Sprout Hill where Esther's mother was born and which is now owned and occupied by Charles Mankin. Anna (Brandy) Crockett's remains must have been removed later to their present resting-place in the "Marsh Village" Cemetery ---probably by Mrs. French as her tombstone bears the inscription "Erected by her daughter, Ann French"---but there is no record to show that Mrs. French removed the remains of her sister Olive! Replying to an inquiry from me on the subject in the fall of 1916, George Dockham, who lives on the opposite side of the road from the old Crockett and Keegan places on Sprout Hill, said that he did not know of any old graves in the vicinity. Possibly Mrs. Annie M. (Warren) Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine, who wrote me on December 17, 1916, that her daughter (who lives in Saltfordia) has Mrs. Littlefield's Aunt Olive's for a middle name and also a nearly life-size picture of her painted by a then celebrated artist in Bangor shortly before her death, may know if her Aunt Olive Crockett still sleeps on Sprout Hill or not! I doubt if anyone else does!

"Sprout Hill" was so-called from a large spring whose waters "sprouted" from the earth. It is about one mile and a quarter north of Prospect Marsh Village on the road "around the mountain" to Bangor---or rather, about a quarter of a mile from that road. About a mile from Prospect Marsh Village the Bangor road turns sharp to the right to go around the mountain---the old

telegraph line follows it although the telephone wires now go straight up over Spout Hill. Instead of taking this turn of the major road, keep straight ahead on the lesser one and after about a quarter of a mile you will have reached the classic confines of Spout Hill---These are the directions which Mother gave me before I had ever visited it and with them in my mind I did not fail to recognize it from afar! "Go thou and do likewise!"

Reverting to Daniel Crockett of Windham and the description of his family as set forth in the First Census, it would appear therefrom that although Great-Grandfather Crockett did not, in 1790, have any brothers, he probably did have two sisters! I have been unable to unearth any record of them! Possibly it may have been one or both of them that, according to Mrs. Trevett, he was accustomed to visit at Bowerbank!

As one of the results of "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill" on September 10, 1916, I later received through Mr. George Dockham and Mrs. A. R. Trevett a photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, taken when he was (probably) more than ninety years old and already blind, which Mrs. Trevett's daughter, Mrs. Grace Ames, was kind enough to volunteer to give to me. I am going to have photographic copies made of it for the different members of the family---as well as of the Coat-of-Arms a reproduction of which is given in the "Portland Sunday Telegram's" article of November 27, 1910!

Mother remembers "Grandsir" (Grandsire) Crockett---Great-Grandfather---very well, he having been a frequent visitor at her father's house during her girlhood after approaching blindness and increasing age had caused him to sell his home at Spout

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

telegraph line follows it although the telephone wires now go straight up over Spout Hill. Instead of taking this turn of the major road, keep straight ahead on the lesser one and after about a quarter of a mile you will have reached the classic confines of Spout Hill---These are the directions which Mother gave me before I had ever visited it and with them in my mind I did not fail to recognize it from afar! "Go thou and do likewise!"

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Father remembers "Grandsir" (Grandsire) Crockett---Great-Grandfather---very well, he having been a frequent visitor at her father's house during her girlhood after approaching blindness and increasing age had caused him to sell his home at Spout

Hill and go to live with his son, George Crockett, who resided about a half mile beyond the Turner Schoolhouse on the road to Prospect Marsh---the first (?) house on the right beyond "Billy" Smith's! She recalls that one of his most constant themes of conversation consisted of a relation of his "V'y'ge to the North", a relation which seems to have been so constant that a reference to it became a form of good-natured family badinage --- Leastwise one of the old gentleman's great-grandsons often alludes to it, although he is sorry to admit that he doesn't know when nor to what part of Labrador the "V'y'ge" took place, nor any of its details! During the last few years of his life almost total blindness made it impossible for Great-Grandfather to see even the road and he was compelled to discontinue visiting Grandfather's house alone! I have elsewhere referred to his wife as "Anna Trundy of Frankfort" and have stated that the first years of their married life were spent at Cape Rosier where some of their children (including Grandfather) were born. When these statements were set down I <u>believed</u> them to be correct and, although some doubt seems to have been raised in the matter, I am not yet assured that they <u>are not</u>! They are therefore permitted to stand until fuller information is forthcoming ---one way or the other! Where Grandfather Crockett and other people of his day and generation got the pronunciation "<u>Rose</u>-you-<u>a</u>" for Cape Rosier I do not know but that seems to have been the common way of pronouncing it two and three generations ago!

Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, <u>Senior</u>, died at the residence of his son, George Crockett, on December 6, 1869, aged 94 years, 4 months, and 20 days! The children of <u>this</u> Daniel Crockett and his first wife (Anna Trundy) were as follows:-

THE DROCKETT FAMILY

Hill and go to live with his son, George Drockett, who resided about a half mile beyond the Turner Schoolhouse on the road to Prospect Israel---the first (?) house on the right beyond "Billy" Smith's! She recalls that one of his most constant themes of conversation consisted of a relation of his "V'y'ge to the North" a relation which seems to have been so constant that a reference to it became a form of good-natured family badinage --- Least-wise one of the old gentleman's great-grandsons often alludes to it, although he is sorry to admit that he doesn't know when nor to what part of Labrador the "V'y'ge" took place, nor any of its details! During the last few years of his life almost total blindness made it impossible for Great-Grandfather to see even the road and he was compelled to discontinue visiting Grandfather's house alone! I have elsewhere referred to his wife as "Anna Trundy of Wrankfort" and have stated that the first years of their married life were spent at Cape Ronier where some of their children (including Grandfather) were born. When these statements were set down I believed them to be correct and, although some doubt seems to have been raised in the matter, I am not yet assured that they are not! They are therefore permitted to stand until fuller information is forthcoming ---one way or the other! Where Grandfather Drockett and other people of his day and generation got the pronunciation "Ronier-a" for Cape Ronier I do not know but that seems to have been the common way of pronouncing it two and three generations ago!

Great-Grandfather Daniel Drockett, Senior, died at the residence of his son, George Drockett, on December 8, 1869, aged 94 years, 4 months, and 20 days! The children of this Daniel Drockett and his first wife (Anna Trundy) were as follows:-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Children of Daniel and Anna (Trundy) Crockett!

(1) Ann Born Died (about) 1897.
Married, first, Captain Jeremiah French!
" second, Dr. (?) Herbert C. Penney!

(2) Samuel Born January 28, 1801. Died October 30, 1880.
Married Mehitabel Bachelder!
Their sole surviving child is Joshua Crockett of Winterport, with whom I have so far been unable to establish direct communication! So far as I have been able to determine they had seven children, Viz:- Allard, Lyman, Ammon, Albion, Joshua, Luther, and Rachel. Joshua Crockett is still living at Winterport, Me., where he used to run a boarding-stable for fancy trotting stock until advancing age forced him to relinquish active business. In addition to their own children, Samuel and his wife also brought up a girl named Etta Sanborn who married Captain Thomas Bartlett of Belfast. Their daughter Rachel married twice, her second husband having been Frank Milliken of Belfast, a brother of the redoubtable Seth L., who in spite of his penchant for looking upon the wine when it was red in a prohibition state, nevertheless was for many years continuously elected by the voters of Maine's Third Congressional District to represent them in the House of Representatives at Washington---and the records show that he never was severely criticised for the manner in which he held down the job! At any rate, he still appeared to have a strangle hold on it at the time of his death! Dr. C. Langtry Crockett, City Physician of Thomaston, Me., is the son of Luther Crockett who was Mother's first cousin, he (Luther) having been the son of Grandfather's brother Samuel. Luther married Almina Ausplund of Prospect!

(3) Daniel Born January 28, 1803. Died April 18, 1889.
Married Jane Heagan of Prospect December 21, 1826.
(This was my grandfather. See Pages 154-160)

(4) Jonathan Born January 29, 1805. Died November 17, 1889.
Married Jane R. Bachelder -(Mehitabel's sister)-
They had twelve children, as follows:-
Samuel, Jonathan, Sarah Ann, Kingsbury, Maria, Hannah Jane, Elijah, Henry Trevett, Mary, Orren, Ammon, and Eliza Ann. Such details as I have obtained regarding them are set forth in the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett!

(5) Olive Born
She died while still a young woman. Henry Trevett Crockett and his niece (Mrs. Twombly) think it was she who was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's sister, by the capsizing of Captain French's vessel. Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield's daughter is named for her (middle name) and has a nearly life size picture of her. Mrs. Lydia Mackenzie says that she (Olive) was buried in the Heagan-Reed field!

THE CROOKETT FAMILY

Children of Samuel and Anne (Hundley) Crookett

(1) Ann Born Died (about) 1807.
Married, first, Captain Jeremiah Trenoml
" second, Jr. (?) Herbert S. Tenney!

(2) Samuel Born January 28, 1783. Died October 30, 1860.
Married Lehitabel Washburn!
Their sole surviving child is Joshua Crookett of Winterport, with whom I have so far been unable to establish direct communication! So far as I have been able to determine they had seven children, Viz:- Allard, Lyman, Amron, Albion, Joshua, Luther, and Rachel. Joshua Crookett is still living at Winterport, Me., where he used to run a boarding-stable for fancy trotting about until advancing age forced him to relinquish active business. In addition to their own children, Samuel and his wife also brought up a girl named Ella Sanborn who married Captain Thomas Bartlett of Belfast. Their daughter Rachel married twice, her second husband having been Frank Milliken of Belfast, a brother of the redoubtable Seth M., who in spite of his penchant for looking upon the wine when it was red in a prohibition state, nevertheless was for many years continuously elected by the voters of Maine's Third Congressional District to represent them in the House of Representatives at Washington--and the records show that he never was severely criticized for the manner in which he laid down the law! At any rate, he still appeared to have a strongly held on it at the time of his death! Dr. O. Langley Crookett, City Physician of Worcester, Ma., is the son of Luther Crookett who was Luther's first cousin, he (Luther) having been the son of Grandfather's brother Samuel. Luther married Milkina Aughland of Prospect!

(3) Daniel Born January 28, 1785. Died April 18, 1862.
Married Jane Logan of Prospect December 21, 1826.
(This was my grandfather. See Pages 164-169)

(4) Jonathan Born January 29, 1805. Died November 17, 1882.
Married Jane V. Bradbury - (Lehitabel's sister)-
They had twelve children, as follows:-
Samuel, Jonathan, Sarah Ann, Virginia, Maria, Hannah Jane, William, Henry Trevett, Mary, Orren, Amron, and Vilna Ann. Such details as I have obtained regarding them are set forth in the chapter on Henry Trevett Crookett!

(5) Olive Born
She died while still a young woman. Henry Trevett Crookett and his niece (Yes, Wonder) think it was she who was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah Trenoml's daughter, by the capsizing of Captain Trenoml's vessel. Ma. Minnie V. (Warren) Mitchell's daughter is named for her (middle name) and has a nearly life size picture of her. Yes, Lydia Hackmatack says that she (Olive) was buried in the Sawyer-Head field!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(6) Simon Born
Henry Trevett Crockett says he was lost (or buried?) at sea. He thinks he was married and left a wife and two children but Mother is under the impression that her Uncle Simon never married!

(7) Mary Born
Married Captain David Pierce. They lived in Brewer something like fifty years ago but later moved to Hampden, where Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Twombly think they are now in the foundry business---or rather, that some of their children are! It is Mother's impression that although they live in Hampden, the business is in Bangor! In a letter dated Dec. 17, 1916, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield says that her mother's first husband "was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington"! Mother thinks that the Captain David W. Pierce referred to was her Aunt Mary's husband and that he and her Aunt Martha's first husband were brothers! Mother remembers that Captain David and her Aunt Mary (Crockett) Pierce had at least ten children, viz:- Helen, Belle, Alice, Warren, French, Albert, Marcus, Willis, Ella, and Annie. Mrs. Littlefield says that Helen (Pierce) Folsom lives in California. Marcus was the Captain Pierce with whom we have all travelled on the Boston and Bangor steamers, he having spent practically his whole active life in the employ of the B. & B. S.S. Co. in various capacities up to and including those of Pilot and Captain. I myself remember that on one occasion when I was a boy the newspapers told how, during a heavy gale, he saved one of the steamers of the Line -(I think it was the old "Katahdin)-" at the risk of his life by going into the fore-hold and cutting away a bulkhead --- thus distributing the water which had entered through a damaged bow and which was holding the ship "down by the head"!

(8) David Born Died
He lived at Hampden, Me., where his wife had a millinery store---No "knock" at him! Mother says he was a capable and (practically) well-educated man! They had one son named Horace who emigrated to Waco, Texas, as a young man and lived and died there. They also reared as their daughter a girl named Carmelita who died at Hampden while yet a young woman. After his first wife's death Mother's Uncle David married a woman from Winterport. They afterward separated. I remember him as a venerable old gentleman who used to come here visiting with Grandfather Crockett, and the joints of whose fingers were crippled from rheumatism---to remedy which he used to wear gold rings in his ears!!!
He is buried at Hampden! For a reference to at least one of his grandchildren see the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett! Mother says this daughter of Horace's lectured at Union Hall, Searsport, during her tour of this section some years ago!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(6) Simon Born

Henry Trevett Crockett says he was left (or buried?) at sea. He thinks he was married and left a wife and two children but father is under the impression that her Uncle Simon never married!

(7) Mary Born

Married Captain David Pierce. They lived in Brewer something like fifty years ago but later moved to Hampden, where Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Worthly think they are now in the foundry business---or rather, that some of their children are! It is Mother's impression that although they live in Hampden, the business is in Bangor! In a letter dated Dec. 17, 1918, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield says that her mother's first husband "was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington"! Mother thinks that the Captain David W. Pierce referred to was her Aunt Mary's husband and that he and her Aunt Martha's first husband were brothers! Mother remembers that Captain David and her Aunt Mary (Crockett) Pierce had at least ten children, viz:- Helen, Sally, Alice, Warren, Vernon, Albert, Barrows, Willis, Ella, and Annie. Mrs. Littlefield says that Helen (Pierce) Tyldon lives in California. Barrows was the Captain Pierce with whom we have all travelled on the Boston and Bangor steamers. He having spent practically his whole active life in the employ of the B. B. S.S. Co. In various capacities up to and including those of Pilot and Captain. I myself remember that on one occasion when I was a boy the newspapers told how, during a heavy gale, he saved one of the steamers of the line -(I think it was the old "Katahdin")- at the risk of his life by going into the fore-hold and cutting away a bulkhead --- thus distributing the water which had entered through a damaged bow and which was holding the ship "down by the head"!

(8) David Born Died

He lived at Hampden, Me., where his wife had a millinery store---He "knock" at him! Mother says he was a capable and (practically) well-educated man! They had one son named Barrows who emigrated to Waco, Texas, as a young man and lived and died there. They also reared as their daughter a girl named Carmelita who died at Hampden while yet a young woman. After his first wife's death Mother's Uncle David married a woman from Winterport. They afterward separated. I remember him as a venerable old gentleman who used to come here visiting with Grandfather Crockett, and the joints of whose fingers were crippled from rheumatism---to remedy which he used to wear gold rings in his ears!!! He is buried at Hampden! For a reference to at least one of his grandchildren see the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett! Mother says this daughter of Barrows's lectured at Union Hall, Searsport, during her term of this section some years ago!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(9) Martha Born Died (about) 1900.
Married, first, Captain William Pierce of Orrington, Me. on October 17, 1841. He was washed overboard at sea December 3, 1842! He was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington!
Married, second, Captain Richard Warren of Deer Isle (?) on August 26, 1849. There were two children by the second marriage, Minnie and William. I believe the latter was formerly a mail-carrier at South Deer Isle. A letter from his sister, Mrs. M. E. W. Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine, under date of Dec. 17, 1916, says that he died in 1905, about five years after his mother. Of herself and family Mrs. Littlefield says that she has been away from home since she was fifteen, that she had been married 38 years in May, 1916; that she was 61 in April, 1916; that in addition to her own activities as a hotel manager her son and husband own and run "a very large garage"! -(Ocean Bluff Garage--Hamlin L. Littlefield & Son, Kennebunkport, Maine)-; that she has a son, Warren Littlefield, 29 and single, and a daughter (Mrs. J. M. Asher, Pacific Beach, San Diego, California) who is 37 and herself has a daughter of ten and a son of six "so you see I am a grandmother"! Of her mother she says:- "My mother was a wonderfully smart woman. I presume you know she spent the winter before she went away with me. She was in fine health all winter and until about three days before she went, when she had an attack of indigestion and was recovering as we supposed. This morning I was talking with her about eight o'clock and went down stairs and had not been out of her room three mi-nutes when my son came running down and said "Something ails Grandma!" and I went right up and she had passed away! It was beautiful for her but very hard for me!" Of her brother she says:- "When Brother Will went he was sick only four days and I did not know he was sick until I received a telephone from one of my cousins' wives. It was in the winter and in a terribly cold time. I had been ill for a number of weeks and could not go and have never been since"! -(evidently to Deer Isle)!
The Maine Register of 1896-7 gives Mrs. Martha Warren as one of the "Merchants" of South Deer Isle! Aunt Mary Matthews and Aunt Ruth Grant visited her there on at least one occasion---probably in the early eighties or something like 35 years ago! In her letter, Mrs. Littlefield says she remembers this visit although she was not at home at the time! Mrs. Littlefield is spending the winter with her daughter in California---a custom of several years standing!

(10) Jeremiah Born Died
Information regarding him may be best described as "limited"! Mrs. Littlefield "thinks he married a Miss Warren of Lowell and the last I knew he had a daughter, Luella. I think her grandparents brought her up. ---The last I knew she was alive"! Mother knows that Jeremiah

(9) Martha Born Died (about) 1900.
Married, first, Captain William Pierce of Orrington, Me, on October 17, 1841. He was washed overboard at sea December 3, 1842! He was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington!
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The Maine Register of 1890-? gives Mrs. Martha Warren as one of the "Heroines" of South Deer Isle! Aunt Mary Hattiness and Aunt Ruth Grant visited her there on at least one occasion---probably in the early eighties or something like 38 years ago! In her letter, Mrs. Littlefield says she remembers this visit although she was not at home at the time! Mrs. Littlefield is spending the winter with her daughter in California---a custom of several years standing!

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Information regarding him may be best described as "limited"! Mrs. Littlefield "thinks he married a Miss Warren of Lowell and the last I knew he had a daughter, Luella. I think her grandparents brought her up. ---The last I knew she was alive"! Mother knows that Jeremiah

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(?) daughter Luellawas brought up by a Mr. & Mrs. Hopkins of Troy, Maine --- she has a letter from her somewhere now written while she was a girl in Troy and shortly after she had returned there from a visit to relatives in Prospect and Stockton (among them Grandfather Crockett and his family) on which Mr. Hopkins had brought her and reference to which is made in the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett. This girl, Luella Crockett, married Pearl Harmon---Years ago he was the partner of Freeman Young of "Moxie" fame under the style of Harmon & Young of Lowell, Mass., and used to come to Searsport with Freeman! The only part of the above that Mother isn't absolutely sure of is as to whether Luella was a daughter of Jeremiah Crockett or his brother Simon and she had no doubt on this point until Henry Trevett Crockett said he thought she was Simon's child and that she had a brother! I don't think she has any doubt on the subject now, for that matter, and she does not remember that Luella Crockett had a brother! The only way Mrs. Littlefield's idea that Luella Crockett's mother's maiden name was Warren can be reconciled with the above, if she was brought up by her grandparents, (which Mother doesn't claim to have been the case) is by assuming that her grandmother had a second husband named Hopkins!

It is not claimed that either the names of Daniel Crockett, Sr's. children or those of his children's children are given in their proper order. The best that can be said is that they may be! Anna (Trundy) Crockett had been born on May 20, 1780; She died December 23, 1821. Great-Grandfather Crockett remained a widower for four years and then, on December 1st, 1825, took as his second wife Sarah (Staples) Trevett, the widow of Samuel Trevett of Prospect, by whom she had had three sons and one daughter, viz:- Henry S., Richard M., Samuel Sewell, and Mary Jane Trevett. There were three sons, Heman N., George W., and Ellis R. Crockett, by this second marriage of Daniel Crockett, Senior, and Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett such particulars as I have been able to obtain regarding whom are given in the chapter entitled "Our Visit to Mrs. Trevett"! --- To which, however, may be added the information that among anecdotes told of Great-Grandfather is one to the effect that when he was visiting at Grandfather's and his grand-daughters, in sweeping, told him he "needn't move" he would insist on doing so, explain-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(?) daughter Inelleawes brought up by a Mr. & Mrs. Hopkins of Troy, Maine --- she has a letter from her somewhere now written while she was a girl in Troy and shortly after she had returned there from a visit to relatives in Prospect and Stockton (among them Grandfather Crockett and his family) on which Mr. Hopkins had brought her and reference to which is made in the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett. This girl, Inella Crockett, married Pearl Harmon--- Years ago he was the partner of Freeman Young of "Moxie" fame under the style of Harmon & Young of Lowell, Mass., and used to come to Searsport with Freeman! The only part of the above that Mother isn't absolutely sure of is as to whether Inella was a daughter of Jeremiah Crockett or his brother Simon and she had no doubt on this point until Henry Trevett Crockett said he thought she was Simon's child and that she had a brother! I don't think she has any doubt on the subject now, for that matter, and she does not remember that Inella Crockett had a brother! The only way Mrs. Littlefield's idea that Inella Crockett's mother's maiden name was Harmon can be reconciled with the above, if she was brought up by her grandparents, (which Mother doesn't claim to have been the case) is by assuming that her grandmother had a second husband named Hopkins!

It is not claimed that either the maiden or married Crockett, Sr's. children or those of his children's children are given in their proper order. The best that can be said is that they may be!

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ing rather irritably that:- "I like a clean place to sit as well as anyone!" --- while the historic incident in which he declared:- "That ought to be kivered up!" has received wide and irreverent currency!

According to himself Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Junior, was born at Cape Rosier, Maine -(where Mother thinks two or three of his brothers and sisters were also born)- on January 28, 1803, but came to Prospect to live while yet a small boy when his father removed there in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. He lived on the farm at Spout Hill until shortly after coming of age when he bought ---presumably from the Sears-Thorndike-Prescott crowd of Boston who had become owners of the Waldo Patent and who are usually referred to as "The Original Proprietors" from whom run all the primary deeds to land in this part of the state--- the tract of some one hundred acres of land which after being cleared became The Crockett Farm. The Waldo Patent was so-called from Brigadier General Samuel Waldo, its owner, one of the principal commanders in the expedition against the French at Louisburg in 1745 whose name is perpetuated hereabouts by being attached to a mountain, a county, and two towns, and comprised a portion or all of the original Muscongus Patent, a royal grant to which had been issued by the Crown of England early in the Seventeenth Century. *** General Waldo died---still a Britisher--- on the banks of the Penobscot River a short distance above Bangor May 23, 1759, while making a visit of inspection to his boundaries in company with Governor Pownal. He was first buried at Fort Point, Maine, but was later removed to King's Chapel Burying Ground in Boston, where his grave may still be seen --- near the north-east corner of the burying-ground and close up to the

THE DROOKETT MANOR

ing rather irritably that:- "I like a clean place to sit as well as anyone!" --- while the historic incident in which he declared:- "That ought to be hivered up!" has received wide and irreverent currency!

According to himself Grandfather Daniel Drookett, Junior, was born at Cape Poster, Maine -(where Mother Minnie two or three of his brothers and sisters were also born)- on January 20, 1902, but came to Prospect to live while yet a small boy when his father removed there in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. He lived on the farm at Spout Hill until shortly after coming of age when he bought ---presumably from the Sears-Thorndike-Prescott crowd of Boston who had become owners of the Waldo Patent and who are usually referred to as "The Original Proprietors" from which was all the primary deeds to land in this part of the state--- the tract of some one hundred acres of land which after being cleared became The Drookett Farm. The Waldo Patent was re-called from General Samuel Waldo, its owner, one of the principal commanders in the expedition against the French at Louisburg in 1745 whose name is perpetuated hereabouts by being attached to a mountain, a county, and two towns, and comprised a portion of the original Muscongus Patent, a royal grant in which had been issued by the Crown of England early in the Seventeenth Century. General Waldo died---still a Bachelor--- on the banks of the Penobscot River a short distance above Bangor in 1759, while making a visit of inspection to his boundaries. He was first buried at Fort Point, Maine, but was later removed to King's Chapel Burying Ground in Boston, where his grave may still be seen --- near the north-east corner of the burying-ground and close up to the

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July 25, 1759,
in company with Governor Pownal.

râling (railing) which runs along the western windows of the basement of City Hall.

Some forty years later -(about 1867)- and in conjunction with his son-in-law Amos Matthews and his son Adelbert Crockett - Grandfather bought of Eben Seavey, who owned a saw-mill by the stream below Amos Lane's, a wooded tract of two hundred acres lying to the west of his (the Crockett) farm. Uncle Amos's 66-2/3 acres were set off from the balance of the tract and he built thereon in 1867 the house familiar to my boyhood as "Aunt May's" and from which on one occasion Frank Crockett, George Matthews, Dan Staples, Bert and myself chased "May-basket" hangers all the way to Fred Ellis's in our shirt-tails---we caught them, too! It is needless to say that we were yet very young! The remaining 133-1/3 acres were never divided and when Grandfather made over all his property to Uncle "Del" some two years later they became a part of the Crockett Farm as I have always known it.

To this farm Grandfather took his bride and on it all his children were born---Many of them also died there! Here, with the exception of sundry trips to New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts extending over well up to a half century for the purpose of visiting various ones of his sons and daghters, Grandfather -(and his wife)- spent the entire balance of his life, following the occupations of a farmer, lumberman and ship-carpenter. His original dwelling was a log house and in it the first five of his children were born. Increased prosperity ~~w~~ and payment of the debts assumed when the original land was bought were followed,first by the erection of the ell as it stands today and later by the present main house. In a

THE GROUNDED MANNER

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Some forty years later -(about 1887)- and in conjunction with his son-in-law Amos Matthews and his son Adelbert Crockett - Grandfather bought of Elmer Searey, the owned a saw-mill by the stream below Amos Lane's, a wooded tract of two hundred acres lying to the west of his (the Crockett) farm. Uncle Amos's 66-3/5 acres were set off from the balance of the tract and he built thereon in 1887 the house familiar to my boyhood as "Aunt May's" and from which on one occasion Frank Crockett, George Matthews, Dan Staples, Bert and myself chased "May-basket" hangers all the way to Fred Mills's in our shirt-tails---we caught them, too! It is doubtless to say that we were yet very young! The remaining 133-1/3 acres were never divided and when Grandfather made over all his property to Uncle "Tol" some two years later they became a part of the Crockett Farm as I have always known it.

To this farm Grandfather took his bride and on it all his children were born---many of them also died there! Here, with the exception of sundry trips to New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts extending over well up to a half century for the purpose of visiting various sons of his sons and daughters, Grandfather -(and his wife)- spent the entire balance of his life, following the occupations of a farmer, lumberman and ship-carpenter. His original dwelling was a log house and in it the first five of his children were born. Increased prosperity and payment of the debts assumed when the original land was bought were followed, first by the erection of the old ell as it stands today and later by the present main house. In a

letter to Mother dated Belfast, Dec. 20, 1911, Aunt Mary Gray says of the various houses, etc.:- "The old log house sat about half way between the (present) house and the road. The road was not quite as far from the (present) house as it is now. The five oldest children were born in the log house. Dan and Ruth were born in the ell part. The rest of them were born in the new house. The ell was built by James Marden and old Billy Stinson built the chimney. Richard and Sewell Trevett built the house part. I remember when we lived in the log house!"

Under Grandfather's vigorous sway the primeval forest had disappeared and been replaced by fertile fields but his time was by no means entirely devoted to farming and lumbering. Like so many of the early settlers on the Maine Coast he was an excellent ship-carpenter and not only supplied much ship timber from his own lands but helped to build many of the ships of the period when the American Merchant Marine was the finest on earth, having worked during parts of many years in the ship-yards of Stockton, Sandypoint, Searsport, Belfast and Frankfort.

It was while working in a ship-yard in that part of Frankfort which is now called Winterport (?) in 1850 (?) that he and Uncle "Bill" Gray contracted Asiatic cholera during the epidemic of that year. Grandfather was attended by Dr. Woodman of Stockton but became so ill that his son-in-law, Uncle Nelson Staples, evidently having what in these degenerate days would be termed " a hunch" and probably thinking that unless desperate measures were adopted he would die anyhow, went over into the swamp on the southern side of the road in Amos Partridge's pasture and secured some "bog-onions" which he stewed in cream,

THE GROSVENOR MANOR

Letter to Mother dated Belfast, Dec. 27, 1911, Aunt Mary Grey says of the various houses, etc.:- "The old log house sat about half way between the (present) house and the road. The road was not quite as far from the (present) house as it is now. The five oldest children were born in the log house. Dan and Ruth were born in the old part. The rest of them were born in the new house. The old was built by Tamas Warden and old Billy Stinson built the chimney. Richard and Powell Trevett built the house part. I remember when we lived in the log house!"

Under Grandfather's vigorous axe the primeval forest had disappeared and been replaced by fertile fields but his time was by no means entirely devoted to farming and lumbering. Like so many of the early settlers on the Maine Coast he was an excellent ship-carpenter and not only supplied much ship timber from his own lands but helped to build many of the ships of the period when the American merchant marine was the finest on earth, having worked during parts of many years in the ship-yards of Stockton, Sandypoint, Searsport, Belfast and Frankfort.

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giving the resulting brew to the patient. Whether it was the "bog-onions" or not cannot be certainly stated but the man who had been exceedingly ill of one of the world's most dreaded scourges recovered and Uncle Nelson was generally credited with having been the instrument of such recovery---he was at home from sea at the time and living in one part of Grandfather's house! No others of the Crockett family contracted the disease!

The Grays were not so fortunate! The rest of the family took it from Uncle "Bill" and three of its members---his mother, Charlotte Austin Gray, and his brother and sister, Willard and Caroline---died of it. They, together with other members of the Gray family, are buried in the little private cemetery in the field south of the house on the old Gray farm---now owned by Manson Littlefield---the title to which cemetery and an approach thereto were reserved by the Grays in perpetuity when the farm was sold!

At the time when the Grays were ill of cholera Grandfather Kneeland and his daughter Harriet -(now Mrs. Isaac C. Closson)- helped to care for them. Grandfather K. escaped the disease but Aunt Hattie being less fortunate considered that she was cured thereof by making a frantic onslaught on one of the staple remedies of that day---I think it was Perry's Pain Killer!

In 1869 Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett made over their property to their son Adelbert in consideration of his caring for them for the balance of their lives. They had desired Father and Mother to accept such an offer but it had been declined as they thought the old people should keep their property in their own hands. Adelbert married the next year and he and his wife -(Aunt "Mel")- went to the old farm to live,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

giving the resulting brew to the patient. Whether it was the "dog-antone" or not cannot be conclusively stated but the man who had been exceedingly ill of one of the world's most dreaded scourges recovered and Uncle Nelson was generally credited with having been the instrument of such recovery---he was at home from sea at the time and living in one part of Grandfather's house! No others of the Crockett family contracted the disease!

The Grays were not so fortunate! The rest of the family took it from Uncle "Pill" and three of its members---his mother, Charlotte Austin Gray, and his brother and sister, William and Caroline---died of it. They, together with other members of the Gray family, are buried in the little private cemetery in the field south of the house on the old Gray farm---now owned by Lemson Littlefield---the title to which cemetery and an approach thereto were reserved by the Grays in perpetuity when the farm was sold!

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their ~~4~~ children were born there, Uncle "Del" died there, and it remained the family home of his widow and children until September 25, 1902, when they moved to Searsport village---later renting the farm to Percy Partridge! They sold it to Henry Littlefield, its present owner and occupant, in December, 1907 --- reserving the "Seavey" wood-lot, however!

For many years it was the custom to give Grandfather a party on his birthday. I particularly remember one of these occasions when after a very heavy snow-fall the whole Damm family was on its way to "Grandpa's" in the old green pung (which was loaded to the guards) --- as we were climbing the hill this side of Fred Ellis's! As I recollect it the occasion partook very much of the nature of Thanksgiving --- transferred to January!

During the last years of his life Grandfather used to visit his remaining ~~sons and~~ daughters at frequent intervals, staying for a few days or weeks as his fancy dictated. Always happiest when occupied, he often enlivened these visits by making a sled or other plaything dear to the heart of childhood for his grandchildren or more useful articles for his daughters. Many a chair and "Indian" basket bore testimony to the excellence of his handiwork and he made an oaken rocking-chair for each of his remaining daughters after he was more than eighty years of age. The rocking-chair which Hal used as a baby was made for him by his Grandfather Crockett long after he had passed his eightieth birthday!

For several of his last years Grandfather had been subject to attacks from which he suffered much distress and during one of which he finally died on April 18, 1889. Mother thinks his

THE GROONEY FAMILY

their 8 children were born there, Uncle "Sal" died there, and I remained the family home of his widow and children until Septem-ber 28, 1902, when they moved to Sacraport village---later rent-ing the farm to Percy Burbidge! They sold it to Henry Lubbe-fielf, the present owner and occupant, in December, 1907 --- re-serving the "heavy" wood-lot, however!

For many years it was the custom to give Grandfather a party on his birthday. I particularly remember one of these occasions when after a very heavy snow-fall the whole Mann fam-ily was on the way to "Grandpa's" in the old green hung (which was loaded to the guards) --- as we were climbing the hill this side of Fred Miller's! As I recollect it the occasion partook very much of the nature of Thanksgiving --- transferred to Jan-uary!

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For several of his last years Grandfather had been subject to attacks from which he suffered much distress and during one of which he finally died on April 16, 1899. Father finish his

death was due to rheumatism of the heart!

Grandfather had been married on December 21, 1826, by Ezra Treat of and in Frankfort, to Jane Heagan of Prospect, daughter and granddaughter of James -(of Spout Hill)- and John Heagan respectively. She was born October 8, 1808, and died of "old-fashioned" consumption on January 23, 1873 -(For further details see Notes re The Heagan Family!) I am going to include here an explanation of the origin of what we will all recognize as a household couplet? At table one day Grandmother, who took such an interest in politics and other current events as would almost certainly have insured her now being an ardent suffragist, was giving point to an argument by quoting the much-used

"Old men for counsel! Young men for war!"

when, catching sight of some of her numerous progeny making what she considered unreasonable inroads on that dish she continued in the same breath (breath) with the admonition:-

"Be careful with the butter, boys!----
---There's but little in the jar!"

One of my earliest recollections if not the very earliest is of my Grandmother Crockett on her death-bed! Father and Mother were over there to see her shortly before her death and before they started for home she expressed a wish to see the "kid"---they didn't call us that in those days! Grandmother's sick-room was what was ordinarily the sitting-room, in the south-west corner of the main house. Mother took me in to see her. The room was almost entirely dark as we entered, the curtains being closely drawn. One was run up and my grandmother,

THE GROCERY MAN

death was due to rupture of the heart!

Grandfather had been married on December 21, 1866, by Rev. Thant of and in Fremont, to Jane Hagen of Freepoint, daughter and granddaughter of Tamo -(or Tomo VIII)- and John Hagen respectively. She was born October 5, 1850, and died of "old-fashioned" consumption on January 22, 1903 -(for further details see Notes re the Hagen family) I am going to include here an explanation of the origin of what we will all recognize as a household complet? At table one day Grandfather, who took such an interest in politics and other current events as would almost certainly have insured him the being an ardent suffragist, was giving point to an argument by quoting the much-used

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One of my earliest recollections if not the very earliest is of my Grandmother Brockett on her death-bed! Father and Mother were over there to see her shortly before her death and before they started for home she expressed a wish to see the "kid"---they didn't call me that in those days! Grandmother's sick-room was what was ordinarily the sitting-room, in the south-west corner of the main house. Father took me in to see her. The room was almost entirely dark as we entered, the curtains being closely drawn. She was run up and my Grandmother,

with a smile on her face, said what she very likely knew was "Good-bye!" to her grandchild---who hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about but was so strongly impressed by the darkened room and general air of sorrow that the memory has never left him!

The children of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett were as follows:----

(1) Orren C. Born in 1827. Died when but a few months old. He was buried with Heagan's children in Sam Heagan's field. Mother thinks he was removed later.

(2) Lucy Ann. Born March 9, 1829. Married Nelson Panno Staples April 16, 1848. He was born September 16, 1826, and was the son of Jotham and Sally (Ames) Colcord-Staples, who lived on the western of Stockton Harbor side of Cape Jellison. Mother thinks Uncle Nelson's grandfather was also named Jotham. Webster remembers his father telling him that his (Webster's) great-grandfather Staples came to the Province of Maine from Marshfield, Mass., in 17 , and that from certain corroborating circumstances it was inferred that he was a member of The Boston Tea Party! Webster has been told that the Boston Tea Party was made up largely if not wholly of members of the Masonic Fraternity and that there is a Masonic Lodge in Boston or some near-by town today which possesses a sort of memorial on which are inscribed the names of the men who made up that famous "Party"! If such a Lodge exists I have as yet been unable to learn of it. The tombstone of Robert Hichborn -(who brought

THE DROCKETT FAMILY

with a smile on her face, said what she very likely knew was "Good-bye!" to her grandchild---who taught me slightest idea what it was all about but was so strongly impressed by the darkened room and general air of sorrow that the memory has never left him!

The children of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Drockett were as follows:----

(1) Green D. Born in 1827. Died when but a few months old. He was buried with Hagan's children in Sam Hagan's field. Father thinks he was removed later.

(2) Lucy Ann. Born March 2, 1829. Married Nelson Jane Stapleton April 16, 1846. He was born September 16, 1826, and was the son of Zetham and Sally (Ames) Coleord-Stapleton, who lived on the western of Stockton Hamden side of Cape Tellison. Father thinks Uncle Nelson's grandfather was also named Zetham. Webster remembers his father telling him that his (Webster's) great-grandfather Stapleton came to the Province of Maine from Marblehead, Mass., in 17 , and that from certain corroborating circumstances it was inferred that he was a member of The Boston Tea Party! Webster has been told that the Boston Tea Party was made up largely if not wholly of members of the Masonic Fraternity and that there is a Masonic Lodge in Boston or some near-by town today which possesses a box of memorial on which are inscribed the names of the men who made up that famous "Party"! If such a Lodge exists I have as yet been unable to learn of it. The tombstone of Nelson Stapleton -(who brought

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston as an orphan in -(about)- 1785)- in the Cape Cemetery near Fort Point (Stockton Springs) says that he (Hichborn) was "A Member of the Boston Tea Party"! Whether there was any connection between Hichborn and Staples prior to their coming to Cape Jellison I do not know---nor do I know if Hichborn was a Mason---though it is exceedingly probable that a man of his standing was a member of that fraternity!

When Uncle Nelson's father and mother were married he was a widower and she was the Widow Colcord---each of them having had several sons and daughters by their former marriages. As several sons and daughters blessed the Staples-Colcord marriage a condition resulted which "Webbie" says often gave rise to the complaint that "Your children and my children are licking our children!"

While I was quizzing Mother about the Staples's she laughingly told me two incidents relating to Uncle Nelson's half-brothers Daniel and Peleg. It seems that Daniel was what Uncle Isaac Closson characterized as being "consider'ble clus"! When he committed suicide by taking poison the only word he left behind was an injunction to "Buy me a cheap coffin"! Peleg was known far and near as "Slick-Haired-Peleg" from the fact that his hair was always carefully combed. On one occasion when he was teaching in the Roberts Schoolhouse and Frank Knowles at the old Center Schoolhouse,,and both were spending the evening at Mother's father's, they staid all night and were assigned to the same room and bed. At breakfast next morning Knowles, who had arisen first, exclaimed to Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett:- "What did you make me sleep with that lunatic for?

THE CHOCOLATE MARTIX

Great-Grandfather Edward Moreland to Cape Tolliver from Boston as an orphan in -(about)- 1758)- in the Cape Cemetery near Vert Point (Stockton Springs) says that the (Hinkbourn) was "A Member of the Boston Tea Party"! Whether there was any connection between Hinkbourn and Staples prior to their coming to Cape Tolliver I do not know--nor do I know if Hinkbourn was a Mason--- though it is exceedingly probable that a man of his standing was a member of that fraternity!

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I happened to touch his head with my elbow during the night and he immediately jumped out of bed and began arranging his hair with a fine-tooth comb!"

For twenty-six years Uncle Nelson followed the sea his first voyage having been made when he was nine years of age as a cabin-boy with his half-brother, Captain William Colcord. Later, at the age of fourteen, he ran away from home and sailed under captains to whom he was not bound by family ties, he and another boy having shipped on one voyage as one full-sized man---on the pay-roll at least! Most of Uncle Nelson's voyages were to South America and the West Indies and on at least two occasions he was a member of ships' companies engaged in trading with the natives on some undesignated portion of the South American coast!

At one time he was in the Brig "Somers" which had formerly belonged to the United States Navy and on board of which several persons -(among them a midshipman who was reputed to be the son of aformer Secretary of War)- had been hung for mutiny. On another of his voyages Uncle Nelson was caught in a small-pox -(or yellow-fever)- epidemic at New Orleans and was in quarantine for a long time. To add to the pleasures of the situation the Captain and First Mate decamped, leaving the rest of the ship's company without funds!

Uncle Nelson advanced by successive stages until he became Master of a vessel, although I remember him always as "Uncle Nelse" --- we never called him "Cap'n Staples" during my boyhood! He quit the sea at the outbreak of the Civil War and although he was afterwards a Democrat, he promptly enlisted for three years as a private in Company I, Fourth Maine Volunteers!

THE GROCNETT FAMILY

happened to touch his head with my elbow during the night and he immediately jumped out of bed and began arranging his hair with a fine-tooth comb!"

For twenty-six years Uncle Nelson followed the sea. His first voyage having been made when he was nine years of age as a cabin-boy with his half-brother, Captain William Gibson. Later, at the age of fourteen, he ran away from home and sailed under captains to whom he was not bound by family ties, he and another boy having shipped on one voyage as one full-blood man--- on the pay-roll at least! Most of Uncle Nelson's voyages were to South America and the West Indies and on at least two occasions he was a member of ships' companies engaged in trading with the natives on some undeveloped portion of the South American coast!

At one time he was in the Brig "Geneva" which had formerly belonged to the United States Navy and on board of which several persons - (among them a midshipman who was reputed to be the son of former Secretary of War)- had died [illegible] fever. On another of his voyages Uncle Nelson was certified in a small-pox -(or yellow-fever)- epidemic at New Orleans and was in quarantine for a long time. To add to the pleasures of the situation the Captain and Third Mate [illegible] the rest of the ship's company without food!

Uncle Nelson advanced by successive stages until he became Master of a vessel, although I remember him always as "Uncle Nelson" --- we never called him "Capt'n Grocnett" during my childhood. He quit the sea at the outbreak of the Civil War and although he was afterwards a Recorder, he promptly enlisted for three years as a private in Company I, "Ninth Maine Volunteers!

He took part in the first Battle of Bull Run and was twice promoted---first being made a corporal and later a sergeant. Becoming incapacitated for duty by his rupture he was discharged for disability after thirteen months service.

Uncle Nelson never went to sea again but became a farmer and ship-carpenter. Although he had been born on the western side of Cape Jellison his father, while he was yet a boy, had bought and moved to the place which (after he had inherited it) was later sold by Uncle Nelson to Philip Holmes---the one between Fred Ellis's and Ivory George's, the latter being the former home of Aunt Mary Bretherick-Matthews-Gray while she was Mrs. Matthews! After Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy were married (in spite of the disappointment of Daniel Ames) they lived for a time in one part of Grandfather Crockett's house on the old Crockett farm. From there they moved over to Uncle Nelson's father's---later the Phil Holmes place. Thence they moved to what in my boyhood was the home of Marion Staples---up on the hill next to Wilmoth Staples's! Jotham Staples's wife dying, they returned to Uncle Nelson's father's home---then bought and moved to the old John Seavey place, (across the stream from the present home of Hervey Partridge and now constituting a part of his farm) taking Uncle Nelson's father to live with them. He (Jotham) died there. As Mrs. Thomas Bretherick, Aunt Mary (Crockett) Bretherick already owned and was living in the house now owned and occupied by Hervey Partridge when she married her second husband---Amos Matthews. She and Uncle Amos continued to live there for some years but two of their children (Frank and the baby) dying of canker-rash they felt that they could not remain there and sold the farm to Uncle Nelson who thereup-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He took part in the first Battle of Bull Run and was twice promoted---first being made a corporal and later a sergeant. Becoming incapacitated for duty by his rupture he was discharged for disability after thirteen months service.

Uncle Nelson never went to see again but became a farmer and ship-carpenter. Although he had been born on the western side of Cape Ellison his father, while he was yet a boy, had bought and moved to the place which (after he had inherited it) was later sold by Uncle Nelson to Philip Holmes---the one between Fred Hilla's and Ivory George's, the latter being the former home of Aunt Mary Bretherick-Matthews-Tracy while she was Mrs. Matthews! After Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy were married (in spite of the disappointment of Daniel Ames) they lived for a time in one part of Grandfather Crockett's house on the old Crockett farm. From there they moved over to Uncle Nelson's father's---later the Phil Holmes place. Thence they moved to what in my boyhood was the home of Marion Staples---up on the hill next to Wilmoth Staples's! Totman Staples's wife dying, they returned to Uncle Nelson's father's home---then bought and moved to the old John Tracy place, across the stream from the present home of Jervey Partridge and now constituting a part of his farm) taking Uncle Nelson's father to live with them. He (Totman) died there. As Mrs. Thomas Bretherick, Aunt Mary (Crockett) Bretherick already owned and was living in the house now owned and occupied by Jervey Partridge when she married her second husband---Ames Matthews. She and Uncle Ames continued to live there for some years but two of their children ("Frank and the baby) dying of cankor-rash they felt that they could not remain there and sold the farm to Uncle Nelson who thereup-

on moved across the stream to the house in which Aunt Mary had been living. Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy had lived on the old John Seavey place for approximately fourteen years but something like a year after buying the Aunt Mary Matthews place they sold both it and the Seavey farm to Hervey Partridge, who owns and lives on them to this day. After renting the Whiteho Whitehouse -(later known as the Amos Lane)- place for less than a year Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy bought and moved to their final home here on "The Pinnacle" in May, 1875, their deed coming from Levi Trundy---Job Larrabee's brother-in-law---to whom I believe the place had been transferred because of some financial troubles which Job had experienced. While always living on a farm, Uncle Nelson spent a large part of the last forty years of his life as a ship-carpenter, chiefly in the ship-yards of Sandypoint, Stockton, Searsport and Belfast, although he spent one winter on the Waccamaw river -(or creek?)- in South Carolina, helping to build the Schooner "Hattie McGilvery Buck"---her port-of-hail was Bucksville, South Carolina!

Uncle Nelson was a kind-hearted -(even if phlegmatic)-, many-sided man. No layman was ever more competent or helpful in a sick-room than he -(I learned that at the early age of eight (?) when I had membranous croup)- --- a living exponent of the injunction to "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

When Aunt Lucy died on May 11, 1897, he rented his place to Perley Andrews and went to Belfast to live with his granddaughter Ruth (Staples) Bachelder, but she also dying less than two years later he returned to his farm in April, 1899, where he and his son Webster -(who had returned from Reading, Mass., for the purpose)- kept bachelors' hall until the latter married

on moved across the stream to the house in which Aunt Mary had been living. Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy had lived on the old John Seavey place for approximately fourteen years but some-thing like a year after buying the Aunt Mary Matthews place they sold both it and the Seavey farm to Harvey Partridge, who came and lives on them to this day. After renting the Whitehouse Whitehouse -(later known as the Anna Lane)- place for less than a year Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy bought and moved to their fi-nal home here on "The Pinnacle" in May, 1879, their deed coming from Levi Trundy---Job Larrabee's brother-in-law---to whom I believe the place had been transferred because of some financial trouble which Job had experienced. While always living on a farm, Uncle Nelson spent a large part of the last forty years of his life as a ship-carpenter, chiefly in the ship-yards of Bangupoint, Stockton, Searsport and Belfast, although he spent one winter on the Kennebec river -(or creek?)- in South Caroli-na, helping to build the Schooner "Battle Goldiavery Buck"---her port-of-hail was Buckavilla, South Carolina!

Uncle Nelson was a kind-hearted -(even if phlegmatic)-, many-sided man. No layman was ever more competent or helpful in a sick-room than he -(I learned that at the early age of eight (?) when I had membranous croup)- --- a living exponent of the injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself!"

When Aunt Lucy died on May 11, 1897, he rented his place to Perley Andrews and went to Belfast to live with his grand-daughter Ruth (Staples) Sanbelder, but she also dying less than two years later he returned to his farm in April, 1899, where he and his son Webster -(who had returned from Reading, Mass., for the purpose)- kept bachelors' hall until the latter married

in 1902, since which time there has again been a woman in the house!

Uncle Nelson died on June 19, 1905, just after I had returned home from a three years absence in the West and Old Mexico. He came up to Father's once after my return, only a short time before his death.-(death). He and Aunt Lucy sleep in the cemetery at the Marsh Village, Prospect. In this cemetery also rest Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett and likewise their parents. Here also lie several of Grandfather's children besides Aunt Lucy, viz:- Daniel, James, Leander, Adelbert, and Clara. Uncle Nelson's son Norman is also (also) buried there. Webster has written to his brother William H. at North Easton, Mass., for further facts regarding their father's family but he -(Will)- was unable to supply much outside of general information. He did, however, confirm Mother's recollection to the effect that his and "Webbie's" great-grandfather Staples was also named Jotham and asserts that he was the first ship-builder in Penobscot waters, having constructed vessels both on Brigadier's -(now Sears')- Island---which Will says he owned---and at Lowder Brook in Stockton. Webster recalls his father telling him that one of the vessels built by this Jotham was intercepted by the British off Belfast (?) in the War of 1812 and that before she could make her get-a-way she was struck by a shot which pierced her from stem to stern---only its course was reversed---she was running away! "Webbie" says she was so proud of her scars that the places where she was struck were ever after kept painted a distinguishing color to show where the cannon-ball holes had been! He also says that his father could remember seeing her timbers rotting on the beach near

THE GROSVENOR FAMILY

in 1908, since which time there has again been a woman in the house!

Nicole Nelson died on June 19, 1908, just after I had returned home from a three years absence in the West and Old Jessie. He came up to Father's once after my return, only a short time before his death.-(death). He and Aunt Lucy sleep in the cemetery at the Marsh Village, Prospect. In this cemetery also rest Grandfather and Grandmother Grosvenor and likewise their parents. There also lie several of Grandfather's children besides Aunt Lucy, viz:- Daniel, Jerem, Jeanson, Adelbert, and Diana. Nicole Nelson's son Norman is also (also) buried there. Webster has written to his brother William F. at North Easton, Mass., for further facts regarding their father's family but he -(Will)- was unable to supply much outside of general information. It did, however, confirm Father's recollection to the effect that his and "Nobie's" great-grandfather Stephen was also named Joshua and asserts that he was the first ship-builder in Tenhundred waters, having constructed vessels both on Bridgewater's -(now Pearce')- island---which Will says he owned---and at Lawler Brook in Stockton. Webster recalls his father telling him that one of the vessels built by this Joshua was intercepted by the British off Belfast (?) in the War of 1812 and that before she could make her get-a-way she was struck by a shot which pierced her iron stem to stern---only the course was reversed---she was running away! "Nobie" says she was so proud of her score that the places where she was struck were ever after kept painted a distinguishing color to show where the cannon-ball holes had been! He also says that his father could remember seeing her timbers rotting on the beach near

Northport, where she found her final resting-place!

In helping Captain James Parse, Captain James Butman and Civil Engineer James H. Duncan to establish the boundaries of the B. O. Sargent lot down beyond his meadow in the early part of the winter of 1915-16 "Webbie" saw a blue-print reproduction of a map of the old Town of Prospect -(which included what is now Stockton Springs and part of the present Town of Searsport)- showing the properties in that vicinity on which a considerable tract of land to the south and east of the Sargent and Colcord -(old Ashley Mitchell)- lots was marked "The Jotham Staples Purchase" and on which it was indicated that Staples had swapped Brigadier's -(Sears')- Island for said land. "Webbie" says Henry McCaslin informs him that (a) Jotham Staples built a house at or near where the Captain George Colson buildings -(later owned by Uncle "Bill" and Fred Gray and now by Phillips of Brookline, Mass.)- now stand. This was ~~undoubtedly~~ probably the Jotham Staples shown by the First Census to have been living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790 --- who was undoubtedly "Webbie's" <u>great</u>-grandfather! "Webbie" also informs me that Allan Colcord, the present owner of the old Mahoney-Ashley Mitchell place, has a copy of the map referred to --- that he went in there one day to see it!

<u>Children of Nelson P. ad Lucy (Crockett) Staples:-</u>

(1) A son. Died in infancy.

(2) Ames Colcord Staples
Born April 14, 1850. Died October 12, 1889.
Married first, Annie Marden, in 1874.
They had two children:-
(1) Georgia, born November 8, 1875.
She married, 1st, Leslie Prentiss of Lowell, Mass., in May, 1893.
Divorced in May, 1902.
She married, 2nd, Guavara J. Lee, in April, 1906.

Northport, where she found her final resting-place!

In helping Captain James Parse, Captain James Tatham and Civil Engineer James H. Duncan to establish the boundaries of the E. C. Sargent lot down beyond his meadow in the early part of the winter of 1912-13 "Webbie" saw a blue-print reproduction of a map of the old Town of Prospect - (which included what is now Stockton Springs and part of the present Town of Searsport)- showing the properties in that vicinity on which a considerable tract of land to the south and east of the Sargent and Colcord - (old Ashley McFarland)- lots was marked "The Tatham Staples Purchase" and on which it was indicated that Staples had swapped Bridgewater's - (Sears')- Island for said land. "Webbie" says Henry McDonald informs him that (a) Tatham Staples built a house at or near where the Captain George Colson building - (later owned by Uncle "Bill" and Fred Gray and now by Phillips of Brookline, Mass.)- now stand. This was undoubtedly probably the Tatham Staples shown by the First Census to have been living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790 --- who was undoubtedly "Webbie's" great-grandfather! "Webbie" also informs me that Allen Colcord, the present owner of the old McFarland-Ashley McFarland place, has a copy of the map referred to --- that he went in there one day to see it!

Children of Tatham S. and Lucy (Crowell) Staples:-

(1) A son. Died in infancy.

(2) James Colcord Staples
Born April 16, 1830. Died October 16, 1880.
Married first, Annie Harden, in 1874.
They had two children:-
(1) Georgia, born November 8, 1875.
The married, 1st, Leslie Trentlin of Lowell, Mass., in May, 1898.
Divorced in May, 1902.
The married, 2nd, Chauncey C. Lee, in April, 1902.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

She married, 3rd, Charles Larkey, on May 9, 1912. They are now living in Lipscomb County, Texas, although their mail address appears as Catesby, Oklahoma.
There are no children by any of the marriages.

(2) Ruth, born March 12, 1878. 24,***
She married Freeman Bahelder (Bachelder) of "Poverty Shore", Prospect, by whom she had one son, Nelson Edward Bachelder, shortly after whose birth she died at Belfast, Me., on April 13, 1899. The son is now living with his father and stepmother at Frankfort.

Ames Colcord Staples married, second, Lizzie Helen Walls, on September 3, 1884. She was born in Waldo, Maine, September 3, 1859, and now (3/4/1917) resides in Cedar Street, Belfast, Me., as Lizzie H. Staples-Webber, being the widow of Horace Webber of Monroe.
Ames C. and Lizzie (Walls) Staples had three daughters, as follows:-

(1) Della in Belfast,, June 26, 1885.
She married Will Webber, Aug. 16, 1909. They are now living at Monroe, Me., and have two children:-
Guy Ames, born June 16, 1910.
James Elbridge, born Dec. 9, 1915.

(2) Lucy A.,born May 25, 1887 -(Was it in Belfast, Me., or Waltham, Mass.?)- Married on Aug. 30, 1914 -(Forest Says Aug. 30, 1913)- to Mr. Aaron J. Moyer, Jr., They live in New York City and have no children. This is the daughter who, after Ames's death, was adopted by his brother George and re-named Zenaide Lucy.

(3) Amy Colcord,, born in Waltham, Mass., May 24, 1889. Married Aug. 12, 1908, to Percy Hill Grant. They now live in Brooks, Maine, and have three children, viz:-
Zenaide Beatrice, born at Frankfort, Me., September 16,1909.
Hervey James, born at Brooks, March 28, 1911.
Ruth Ethel, born at Brooks, July 25, 1915.
There is a mistake in the above. I saw Ames in Waltham, at Will's, the day before he came to his father's to die. According to Father's Diary, he died at Uncle Nelson's on October 12, 1889. Amy was born several months after her father's death. Therefore she must have been born 5.24/1888, in Belfast (?)

***According to Father's Diary, Ruth Staples was born March 24, 1878! Her son was born April 5,1899) She died April 13, 1899.

THE GOODWIN FAMILY

The married, 3rd, Charles Barney, on May 9, 1912. They are now living in Hancock County, Texas, although their mail address appears as Hatsely, Oklahoma.
There are no children by any of the marriages.

24.***

(2) Ruth, born March 12, 1892.
The married Freeman Schlader (Bachelder) of "Everly Farms", Prospect, by whom she had one son, Helen Edward Bachelder, shortly after whose birth she died at Belfast, Me., on April 12, 1920. The son is now living with his father and stepmother at Frankfort.

Anna Colcord Staples married, second, Frank Helen Wallis, on September 2, 1921. She was born in Belfast, Maine, September 3, 1882, and now (3/4/1917) resides in Cedar Street, Belfast, Me., as Frank E. Staples-Webber, being the widow of Horace Webber of Lamoe.
Anna C. and Frank (Wallis) Staples had three daughters, as follows:-
(1) Helen in Belfast, June 22, 1922.
The married Will Webber, Aug. 16, 1909.
They are now living at Lamoe, Me., and have two children:-
Ruby Anna, born June 16, 1910.
Teresa Aldridge, born Dec. 9, 1915.

(2) Mary A., born May 18, 1907 -(Was it in Belfast, Me., or Waltham, Mass.?)-
Married on Aug. 20, 1924 -(Forest Gaye Aug. 20, 1912)- to Mr. Aaron T. Lover, etc. They live in New York City and have no children. This is the daughter who, after Anna's death, was adopted by her brother George and re-named Zenaida Lucy.

(3) Amy Colcord, born in Waltham, Mass., May 24, 1889. Married Aug. 12, 1909, to Percy Will Grant. They now live in Brooks, Maine, and have three children, viz:-
Zenaida Beatrice, born at Frankfort, Me., September 16, 1909.
Harvey Ferno, born at Brooks, March 2, 1911.
Ruth Phillis, born at Brooks, July 28, 1915.
There is a mistake in the above.
I saw Anna in Waltham, at Will's, the day before he came to his death. According to Esther's Diary, he died at Uncle Nelson's on October 12, 1909. Amy was born several months after her father's death. Therefore she must have been born, 3/24/1909, in Belfast (?)

***According to Esther's Diary, Ruth Staples was born March 24, 1892! (Her son was born April 8, 1920) The died April 12, 1920.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(3) Norman Dunbar Staples
Born May 2, 1852. Died January 26, 1882.
He never married.

(4) George Nelson Staples
Born December 10, 1854.
Married, 1st, Isabelle Towle, on December 24, 1880.
" 2nd, Jennie Rogers, on October 6, 1886.
There are no children by either marriage but after Ames's death George and his wife adopted Ames's(Ames') daughter Lucy, re-naming her Zenaide Lucy. According to her mother, she was born on May 25, 1887. As stated elsewhere, she married Aaron J. Moyer, Jr., on August 30, of either 1913 or 1914, lives in New York City, and has no children. Her mother gives the date of her marriage as 8/30/1914 but both George and Forest give it as August (13th and 30th), 1913. George lives at No. 50 Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.

(5) A son. Died in infancy.

(6) William Henry Staples
Born September 6, 1859, in Prospect, Maine.
Married at Belfast, Me., on May 8, 1884, to Nellie J. Chase of Searsport, Me. She was born in Searsport on November 12, 1860. They now live near Sheridan and Plain streets, North Easton, Mass., where Will is a tool-maker in the machine shop of The Ames Shovel & Tool Company.
Their children are as follows:-
(1) Helen Valentine, born in Searsport, Feb.14,1886.
She married Louis F. Wilson, July 12, 1905.
They live at Charlestown, Mass., and have three children, viz:-
Eleanor Harriet, born October 30, 1906.
Albert William, born September 10, 1908.
Lillian Florence, born November 29, 1915.
(2) Fred Kendall, born in Waltham, Mass., Feb.20,1888
(3) Grace Marion, born in Waltham, Mass.,June 20,1890
She married Fred F. White, January 1, 1913.
They live at South Easton, Mass., and have one child, Marie Lawson, born November 1st, 1914.
(4) Amasa Foss, born in Medford, Mass.,Feb. 1, 1892.
(5) Elsie Chase, born in Medford, Mass., Feb.9,1894.
She married Ernest Reed Sabean, June 5, 1911.
They live at Brockton, Mass., and have no children.
(6) Esther Katherine,
Born in Medford, Mass., May 3, 1898.
Died October 28, 1903.
(7) Edna Young, born in Medford, Mass.,March 16,1900.
Died April 6, 1900.

(7) Haskell Page Staples
Born February 15, 1863. Died at Buffalo, N.Y., (?) in 1899 (?). Remains cremated and ashes buried at West Shazy, N. Y. -(Dan says at Lowell, Mass.)-
Married Delphine Vassar of Lowell, Mass. She died (about) 1900 (?). They had one child, Walter Pollard Staples, born Nov.22,1890. Now living in the West!

check says 1897

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(3) Warren Dunbar Staples
Born May 2, 1882. Died January 26, 1882.
He never married.

(4) George Nelson Staples
Born December 10, 1884.
Married, 1st, Isabella Towle, on December 24, 1880.
" 2nd, Jennie Rogers, on October 6, 1886.
There are no children by the first marriage but after
Amos's death George and his wife adopted Amos's (Amos')
daughter Lucy, re-naming her Estella Lucy. According
to her mother, she was born on May 25, 1887. As
stated elsewhere, she married Aaron T. Joyce, Jr.,
on August 30, of either 1913 or 1914. Lives in New
York City, and has no children. Her mother gives the
date of her marriage as 8/30/14. But both George
and Forest give it as August (18th and 30th), 1913.
George lives at No. 50 Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.

(5) A son. Died in infancy.

(6) William Henry Staples
Born September 6, 1859, in Prospect, Maine.
Married at Belfast, Me., on May 6, 1884, to Nellie
T. Chase of Searsport, Me. She was born in Sears-
port on November 12, 1860. They now live near
Sherman on the Plain above, N. of Mattan, Mass.,
where Will is a tool-maker in the machine shop of
The Ames Shovel & Tool Company.
Their children are as follows:-
(1) Helen Valentine, born in Searsport, Feb.14,1886.
She married Louis V. Wilson, July 12, 1905.
They live at Cherrytown, Mass., and have three
children, viz:-
Mildred Harriet, born October 30, 1906.
Albert William, born December 10, 1908.
Lillian Florence, born November 29, 1912.
(2) Fred Morrill, born in Waltham, Mass., Feb.20,1888
(3) Grace Marion, born in Waltham, Mass., June 20,1890
She married Fred E. Wilde, January 1, 1912.
They live at South Manton, Mass., and have one
child, Merle Lawson, born November 1st, 1914.
(4) Amasa Jose, born in Medford, Mass., Feb. 1, 1892.
(5) Elsie Grace, born in Medford, Mass., Feb.9,1894.
She married Ernest Fred Hutchin, June 5, 1911.
They live at Brockton, Mass., and have no chil-
dren.
(6) Esther Katherine,
Born in Medford, Mass., May 3, 1898.
Died October 22, 1903.
(7) Edna Young, born in Medford, Mass., March 16,1900.
Died April 5, 1900.

(7) Charles Page Staples
Born February 15, 1874. Died at Pittsfield, N.Y., (?)
in 1899 (?). Remains cremated and ashes buried at
West Rumney, N. H. -(Son [illegible] Lowell, Mass.)-
Married Delphine Vesper of Lowell, Mass. She died
(about) 1900 (?). They had one child, Walter Pollard
Staples, born Nov.22,1890. Now living in the West!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(8) A son. Died in infancy.

(9) Forest Treat Staples
Born August 24, 1866, at Prospect, Maine.
Married Jessie May Bancroft of Reading, Mass., on August 5, 1890. She is the daughter of Albert J. and Sarah J. (Mason) Bancroft and was born in Reading August 6, 1870. They live at No. 60 Woburn Street, Reading, Mass., and have two children:-
(1) Malcolm Lewis, born March 14, 1892.
(2) Marcia Louise, born July 14, 1895.

(10) Daniel Crockett Staples
Born September 8, 1870, at Prospect, Maine.
Married, 1st, Lilla Millay of Hudson, Mass., on September 18, 1894.
They had one child, Ruth Mildred, born Sept.12,1895. She married Frederic Lewis Wheelock of Boston, March 22, 1914. They live in Boston.
Daniel C. Staples divorced his first wife June 5,1907 He married, 2nd, on November 22, 1908, Georgia E. McIntire of Hudson, Mass. They now live at Shrewsbury, Mass. There are no children by the second marriage.

(11) Webster Kelly Staples
Born November 27, 1875. Married Isabelle Card.
She was born 4/4/1881
Webster was the only one of the Staples boys born here on "The Pinnacle"---in his present home! All the others were born in Prospect, although the birthplaces of some of them are included in the present Town of Stockton Springs!
Webster K. and Isabelle (Card) Staples have nine children, as follows:-
(1) Janie Evelyn, Born May 17, 1903.
(2) Russell Webster, " May 28, 1904.
(3) Alfred Nelson, " Aug.25, 1905.
(4) Elmer Forest, " " 17, 1907.
(5) Lucy Augusta, " Nov.16, 1908.
(6) Georgia Isabelle," Apr.18, 1910.
(7) Emma Frances, " July18, 1911.
(8) Eugenia Mabel, " May 17, 1913.
(9) Bertha Amanda, " Nov. 3, 1914.

Of the sons who died in infancy, only one lived to be a day old, he dying about twenty-four hours after his birth! Undismayed by eleven sons -(Eleven! Count 'em!)- Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy secured from an institution in Tewksbury, Mass., through Aunt Caroline (Crockett) Stiles, an orphan girl named Belinda Templeton whom they reared as their own daughter under the name of Emma Staples and to whom, as she was apparently of about the same age as their son Norman and they were unable to learn the exact date of her birth, they "presented" the birthday of May 2, 1852. She became the wife of Freeman Young -(now of the Moxie Nerve Food Co)- some forty years ago. When she had arrived at middle life.

(8) A son. Died in infancy.

(9) Forest Trent Staples
Born August 24, 1877, at Presque Isle, Maine.
Married Cassie May Somerset of Reading, Mass., on August 5, 1900. She is the daughter of Albert T. and Sarah T. (Mason) Somerset and was born in Reading August 6, 1870. They live at No. 00 Tremont Street, Reading, Mass., and have two children:-
(1) Malcolm Lewis, born March 14, 1898.
(2) Marcia Louise, born July 14, 1898.

(10) Daniel Crockett Staples
Born September 6, 1870, at Presque Isle, Maine.
Married, 1st, Lilla Milley of Malden, Mass., on September 14, 1894.
They had one child, Ruth Mildred, born Sept.12,1895.
She married Frederic Lewis Woodcock of Boston, March 22, 1911. They live in Roxbury.
Daniel C. Staples divorced his first wife June 5,1907
He married, 2nd, on November 22, 1908, Georgia E. McIntire of Auburn, Maine. They now live at Shrewsbury, Mass. There are no children by the second marriage.

(11) Webster Kelly Staples
Born November 27, 1878. Married Isabella Ord.
She was born
Webster was the only one of the Staples boys born here on "the Pinnacle"---in his present home! All the others were born in Presque Isle, although the birthplaces of some of them are included in the present Town of Stockton Springs!
Webster K. and Isabella (Ord) Staples have nine children, as follows:-
(1) Tante Evelyn, Born May 17, 1903.
(2) Russell Webster, " May 30, 1904.
(3) Alfred Nelson, " Aug.25, 1905.
(4) Elmer Forest, " " 17, 1907.
(5) Lucy Augusta, " Nov.16, 1908.
(6) Georgia Isabella," Apr.18, 1910.
(7) Emma Vanness, " July18, 1911.
(8) Eugenia Mabel, " May 17, 1913.
(9) Bertha Amanda, " Nov. 3, 1914.

(7 the sons who died in infancy, only one lived to be a day old, he dying at twenty-four hours after his birth! Undismayed by eleven sons -(eleven! count 'em!)- Uncle Webster and Aunt Lucy secured from [illegible] Turkbury, Mass., through Aunt Caroline (Crockett) Stales, an orphan girl named Belinda Templeton who they reared as their own daughter under the name of Emma Staples and to whom, as she was apparently of about the same age as their own Norman and they were unable to learn the exact date of her birth, they "presented" the birthday of Nov. 3, 1860. She became the wife of Norman Young -(or [illegible] Uncle Webster Thad Co)- some forty years ago. When she had arrived at middle life

some of her friends were so impressed at a theatrical performance in which Annie Pixley was the "star" by the resemblance between the two women that they sought an interview with the actress with the result ---as I am informed--- that the records of the Tewksbury Almshouse were unearthed and the fact established that they were sisters! In addition to this large flock, Uncle Nelson somewhere picked up while he was following the sea a friendless waif who was acting as cabin-boy to whom he took such a liking that he brought him home---with the result that Uncle Nelson's home became his home until he had established one of his own! This friendless waif eventually became Captain William Meyers, one of the most respected sea-captains of Searsport during the last generation!

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(3) Caroline -(third child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)
Born April 17, 1831. Married Alba Glazier Stiles at Lowell, Mass., May 7, 1853. He was born at Waterford, Vermont, October 28, 1828 and died at Lowell, Mass., February 13, 1912. He was long one of the principal merchants of Lowell.
They had five children, viz:-
(1) Helen Maria -("Nellie")-, born Aug. 9, 1854. Married Frank Kelly of Lowell, Sept.14(?),1871 Died December 28, 1874.
(2) Carrie Marietta -(Marietta Caroline?)-, born November 4, 1857. Married Fred F. Packard February 14, 1888. They have lived at Lowell, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., but have recently been living on a farm---where, I do not know. They have no children.
(3) Alba James, born Aug. 7, 1859. Died Oct. 16, 1860.
(4) George Francis, born Aug. 19, 1863. Married to Grace L. Rowley, January 1, 1901. They live in Lowell and have no children.
(5) Andrew Grant, born April 4, 1865. He entered the office of the City Treasurer of Lowell, Mass,about thirty-four years ago and is himself now Treasurer of that city!
Caroline (Crockett) Stiles died at Lowell on May 22, 1868, and is buried in the Edson Cemetery there

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(4) Mary -(fourth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born July 3, 1833. Married, first, to Thomas Bretherick, an Englishman, at Lowell, Mass., May 11, 1854. They had two children:-

Sadie, who died when about six months old and was buried at Ballardvale, Andover, Mass., and
Thomas William-("Tommy")-born Dec.31,1856. He died of diphtheria Apr.24,1864,Aged 7 yrs.,3 mos/,24 ds.

some of her friends were so impressed at a theatrical performance in which Annie Oakley was the "star" by the resemblance between the two women that they sought an interview with the actress with the result ---as I am informed--- that the records of the Tewksbury Almshouse were consulted and the fact established that they were related! In addition to this large flock, Uncle Nelson somewhere picked up while he was following the sea a Portuguese waif who was acting as cabin-boy to whom he took such a liking that he brought him home--with the result that Uncle Nelson's home became his home until he had established one of his own! This friendless waif eventually became Captain William Meyers, one of the most respected sea-captains of Newburyport during the last generation!

(

(2) Caroline - (third child of Daniel and Jane (Hagman) Crockett) born April 17, 1831. Married Alba Chester Stiles at Lowell, Mass., July 7, 1858. He was born at Waterford, Vermont, October 28, 1832 and died at Lowell, Mass., February 13, 1912. He was long one of the prominent merchants of Lowell.
They had five children, viz:-
(1) Helen Marie - ("Hollie")-, born Aug. 9, 1884. Married Frank Kelly of Lowell, Sept.14(?),1911. Died December 28, 1914.
(2) Carrie Marietta - (Marietta Carolina?)-, born November 4, 1887. Married Fred X. Tousard February 14, 1888. They have lived at Lowell, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., but have recently been living on a farm---where, I do not know. They have no children.
(3) Alba James, born Aug. 7, 1889. Died Oct. 16, 1890.
(4) George Francis, born Aug. 19, 1893. Married to Grace E. Howley, January 1, 1921. They live in Lowell and have no children.
(5) Andrew Grant, born April 4, 1895. He entered the office of the City Treasurer of Lowell, Mass.,about thirty-four years ago and is himself now Treasurer of that city!
Caroline (Crockett) Stiles died at Lowell on May 22, 1888, and is buried in the Edson Cemetery there

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(4) Mary - (fourth child of Daniel and Jane(Hagman)Crockett)- born July 3, 1833. Married, first, to Thomas Brotherick, an Englishman, at Lowell, Mass., May 11, 1854. They had two children:-

Sadie, who died when about six months old and was buried at Bellingvale, Andover, Mass., and Thomas William - ("Tommy")-born Dec.21,1856. He died of diphtheria Apr.24,1874,lacking 2 yrs.,3 mos.,at de

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Thomas Bretherick, Sr., diedof "stone-cutters' consumption" on March 27, 1857, at Grandfather Crockett's farm. His son "Tommy" died at what was then the Henry Matthews house (now occupied by the widow of Leroy Dow) at Searsport village, although he had caught the disease which caused his death from George Staples while on a visit to Grandfather Crockett's---where George lived as a boy! Mother says that Thomas Bretherick, Sr., had a brother William and a sister Annie in this country. She thinks Annie married a John F. Wilson who later moved from Massachusetts to Bangor! The Brethericks, father and son, sleep in the Prospect Marsh Village Cemetery!

Mary (Crockett) Bretherick married, second, Amos Matthews, in April (?), 1863. He was a son of Walter Matthews of Goose Pond, who was generally known as "Pond Walter" to distinguish him from "Red-Headed Walter", the father of the Matthews boys of my day and who lived this side of the schoolhouse at Bog Hill. Amos's brothers were Lewis Henry, Waldo, and "Willie J." Matthews, the last of whom lives on what used to be his father's farm at what is now more aristocratically termed Swan Lake! Waldo Matthews built and used to live in what is now the Ed. Chapin house at Dodge's Corner while John Littlefield now owns the Lewis Henry Matthews farm---"Singular circumstance!"

Amos and Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews had 5 children:

(1) Frank Heagan, born Feb. 5, 1864. Died Jan. 12, 1867.
(2) Ruth Grant, born Feb. 19, 1866. Died Dec. 27, 1866.
(3) Amanda Kneeland, born Dec. 14, 1867.
She married Albert M. Eames of Stockton on Ag.7,1889. They now live at No. 30 Dow St., Portalnd, Maine, and have had four children:-
(1) Butler Matthews, born Aug. 15, 1898.
(2) John Heagan, born July 19, 1900.
(3) Albert Melvin, Jr., born April 16, 1906.
(4) Robert Jaynes, born Oct.13,1909. Died Jan.22,1915.
(4) George Amos, born December 19, 1872.
He married, 1st, Effie Clifford of Belfast.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Thomas Bretherick, Sr., died of "stone-cutters' consumption" on March 27, 1877, at Grandfather Crockett's farm. He was "Tommy" Bird at what was then the Henry Matthews house (now occupied by the widow of Leroy Dew) at Somerset village, although he had caught the disease which caused his death from George Stapleton while on a visit to Grandfather Crockett's---where George lived as a boy! Mother says that Thomas Bretherick, Sr., had a brother William and a sister Annie in this country. She thinks Annie married a John R. Wilson who later moved from Massachusetts to Bangor! The Brethericks, father and son, sleep in the Prospect Farm Village Cemetery!

Henry (Crockett) Bretherick married, second, Anna Matthews, in April (?), 1868. He was a son of Walter Matthews of Cocoa Pond, who was generally known as "Pond Walter" to distinguish him from "Red-Headed Walter", the father of the Matthews boys of my day and who lived this side of the schoolhouse at Hog Hill. Anna's brothers were Lewis Henry, Waldo, and "Willie L." Matthews, the last of whom lives on what used to be his father's farm at what is now more aristocratically termed Swan Lake! Waldo Matthews built and used to live in what is now the McGinnis home at Dodge's Corner while John Littlefield now owns the Lewis Henry Matthews farm---"Singular circumstance!"

Anna and Henry (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews had 8 children:

(1) Frank Keegan, born Feb. 5, 1864. Died Jan. 12, 1867.
(2) Ruth Grant, born Feb. 19, 1866. Died Dec. 27, 1866.
(3) Amanda Kneeland, born Dec. 14, 1867.
The married Albert L. Warne of Stockton on Aug.7,1889.
They now live at No. 30 Dow St., Portland, Maine, and have had four children:-
(1) Walter Matthews, born Aug. 15, 1898.
(2) John Keegan, born July 19, 1900.
(3) Albert Melvin, Jr., born April 16, 1906.
(4) Robert Jaynes, born Oct.13,1909. Died Jan.22,1912.
(4) George Amos, born December 19, 1878.
He married, 1st, Nettie Gifford of Belfast.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

They had three sons:-
(1) George Ashley, born
(2) Donald, born
(3) Leon Elmer, born
George A. and Effie (Clifford) Matthews were divorced on
He married, 2nd,
He divorced his second wife on
He married, 3rd, on
and now lives in Peach street, Belfast, Maine.
(5) Nellie Kelley, ("Gyp"), born July 12,1870. Died May 24, 1878. She was named for "Nellie" Stiles!

Amos Matthews had been born March 20, 1834. He died on April 10, 1879 (Father's Diary says April 8th) in Leadville, Colorado, whither he had gone with Freeman Matthews, Woodman Tyler, Warner C. Hamilton and Uncle Albert Sleeper Nichols during the great silver mining excitement. They left Searsport on March 10th, a month before he died of pneumonia in the rarefied atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains! According to Father's Diary, Tyler and Hamilton were gone from Searsport only about a month!

Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews married, third, William Austin Gray, on July 27, 1884. He was the widower of her deceased sister, Sarah! She separated from him some years before her death! During the latter part of her life she was for several years Matron of Lowell Jail, resigning in 1899 because of increasing age and deafness. She died December 5, 1912, (Father's Diary says Dec. 3rd), at the home of her son in Belfast, Maine, as the result of a fall in her own kitchen!

In her letter giving me the above dates, "Mannie"(Matthews) Eames says that the eldest child of Thomas and Mary (Crockett) Bretherick was born March 18, 1855, that she was named Sarah J., and that she died in either August or September, 1855.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

They had three sons:-
(1) George Ashley, born
(2) Donald, born
(3) Leon Elmer, born
George A. and Effie (Clifford) Matthews were divorced on
He married, 2nd,
He divorced his second wife on
He married, 3rd, on
and now lives in Beach street, Belfast, Maine.
(3) Nellie Kelley, ("Gyp"), born July 12,1879. Died May 24, 1878. She was named for "Nellie" Stifler!

Anna Matthews had been born March 20, 1864. He died on April 10, 1879 (Father's Diary says April 8th) in Leadville, Colorado, whither he had gone with Freeman Matthews, Woodman Tyler, Warren O. Hamilton and Uncle Albert Pioneer Nicholls during the great silver mining excitement. They left Searsport on March 10th, a month before he died of pneumonia in the rarefied atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains! According to Father's Diary, Tyler and Hamilton were gone from Searsport only about a month!

Mary (Crockett) Brewster-Matthews married, third, William Austin Gray, on July 27, 1884. He was the widower of her deceased sister, Sarah! She separated from him some years before her death! During the latter part of her life she was for several years matron of Lowell Jail, resigning in 1899 because of increasing age and deafness. She died December 8, 1912, (Father's Diary says Dec. 3rd), at the home of her son in Belfast, Maine, as the result of a fall in her own kitchen!

In her letter giving me the above dates, "Mamie"(Matthews) Hamos says that the eldest child of Thomas and Mary (Crockett) Brewsterick was born March 12, 1855, that she was named Sarah T., and that she died in either August or September, 1855.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(5) Sarah J.-(fifth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born December 16, 1834. Married William Austin Gray

at Stockton, Maine, October 25, 1855. -(Fred says it

was 10/23/55). She died of consumption at Brewer, Maine, on

May 22, 1868, the same day on which her sister Caroline died of

the same disease at Lowell, Mass. William Austin Gray and Sarah

J. (Crockett) Gray had five children, viz:-

(1) Fred Willis, born at Stockton, Me., July 31, 1856. Because of ill health, he went to California while yet a very young man. He married at San Gabriel, California, on April 5, 1884, Jane McLean--who was born at Manilla, Canada, April 29, 1859. Fred Willis and Jane (McLean) Gray have five children:-
  (1) Jessie Mary Gray, born at Alhambra, California, Jan. 13, 1885. She married John D. Murphy at Whittier, California, on Aug. 1, 1910. They had one child, Marion Gray Murphy, born May 26, 1912, at Whittier, California,, and died March 23, 1913, at San Fernando, California.
  (2) Rachael Jane Gray, born at Alhambra, California, September 10, 1887. Married to Lester Keith Cole at Whittier, California,, June 12, 1912. They have one child, Constance Jane Cole, born June 3, 1916.
  (3) Fred Alexander Gray, born at Searsport, Me., March 4, 1890. (This was after Fred Willis Gray came "back East" to join his father (Uncle "Bill") on the old George Colson place--whence, after some years, he was mighty glad to get back to what he considers "God's Own Country"-California)
  (4) Glen Th Latto Gray, born at Sandypoint, Me., March 4, 1893.
  (5) Robert McLean Gray, born at La Mirada, California, March 6, 1899.
(2) Daniel C. Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, July 12, 1858. He died at San Francisco, California, September 15, 1909. He never married.
(3) Caroline Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, Sept. 17, 1860. Died at Searsport, Me., October 31, 1911. She married George A. Bowen of Searsport, Me., October 30, 1886.-(They were married at her father's -the old George Colson place- by the Rev. Robert G. Harbutt)- He was born at Searsport village March 9, 1857. His father died (lost at sea) while he was a babe-in-arms. His mother died Apr. 26, 1875,--the day Kit was born. George A. and Caroline (Gray) Bowen had two children:-
  (1) Gertrude Elsinora, born Dec. 23, 1887. She was born on the old William Cunningham farm on the Swanville road in Searsport. The "Elsinora" is for Mayberry's rach (ranch) in California, where

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(5) Sarah T.-(fifth child of Daniel and Jane(Hagen)Crockett)- Born December 16, 1834. Married William Austin Gray at Stockton, Maine, October 25, 1855. -(Fred says it was 10\23\55). She died of consumption at Brewer, Maine, on May 22, 1868, the same day on which her sister Caroline died of the same disease at Lowell, Mass. William Austin Gray and Sarah T. (Crockett) Gray had five children, viz:-

(1) Fred Willis, born at Stockton, Me., July 31, 1856. Because of ill health, he went to California while yet a very young man. He married at San Gabriel, California, on April 8, 1884, Jane Nolsen--who was born at Manila, Canada, April 29, 1859. Fred Willis and Jane (Nolsen) Gray have five children:-

(1) Tessie Mary Gray, born at Alhambra, California, Jan. 13, 1885. She married John D. Murphy at Whittier, California, on Aug. 1\ 1910. They had one child, Marion Gray Murphy, born May 26, 1912, at Whittier, California,, and died March 23, 1913, at San Fernando, California.

(2) Rachel Jane Gray, born at Alhambra, California, September 10, 1887. Married to Lester Keith Cole at Whittier, California,, June 14, 1912. They have one child, Constance Jane Cole, born June 3, 1916.

(3) Fred Alexander Gray, born at Searsport, Me., March 4, 1890. (This was after Fred Willis Gray came "back East" to join his father (Uncle "Bill") on the old George Nolsen place--whence, after some years, he was mighty glad to get back to what he considers "God's Own Country"-California)

(4) Glen Tillotte Gray, born at Sandypoint, Me., March 4, 1892.

(5) Robert Nolsen Gray, born at La Verne, California, March 6, 1899.

(2) Daniel C. Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, July 12, 1836. He died at San Francisco, California, September 15, 1909. He never married.

(3) Caroline Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, Sept. 17, 1840. Died at Searsport, Me., October 31, 1911. She married George A. Bowen of Searsport, Me., October 30, 1866.-(They were married at her father's -the old George Nolsen place- by the Rev. Robert C. Hardutt)- He was born at Searsport village March 9, 1837. His father died (lost at sea) while he was a babe-in-arms. His mother died Apr. 26, 1873,--the day Kit was born. George A. and Caroline (Gray) Bowen had two children:-

(1) Gertrude Blainore, born Dec. 23, 1887. She was born on the old William Cunningham farm on the Swanville road in Searsport. The "Blainore" is for Blueberry's mash (ranch) in California, where

(in California) her mother taught school for five years, shortly after graduating from the Eastern Maine State Normal School at Castine before she returned to Maine in (about) 1885 and taught in the late "eighties". Ed. Mayberry, with whom "Carrie" lived most of the time while she was in California, was the husband of her aunt---her father's sister Emily,--- and was very fond of his niece. Gertrude followed in her mother's steps by grduating (graduating) from the Eastern Maine State Normal School, then---after a few terms in her native state---became a teacher in the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, where she has been for a number of years.

(2) Mildred E. -(she was named Emma Mildred but didn't fancy the juxtaposition of so many "m" sounds)-, born December 1, 1889, in the same room in which her father had been born before her---in the house which formerly belonged to George's grandmother---"Aunt" Huldah Bowen---at Searsport village and which George sold a few years since---. It is now occupied by Stephen Card.
She was married on May 23, 1913, at Whittier, California (her father making the trip to her Uncle Fred's with her for the purpose) to Lieutenant Harold E. Marr of the United States Army who was then serving his term of foreign service and had returned from the Philippines to be married. En route on the return to the Philippines with his wife he received at Honolulu orders transferring him to that station but as he was the custodian of valuables to be delivered at Manila, he completed the voyage to that port, whence he and his wife returned to his new station at Honolulu (or was it Pearl Harbor?).
After a considerable term of service at that point he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, whence he was sent to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, during the Mexican embroglio of last summer. Within the past few months he has been made Inspector Instructor of the Massachusetts Field Artillery and State Militia with headquarters at Boston---an assignment very much to the liking of his wife, who was a stenographer in Boston before her mother's death caused her to return home to act as her father's housekeeper up to the time of her marriage---shortly after which George took a second wife in the person of Miss Mary Littlefield. Mr. & Mrs. Bowen (George and his wife) are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Marr in Boston at this writing -(March 6, 1917). I believe Lieutenant Marr's native place is Farmington, Me. He and Mildred have one child, Harold, Junior, born December 7, 1915.

(4) William Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, September 11, 1862. Died March 12, 1864.

(5) Sarah Gray, born at Brewer, Maine, December 5, 1867. Died at Brewer, Me., February 4, 1869.

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

(in California) her mother taught school for five years, shortly after graduating from the Eastern Maine State Normal School at Gardiner before she returned to Maine in (about) 1885 and taught in the late "eighties". Ed. Haybery, with whom "Carrie" lived most of the time while she was in California, was the husband of her aunt---her father's sister Emily,--- and was very fond of his niece. Gertrude followed in her mother's steps by graduating (graduating) from the Eastern Maine State Normal School, then---after a few terms in her native state---became a teacher in the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, where she has been for a number of years.

(2) Mildred E. - (she was named Emma Mildred but didn't fancy the juxtaposition of so many "m" sounds)-, born December 1, 1889, in the same room in which her father had been born before her---in the house which formerly belonged to George's grandmother---"Aunt" Hulda Bowen---at Searsport village and which George sold a few years since--- It is now occupied by Stephen Card.

She was married on May 23, 1912, at Whittier, California (her father making the trip to her Uncle Fred's with her for the purpose) to Lieutenant Harold E. Marr of the United States Army who was then serving his term of foreign service and had returned from the Philippines to be married. En route on the return to the Philippines with his wife he received at Honolulu orders transferring him to that station but as he was the custodian of valuables to be delivered at Manila, he completed the voyage to that port, whence he and his wife returned to his new station at Honolulu (or was it Pearl Harbor?). After a considerable term of service at that point he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, whence he was sent to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, during the Mexican embroglio of last summer. Within the past few months he has been made Inspector Instructor of the Massachusetts Field Artillery and State Militia with headquarters at Boston---an assignment very much to the liking of his wife, who was a stenographer in Boston before her mother's death caused her to return home to act as her father's housekeeper up to the time of her marriage---shortly after which George took a second wife in the person of Miss Mary Littlefield. Mr. & Mrs. Bowen (George and his wife) are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Marr in Boston at this writing - (March 6, 1917). I believe Lieutenant Marr's native place is Warrington, Pa. He and Mildred have one child,

Harold, Junior, born December 7, 1913.

(4) William Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, September 11, 1852. Died March 12, 1864.

(5) Sarah Gray, born at Brewer, Maine, December 5, 1857. Died at Brewer, Me., February 4, 1859.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Both William Austin Gray and his first wife (Sarah J. (Crockett) Gray), as well as three of their children---Caroline, William, and Sarah, are buried in the Nichols' District Cemetery ---"Elmwood"---at Searsport. I presume that "Dan" was buried at San Francisco. Of all the children Fred is the only one left. He resides at Whittier, California, and the letter in which he gives me most of the ove (above), or many of the above dates is written on paper bearing the imprint "F. W. Gray, Lemon Grower"---although it does not show the address as being "The Garden of Love"! Fred gives me the following additional (additional) information regarding his father:-

WILLIAM AUSTIN GRAY
Born at Windham, Maine, June 20, 1824.
Died at Searsport, Maine, June 24, 1896.
Married, 1st, Sarah J. Crockett, Oct.23,1855.
" 2nd, at Worcester, Mass., Jan.27,1870, Addie Davis. She was born at Jackson, Maine, Sept.11,1833. They had one child, William Lewis Gray, born at Brewer, Me., Feb.10,1871.
" 3rd, Mary (Crockett) Matthews

Except for references to the dates enclosed on a separate sheet, Fred W. Gray's letter reads as follows-(Dated 10/18/16):- "I was expecting to come East this fall and thought I would be at leisure in September but have been very busy since I left the Leffingwell Rancho. I thought when I moved on to my own place I would take life a little more quiet but I am called to different citrus ranches for consultation, etc., as I have had a good many years experience in that line, and I also have seven to ten men working for me all the time -- but I know that I keep in better health by having plenty of exercise. I weigh 170 and have not seen a sick day for a good many years. I would like to drive a machine through to the East when they get the roads in

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Both William Austin Gray and his first wife (Sarah J. (Crockett) Gray), as well as three of their children---Caroline, William, and Sarah, are buried in the Nicholas' District Cemetery ---"Elmwood"---at Searsport. I presume that "Dan" was buried at San Francisco. Of all the children Fred is the only one left. He resides at Whittier, California, and the letter in which he gives me most of the above (above), or many of the above dates is written on paper bearing the imprint "F. W. Gray, Lem-on Grower"---although it does not show the address as being "The Garden of Love"! Fred gives me the following additional (additional) information regarding his father:-

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Hudson, Maine, Sept.11,1832.
They had one child, William Lewis
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" 3rd, Mary (Crockett) Matthews

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good shape. I think it would be a fine trip but expect it would get tiresome. My family is getting pretty small as Robert is the only one at home. He will graduate from High School this year and then he goes for four years to the University of California at Berkeley, California. Fred is Secretary and Manager of the Tustin Lemon Association. They ship over three hundred cars of lemons a year. Glen is foreman of the Atascadero Machine Shops at Atascadero. There are 33,000 acres in the subdivision and they have lots of machinery which keeps the shops pretty busy. They have fifteen 75-horse-power tractors and six 30-horse-power tractors, and I don't know how many autos, on the job! Glen has been there over two years. He is a husky--6-feet and weighs 185!

We hope you will take a run out here sometime and make us a visit---I would be glad to have you! I hope these few lines find you in good health---and remember me kindly to your father and mother!"

---

(6) Daniel, 3rd,-(sixth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)

Born September 4, 1836. He never attained to the dignity of "Daniel Crockett, Junior," as his grandfather outlived him! He served in the United States Navy for seven years (during the "fifties") before the Civil War having enlisted in 185-, for two years and re-enlisted for five years. He was on the U. S. Ship " " in the Naval Expedition to Paraguay, South America, under Flag Officer Shubrick in 1859, to compel reparation for the firing upon the Str. "Water Witch" while engaged on a scientific expedition under Captain Thomas J. Page on the River Paraná four years before, when one of her crew was killed.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

good shape. I think it would be a fine trip but expect it would get tiresome. My family is getting pretty small as Robert is the only one at home. He will graduate from High School this year and then he goes for four years to the University of California at Berkeley, California. Fred is Secretary and Manager of the Butte Lemon Association. They ship over three hundred cars of lemons a year. Glen is foreman of the Atascadero Machine Shop at Atascadero. There are 53,000 acres in the subdivision and they have lots of machinery which keeps the shop pretty busy. They have fifteen 75-horse-power tractors and six 30-horse-power tractors, and I don't know how many autos, on the job! Glen has been there over two years. He is a husky - 6-foot and weighs 185!

We hope you will take a run out here sometime and make us a visit---I would be glad to have you! I hope these few lines find you in good health---and remember me kindly to your father and mother!"

---

(6) Daniel, 3rd.-(sixth child of Daniel and Jane(Keegan)Crockett) Born September 4, 1856. He never attained to the dignity of "Daniel Crockett, Junior," as his grandfather entitled him! He served in the United States Navy for seven years (during the "Fifties") before the Civil War having enlisted in 1855, for two years and re-enlisted for five years. He was on the U. S. Ship " " in the Naval Expedition to Paraguay, South America, under Flag Officer Shubrick in 1859, to compel reparation for the firing upon the Str. "Water Witch" while engaged on a scientific expedition under Captain Thomas T. Page on the River Paraná four years before, when one of her crew was killed.

Shubrick's fleet was composed of nineteen vessels. On its appearance, the Paraguayan Government said:- "You needn't shoot--- I'll come down!" For further details, see pages 389 to 392 of Mother's book "The Achievements of One Hundred Years --- The History and Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century" by Charles Morris, L. L. D., published by The King-Richardson Company, Springfield, Mass., and copyrighted by W. E. Scull in 1900! It was while Daniel Crockett, 3rd, was in the Navy that his father visited him in New York!

After leaving the Navy he went to sea up to within seven or eight months of the time of his death. He began "before the mast" and advanced through the different grades of mate until, after serving as First Mate for some seven years (Mother thinks) with Captain Henry Partridge, he was Captain of the "Windward" (his last ship) for one trip. Mother remembers hearing him say that he had been around Cape Horn eleven times ---must have gone around the world or come home overland once--- and ship-wrecked three times! In one of the wrecks he spent many hours lashed to a plank---with nothing else between him and Eternity! Some of his vessels were the Brig "Wacamaw" -("Waccamaw")-, Schooners "Daybreak" and "Windward", and the Barque "Dacotah"!

He died of consumption at his father's home on March 8, 1868!

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(7) Ruth R. -(seventh child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)-

Born September 8, 1838. She was named for Ruth Ridley! She was married (by Elder Carley) to Andrew Grant of Stockton, formerly Prospect, Me., on April 25, 1859. During the first ten or more

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Shubrick's fleet was composed of nineteen vessels. On its appearance, the Paraguayan Government said:- "You mustn't shoot--- I'll come down!" For further details, see pages 389 to 392 of Mother's book "The Achievements of One Hundred Years --- The History and Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century" by Charles Morris, L. L. D., published by The King-Richardson Company, Springfield, Mass., and copyrighted by W. H. Scull in 1900!
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After leaving the Navy he went to sea up to within seven or eight months of the time of his death. He began "before the mast" and advanced through the different grades of mate until, after serving as First Mate for some seven years (Mother thinks) with Captain Henry Partridge, he was Captain of the "Windward" (his last ship) for one trip. Mother remembers hearing him say that he had been around Cape Horn eleven times ---must have gone around the world or come home overland once--- and ship-wrecked three times! In one of the wrecks he spent many hours lashed to a plank---with nothing else between him and Eternity! Some of his vessels were the Brig "Waccamaw" -("Waccamaw")-, Schooners "Bayfreak" and "Windward", and the Barque "Jacotah"!

He died of consumption at his father's home on March 6, 1868!

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(7) Ruth B. -(seventh child of Daniel and Jane (Keagan) Crockett)-

Born September 6, 1838. She was named for Ruth Ridgeley, formerly Stockton. She was married (by Elder Darby) to Andrew Grant of Prospect, Me., on April 25, 1859. During the first ten or more

years of her married life she accompanied her husband, who was a sea-captain in the service of the (then) rich and influential shipping and mercantile family known as "The Treats of Winterport", on all his voyages---principally in the West India trade! Save what he needed for actual expenses and against the wishes of his wife, Captain Grant "banked" all his money with his employers the Treats, never withdrawing any part of his salary or what a landlubber would call "commissions" otherwise, so that when the Treats went broke either in the late "sixties" or early "seventies" he found himself not only out of a ship but flat as a flounder financially as well! The shock unbalanced his mind and, although Mother says she has never seen a man who seemed to be more fond of his wife prior to that time, he deserted both wife and family sometime in the "seventies" while living at Warren, Rhode Island---whither they had moved within a few months after of the smash-up (smash-up) of the Treats! He would drop out of sight of everyone he had ever known for long intervals--then suddenly re-appear! Some years prior to his death, he lived for a time at Stockton Springs, formerly Prospect, his boyhood's home! He died at Damariscotta, Maine, in January, 1912.

Captain Andrew and Ruth (Crockett) Grant had three children:-

(1) Ruth Andrew Grant, born at Grandfather Crockett's home on June 10, 1869. Mother says this was two or three months after the Treats "busted", that Captain Grant had previously disappeared, and that at the time of his eldest child's birth neither his friends nor his family knew where he was! Although the only thing of which he had been guilty was to lose all his earthly possessions, he seemed ashamed to meet his old friends! His wife -(who may have known where he was all the time)- joined him at Warren, R. I., within a few weeks after her child was born. This child, the Ruth of my boyhood and whom I remember as a visitor about the middle "eighties", died at Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1889.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

years of her married life she accompanied her husband, who was a sea-captain in the service of the (then) rich and influential shipping and mercantile family known as "The Treats of Winterport", on all his voyages--principally in the West India trade! Save what he needed for actual expenses and against the wishes of his wife, Captain Grant "banked" all his money with the employers Treats, never withdrawing any part of his salary or wages! a landlubber would call "commissions" otherwise, so that when the Treats went broke either in the late "sixties" or early "seventies" he found himself not only out of a ship but flat as a flounder financially as well! The shock unbalanced his mind and, although Mother says she has never seen a man who seemed to be more fond of his wife prior to that time, he deserted both wife and family sometime in the "seventies" while living at Warren, Rhode Island--whether they had moved within a few months of the smash-up (smash-up) of the Treats! He would drop after out of sight of everyone he had ever known for long intervals--then suddenly re-appear! Some years prior to his death, he lived for a time at Prospect, his boyhood's home! He died at Stockton Springs, formerly Lincolnville, Maine, in January, 1912.

Captain Andrew and Ruth (Crockett) Grant had three children:-

(1) Ruth Andrew Grant, born at Grandfather Crockett's home on June 10, 1869. Mother says this was two or three months after the Treats "busted", that Captain Grant had previously disappeared, and that at the time of his eldest child's birth neither his friends nor his family knew where he was! Although the only thing of which he had been guilty was to lose all his earthly possessions, he seemed ashamed to meet his old friends! His wife - (who may have known where he was all the time)- joined him at Warren, R. I., within a few weeks after her child was born. This child, the Ruth of my boyhood and whom I remember as a visitor about the middle "eighties", died at Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1889.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(2) Mary Jane Grant, born at Warren, Rhode Island, November 7, 1871. Married to Elbridge B. Ward December 6, 1890, at Lowell, Mass. They have two children:-
(1) Arnold E. Ward, born at Searsport, Me., April 12, 1892.
(2) Frank Ward, born at Searsport, Me., September 22, 1894.
(3) A son. Died in infancy.

Since writing the above I have again been talking with Mother who says that as the Treats failed two or three months before Ruth Grant was born, the date of their failure must have been about March or April, 1869. She also says that Captain Andrew Grant, who was a son of the "Secesh" Andrew Grant whom Uncle Milton had very nearly "capsized" at the Turner Schoolhouse in Civil War days, was born on what was then his father's farm ---the first house on the right beyond "Old Ben" Partridge's as you went down over the Heagan Hill on the way from Grandfather Crockett's to the Turner Schoolhouse--- in what was then the Town of Prospect. This farm is now in Stockton Springs, the Town of Stockton having been set off from Prospect on March 13, 1857, and its name changed to Stockton Springs -(at the behest of some mineral water promoters)- on February 5, 1889. It was to this farm, which had long since become the property of his brother, Captain Jeremiah Grant,and was then owned and occupied by Captain "Jerry's" widow---who was a sister of Captain Andrew Grant's first wife, Clarissa Partridge,for whom Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin had been named--- that Captain Andrew Grant returned somewhere between 1905 and 1910 and where he was made welcome for some years until upon rising one morning the balance of the household found he had departed without leaving a word of explanation. The next word received of him was of his death at Damariscotta. He is buried there!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(2) Mary Jane Grant, born at Warren, Rhode Island, November 7, 1871. Married to Albridge B. Ward December 6, 1890, at Lowell, Mass. They have two children:-
(1) Arnold M. Ward, born at Searsport, Me., April 12, 1892.
(2) Frank Ward, born at Searsport, Me., September 22, 1894.
(3) A son. Died in infancy.

Since writing the above I have again been talking with Mother who says that as the Tweeds failed two or three months before Ruth Grant was born, the date of their failure must have been about March or April, 1889. She also says that Andrew Captain Grant, who was a son of the "Second" Andrew Grant whom Uncle Milton had very nearly "capsized" at the Turner Schoolhouse in Civil War days, was born on what was then his father's farm ---the first house on the right beyond "Old Ben" Partridge's as you went down over the Deegan Hill on the way from Grandfather Crockett's to the Turner Schoolhouse--- in what was then the Town of Prospect. This farm is now in Stockton Springs, the Town of Stockton having been set off from Prospect on March 15, 1887, and its name changed to Stockton Springs -(at the behest of some mineral water promoters)- on February 8, 1889. It was to this farm, which had long since become the property of his brother, Captain Jeremiah Grant, and was then owned and occupied by Captain "Terry's" widow---who was a sister of Captain Andrew Grant's first wife, Clarissa Partridge, for whom Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin had been named--- that Captain Andrew Grant returned somewhere between 1905 and 1910 and where he was made welcome for some years until upon rising one morning the talents of the household found he had departed without leaving a word of explanation. The next word received of him was of his death at Dennisocotta. He is buried there!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

In passing, I may mention that it was a member of the Treat Family of Winterport, Charles (?) Treat, without whose signature no United States currency note was regarded as complete for many years---he was long Treasurer of the United States! Within the past ten or twenty years I myself met a man in New York who had just met him at a Bankers Convention in that city and who expressed surprise at the fact that the Treasurer of the United States had negro blood in his veins---Please remember that this gentleman had no idea whether I had been born in Maine or California! Mother says that she has heard that the Treats were of mixed blood but that she had always been of the opinion that the statement was unfounded---that she had heard her mother say that if it were true the fact was not apparent in their personal appearance!

After her husband had deserted her, Aunt Ruth continued to live at Warren, R. I., until the middle "eighties" when she moved to Lowell, Mass., where she and all her sisters except Mother and Lucy had worked in the cotton mills for varying periods prior to their marriages--- like those of many other occupations the operatives of the cotton mills of 50-75 years ago were made up from a different class than at present! Here she divorced her husband, took two elderly ladies to care for, and made a home for her daughters and niece (Jennie Griffin) until her eldest daughter had died and the other two girls had married. When Jennie (Griffin) Farr died Aunt Ruth assumed charge of and cared for the infant daughter she had left behind until she was old enough to turn over to others and her ministrations to those who were sick and in trouble as represented by her daughter and others did not cease until the day of her death---She was a Mother in Israel to the

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

In passing, I may mention that it was a member of the Trest family of Winterport, Charles (?) Trest, without whose signature no United States currency note was regarded as complete for many years---he was long Treasurer of the United States! Within the past ten or twenty years I myself met a man in New York who had just met him at a Bankers Convention in that city and who expressed surprise at the fact that the Treasurer of the United States had negro blood in his veins---Please remember that this gentleman had no idea whether I had been born in Maine or California! Mother says that she has heard that the Trests were of mixed blood but that she had always been of the opinion that the statement was unfounded---that she had heard her mother say that if it were true the fact was not apparent in their personal appearance!

After her husband had deserted her, Aunt Ruth continued to live at Warren, R. I., until the middle "eighties" when she moved to Lowell, Mass., where she and all her sisters ~~had~~ worked in the cotton mills for varying periods prior to their marriages---like those of many other occupations the operatives of the cotton mills of 50-75 years ago were made up from a different class than at present! Here she divorced her husband, took two elderly ladies to care for, and made a home for her daughters and niece (Jennie Griffith) until her eldest daughter had died and the other two girls had married. When Jennie (Griffith) Starr died Aunt Ruth assumed charge of and cared for the infant daughter she had left behind until she was old enough to turn over to others and her ministrations to those who were sick and in trouble as represented by her daughter and others did not cease until the day of her death---She was a Mother in Israel to the

last! In 1899, she succeeded her sister Mary as Matron of Lowell Jail, a position which she held at the time of her death on December 29, 1909, as the result of heart failure while undergoing an operation for the removal of gall-stones in a hospital at Lowell. She rests in a lot which she had bought in the Edson (Edson) Cemetery at Lowell, Mass., and which is shared by her niece, Jennie (Griffin) Farr, together with the latter's little son, Earle. I am just now reminded that while visiting Mother during one of her vacations a few years before her death, Aunt Ruth took occasion to demonstrate to a certain one of her nephews that she had not yet forgotten all the Spanish she had picked up while sailing as the wife of the skipper of a West Indiaman! After living at various places in Massachusetts and Maine since her marria-ge Aunt Ruth's surviving daughter, Mrs. Elbrudge B. Ward, is now living in Brooks (or Monroe), Me., her postoffice address being R. F. D., No. 1, Brooks, Maine, although her husband has recently bought and proposes moving to what was formerly the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

Captain Andrew Grant had no children by his first wife. Mother thinks he lived with his brother's widow on the farm where he had been born for between three and four years between 1905 and 1910 and that it was something like one or two years before he died that he disappeared therefrom!

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(8) James Heagan-(eighth child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)-Born July 21, 1840. He was named for his Grandfather Heagan! He was married on June 24, 1865, to Esther W. Twiss of Prospect, Me., They had no children.

He served in the United States Navy for one year during the

last! In 1899, she succeeded her sister Mary as Matron of Lowell Hall, a position which she held at the time of her death on December 29, 1909, as the result of heart failure while undergoing an operation for the removal of gall-stones in a hospital at Lowell. She rests in a lot which she had bought in the Edson (Edson) Cemetery at Lowell, Mass., and which is shared by her niece, Jennie (Griffin) Barr, together with the latter's little son, Earle. I am just now reminded that while visiting Mother during one of her vacations a few years before her death, Aunt Ruth took occasion to demonstrate to a certain one of her nephews that she had not yet forgotten all the Spanish she had picked up while sailing as the wife of the skipper of a West Indiaman! After living at various places in Massachusetts and Maine since her marriage Aunt Ruth's surviving daughter, Mrs. Elbridge B. Ward, is now living in Brooks (or Monroe), Me., her postoffice address being E. R. D., No. 1, Brooks, Maine, although her husband has recently bought and proposes moving to what was formerly the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

Captain Andrew Grant had no children by his first wife. Mother thinks he lived with his brother's widow on the farm where he had been born for between three and four years between 1908 and 1910 and that it was something like one or two years before he died that he disappeared therefrom!

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(8) James Hagan-(eighth child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Grogett) born July 21, 1840. He was named for his grandfather Hagan! He was married on June 24, 1865, to Esther E. Twiss of Prospect, Me.. They had no children.

He served in the United States Navy for one year during the

Civil War! Mother has a small box made by him with a sheath-knife from a piece of a rebel gunboat! After the War he followed his trade as a carpenter in Massachusetts and Bangor, also building himself a house on Birch Street, Bangor, about 1867 or 1868. I remember going trout-fishing with him in the Clifford-Black brook in the Spring or Summer of 1875 on the occasions of one of his visits to Mother while we were living on the old Kneeland Farm---prior to moving to the Steele place!

He died of consumption March 31, 1876, at his wife's father's home at "The Mountain", Prospect, Me. After his death, his widow married Captain Hassell of Belfast and upon again becoming a widow she married a man named Jackson, also of Belfast. They now live on the place left her by Captain Hassell at City Point, Belfast, Me.

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(9) Leander-(ninth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born November 8, 1842. Never married!

He was a member of Company K., Twenty-Sixth Maine Volunteers -(Father's company and regiment)- in the Civil War and contracted consumption while in the service (he first became ill with jaundice), being discharged from the Army for disability at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on February 5, 1863! -(See Page 307 of Father's copy of the "History of the 26th Maine Regiment")-

During the Summer of 1864 he made a trip to Kingston, Jamaica, for the benefit of his health as a passenger on the Schooner "Windward" (?) of which his brother, Daniel, 3rd, was First Mate and Henry Partridge (Amos's son) Captain. He improved very much on this voyage and contemplated a return to Jamaica or further sea-trips upon his return home but rapidly

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Civil War! Mother has a small box made by him with a sheath-knife from a piece of a rebel gunboat! After the War he followed his trade as a carpenter in Massachusetts and Bangor, also building himself a house on Birch Street, Bangor, about 1867 or 1868. I remember going trout-fishing with him in the Cliffords-Black brook in the Spring or Summer of 1875 on the occasions of one of his visits to Mother while we were living on the old Moseland Farm---prior to moving to the Steele place!

He died of consumption March 31, 1876, at his wife's father's home at "The Mountain", Prospect, Me. After his death, his widow married Captain Hassell of Belfast and upon again becoming a widow she married a man named Jackson, also of Belfast. They now live on the place left her by Captain Hassell at City Point, Belfast, Me.

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(9) Leander-(ninth child of Daniel and Jane(Meagan)Crockett)-Born November 8, 1842. Never married!

He was a member of Company K., Twenty-Sixth Maine Volunteers -(Father's company and regiment)- in the Civil War and contracted consumption while in the service (he first became ill with jaundice), being discharged from the Army for disability at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on February 5, 1863! -(See Page 307 of Father's copy of the "History of the 26th Maine Regiment")-

During the Summer of 1864 he made a trip to Kingston, Jamaica, for the benefit of his health as a passenger on the Schooner "Windward" (?) of which his brother, Daniel, 3rd, was First Mate and Henry Partridge (Amos's son) Captain. He improved very much on this voyage and contemplated a return to Jamaica or further sea-trips upon his return home but rapidly

declining health discouraged him and he failed to make the final effort which might possibly have saved his life! -(Captain Henry Partridge later, in 18--, shot himself in his cabin at Gibraltar and was buried there!).

Leander died of consumption at his father's home on January 4, 1866.

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(10) Adelbert-(tenth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born March 22, 1845. Married Melvina Whitten at Stockton November 24, 1870. They had three children:-

(1) Frank Fenno Crockett, born Aug. 20, 1871.
He was named for Dr. Frank Fenno Kelly, "Nellie" Stiles's husband. After leaving the old Crockett Farm, Frank studied Telegraphy and "took" to railroading! He is now a Station Agent (at Milo Junction?) in the employ of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad! He has never married!

(2) Addie Bradbury Crockett, born April 2, 1876.
Married Harry F. Hichborn, May 17, 1904.
He is Captain of the S.S. "Caracas", the Queen of the Fleet of the "Red D" Line to Venezuela! Their home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., but during his monthly trips to Venezuela, -(Porto Rico, Curacao, and La Guayra)- Addie often visits her mother at Brewer!

(3) Jennie Heagan Crockett, born September 25, 1881.
Since leaving the Crockett Farm in 1902, Jennie and her mother have lived at various times at Searsport village and in Brooklyn, N. Y., but now maintain their home at 196 Wilson Street, Brewer, Maine.
Jennie gives me date of her mother's (Aunt"Mel's") birth as August 24, 1846. Mother thinks she was born in Monroe, Me., but is not certain!

Adelbert Crockett served first in the Union Army and later in the United States Navy during the Civil War! He was a member of the same company as Father and his brother Leander Crockett -(Company K., 26th Maine)- and, as well as his brother Leander, went with his regiment to Louisiana when Father was left behind sick with typhoid fever at a hospital in Newport News, Virginia. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Irish Bend

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

declining health discouraged him and he failed to make the final effort which might possibly have saved his life! -(Captain Henry Partridge later, in 18--, shot himself in his cabin at Gibraltar and was buried there!).

Leander died of consumption at his father's home on January 4, 1868.

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He was named for Dr. Frank Benne Kelly, "Nellie" Stiles's husband. After leaving the old Crockett Farm, Frank studied Telegraphy and "took" to railroading! He is now a Station Agent (at Mile Junction?) in the employ of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad! He has never married!
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Married Harry F. Hickborn, May 17, 1904.
He is Captain of the S.S. "Saracens", the Queen of the Fleet of the "Red D" Line to Venezuela!
Their home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., but during his monthly trips to Venezuela, -(Porto Rico, Curacao, and La Guayra)- Addie often visits her mother at Brewer!
(3) Jennie Hagan Crockett, born September 25, 1881.
Since leaving the Crockett Farm in 1902, Jennie and her mother have lived at various times at Bangor, village and in Brooklyn, N. Y., but now maintain their home at 152 Wilson Street, Brewer, Maine.
Jennie gives no date of her mother's (Aunt"Nel'n") birth as August 24, 1846. Father thinks she was born in Monroe, Me., but is not certain!

Adelbert Crockett served first in the Union Army and later in the United States Navy during the Civil War! He was a member of the same company as father and his brother Leander Crockett -(Company K., 26th Maine)- and, as well as his brother Leander, went with his regiment to Louisiana when Father was left behind sick with typhoid fever at a hospital in Newport News, Virginia. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Irish Bend

near Brashear City, Louisiana, but was released on parole and came home in 1863. Therefore when he enlisted in the Navy in September, 1864, he took a chance of execution if he should again be captured. While in the Navy he participated under Porter in both assaults on Fort Fisher---in December, 1864, and January, 1865! While ashore after the place had capitulated, he saw the trenches and burrows in which the Confederates had ensconced themselves---he said they were like rat-holes!

Father's "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" says that he (Uncle "Del") was mustered out of the Navy on September 1, 1865, but Mother informs me that several of the statements made therein regarding him -(Page 307)- are incorrect! For an account of the campaign in Louisiana in which he participa-ted see the description given by Philip Souder Holmes on Pages 352 to 358 of the same book! Holmes used to live in the house which I can remember as standing between Aunt "May's" and Fred Ellis's -(he bought it of Uncle Nelson Staples)- and is the man regarding whom, when most of the women of the neighborhood were waiting in suspense for news of the casualties in some battle which had just taken place, his wife had confidently asserted in explanation of her apparent light-heartedness:- "Phil will take care of his-self!" Mother remembers the squirrel which campaigned with Holmes and which he brought home! Pages 356-7! The "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" was compiled by Comrade Elden B. Maddocks of Hampden, Me., -(still living)- and was printed by Chas. H. Glass & Co., of Bangor, Me., in 1899, but on February 8, 1917, Messrs. Glass & Co. could give me no information as to where I could obtain a copy other than to refer me to Maddocks at Hampden or the family of Joshua W.

near Bradner City, Louisiana, but was released on parole and came home in 1863. Therefore when he enlisted in the Navy in September, 1864, he took a chance of execution if he should again be captured. While in the Navy he participated under Porter in both assaults on Fort Fisher---in December, 1864, and January, 1865! While ashore after the place had capitulated, he saw the trenches and burrows in which the Confederates had encamped themselves---he said they were like rat-holes!

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THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Black of Searsport!

Although all four of Mother's brothers who reached maturity served their country in either the Army or Navy, Uncle "Del" was the only one to whom a pension was granted---and the papers allowing his did not reach Stockton until after his death! Neither Uncle Jim nor Uncle Dan ever applied for a pension! Leander made application during his illness but was supposed to have been thwarted by the efforts of a neighbor -("Uncle"Sam Heagan)- who was credited with having written the Federal authorities that he was not ill and did not deserve a pension!

After the Civil War Uncle "Del" returned to the Crockett Farm where the balance of his life was spent. In addition to carrying on the farm he did considerable building, erecting both his own and -(in 1869)- Father's barn on the old place where Kit, Bert and myself were born. He also served the Town of Stockton as Tax Collector for several years, occupying that position at the time of his death. He died of consumption on the Crockett Farm January 22, 1882!

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(11) Clara P.-(eleventh child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)

She was named for Clarissa Partridge but always wrote her name "Clara"! Born February 16, 1847. Before her marriage she went to Lowell, Mass., with the intention of working in the cotton mills but less than a fortnight's experience in the new venture serving to convince her that she preferred the tribulations of a "school-marm", she returned home and resumed teaching---she taught several terms in the Roberts District and George Settlement even though she was not yet twenty-one when she was married to Joseph York Griffin of Searsport,-------

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Nixon of Bangerport!

Although all four of Mother's brothers who reached maturity served their country in either the Army or Navy, Uncle "Del" was the only one to whom a pension was granted---and the papers allowing him did not reach Stockton until after his death! Neither Uncle Jim nor Uncle Dan ever applied for a pension! Leander made application during his illness but was supposed to have been thwarted by the efforts of a neighbor -("Uncle"Sam Heagan)- who was credited with having written the Federal authorities that he was not ill and did not deserve a pension!

After the Civil War Uncle "Del" returned to the Crockett Farm where the balance of his life was spent. In addition to carrying on the farm he did considerable building, erecting both his own and -(in 1888)- Father's barn on the old place where Nil, Bert and myself were born. He also served the Town of Stockton as Tax-Collector for several years, occupying that position at the time of his death. He died of consumption on the Crockett Farm January 22, 1888!

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THE CROCKETT FAMILY

~~They were married at Stockton~~ on December 25, 1867, by Justice of the Peace Henry Staples of and at Stockton!

Joseph York Griffin was the son of Eben Griffin and was born on "The Turnpike" near its junction with the Searsport-Stockton road in that part of Searsport which was formerly referred to as "The Harbor" but now bears the name of "Park"! His father's house was near the one which used to be owned by Mark Ward but is now occupied by his son-in-law, Perley Andrews! Joseph York Griffin's brother, Warren Griffin, still resides in the immediate vicinity and, together with his daughters, conducts a sort of "Wayside Inn" at which automobilists obtain refreshments during the season---just beyond the church at Park if you're ever going slow enough to see it! Joseph Griffin was a stone-cutter, ship-carpenter and sea-faring man. During the seven years of their married life he and his wife lived on the Phil. Holmes place, at Fox Island and, during the last few years, in the chambers of Aunt Mary Matthews's house---now Ivory George's! It was here that he died on January 14, 1875, from the effect of a tarantula's bite sustained in Cuba some two years before while loading with lumber (?) a vessel of which he was First Mate and as a result of which he had suffered a physical decline and partially lost his reason! As his daughter had been born in Aunt Mary Matthews's house in 1872 and as Mother says his mind had become somewhat affected as a result of the tarantula bite when he was cutting stone at Fox Island, and that his wife and baby were with him there, I assume that they lived in the chambers at Aunt Mary's on two separate occasions.

After her husband's death Aunt Clara, who had already been ill of consumption for two years, went over to Uncle "Del's" in

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

They were married on December 25, 1867, by Justice of the Peace Henry Staples of and at Stockton!

Joseph York Griffith was the son of Eben Griffith and was born on "The Turnpike" near its junction with the Searsport-Stockton road in that part of Searsport which was formerly referred to as "The Harbor" but now bears the name of "Park"! His father's house was near the one which used to be owned by Park Ward but is now occupied by his son-in-law, Perley Andrews! Joseph York Griffith's brother, Warren Griffith, still resides in the immediate vicinity and, together with his daughters, conducts a sort of "Wayside Inn" at which automobilists obtain refreshments during the season---just beyond the church at Park if you're ever going slow enough to see it! Joseph Griffith was a stone-cutter, ship-carpenter and sea-faring man. During the seven years of their married life he and his wife lived on the Phil. Holmes place, at Fox Island and, during the last few years, in the chambers of Aunt Mary Matthews's house---now Ivory George's! It was here that he died on January 14, 1875, from the effect of a tarantula's bite sustained in Cuba some two years before while loading a vessel with lumber (?) of which he was First Mate and as a result of which he had suffered a physical decline and partially lost his reason! As his daughter had been born in Aunt Mary Matthews's house in 1872 and as Mother says his mind had become somewhat affected as a result of the tarantula bite when he was cutting stone at Fox Island, and that his wife and baby were with him there, I assume that they lived in the chambers at Aunt Mary's on two separate occasions.

After her husband's death Aunt Clara, who had already been ill of consumption for two years, went over to Uncle "Del's" in

March and remained there until May when Aunt Ruth came and took her (and her baby) to her home at Warren, Rhode Island, where she cared for her until the time of her death on December 17, 1875. Aunt Ruth then brought her remains back to Stockton--- Father's Diary says she arrived on Dec. 21st. Aunt Clara's funeral was held at Uncle Amos Matthews's on Dec. 22, 1875. She was buried beside her husband in the Marsh Village Cemetery, Prospect!

Joseph York and Clara P. (Crockett) Griffin had one child:-

Jennie Heagan Griffin, born in Aunt Mary Matthews' house in Stockton August 17, 1872. At the time of her mother's death she was already a member of Aunt Ruth Grant's family at Warren, R. I., and she continued as such there and at Lowell, Mass., until the time of her marriage, having been reared by Aunt Ruth as one of her own daughters. She was married at Lowell, Mass., on June 25, 1892, to Henry Herbert Farr of Lowell. They had two children:-

(1) Henry Earle Farr, born at Lowell, Mass., October 8, 1893. He was familiarly known as "Earle" and died at Fred Ellis's in Stockton Springs, while his mother was in Maine on a vacation, July 16, 1895.

(2) Ruth Amanda Farr -(named for her two grandmothers) born at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897. According to a letter to Mother from Mary (Grant) Ward under date of September 13, 1916, "Ruth Farr was living in Lowell up to three years ago"! -(presumably with her father's people!)-

Jennie Heagan (Griffin) Farr died at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897, the day on which her daughter was born! Both she and her son Earle sleep in Aunt Ruth's lot in the Edson Cemetery, Lowell. Henry Herbert Farr died at Lowell on November 10, 1912! When Aunt Ruth died she divided her property in halves, leaving one to Ruth Farr and the other to her two grandchildren, sons of Elbridge B. and Mary J. (Grant) Ward, who, as stated elsewhere, have recently bought the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

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(12) Amanda H. Crockett-(twelfth child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett and My Mother)-

Born May 6, 1849, on the old Crockett Farm in what is now Stockton Springs, Maine, --- as all her brothers and sisters had

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Aaron and remained there until May when Aunt Ruth came and took her (and her baby) to her home at Warren, Rhode Island, where she cared for her until the time of her death on December 17, 1875. Aunt Ruth then brought her remains back to Stockton--- Father's Mary says she arrived on Dec. 21st. Aunt Clara's funeral was held at Uncle Anna Matthews's on Dec. 22, 1875. She was buried beside her husband in the Marsh Village Cemetery, Prospect!

Joseph York and Clara P. (Crockett) Griffin had one child:-

Jennie Hagan Griffin, born in Aunt Mary Matthews' house in Stockton August 17, 1872. At the time of her mother's death she was already a member of Aunt Ruth Grant's family at Warren, R. I., and she continued as such there and at Lowell, Mass., until the time of her marriage, having been reared by Aunt Ruth as one of her own daughters. She was married at Lowell, Mass., on June 25, 1892, to Henry Herbert Parr of Lowell. They had two children:-

(1) Henry Merle Parr, born at Lowell, Mass., October 8, 1893. He was familiarly known as "Merle" and died at Wee Willie's in Stockton Springs, while his mother was in Maine on a vacation, July 16, 1922.

(2) Ruth Arminda Parr -(named for her two grandmothers) born at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897. According to a letter to Mother from Mary (Grant) Ward under date of September 13, 1916, "Ruth Parr was living in Lowell up to three years ago"! -(presumably with her father's people!)-

Jennie Hagan (Griffin) Parr died at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897, the day on which her daughter was born! Both she and her son Merle sleep in Aunt Ruth's lot in the Edson Cemetery, Lowell. Henry Herbert Parr died at Lowell on November 16, 1912! When Aunt Ruth died she divided her property in Maine, leaving one to Ruth Parr and the other to her two grandchildren, sons of Elbridge E. and Mary J. (Grant) Ward, who, as stated elsewhere, have recently bought the Alice Kane place in Searsville!

---

(12) Arminda H. Crockett-(twelfth child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett and My Mother)-

Born May 6, 1849, on what the old Crockett Farm in what is now Stockton Springs, Maine, --- as all her brothers and sisters had

been before her! Until it was torn down in 1862 she attended school at the "Old Center Schoolhouse" which stood in the northeast corner of the junction of the road passing the Crockett farm and the one running down past Amos Partridge's -(now Chas. Hatch's)! Later she attended the schools in the Roberts and Turner Districts! She was one of "The Four Center Girls"---who enjoyed a reputation for deviltry second to none of their day and generation! They were Mother, her sister Clara, Luella Whitehouse, and Ella Peaslee! Luella Whitehouse lived on what in my day has been known as the Amos Lane place. She is now Mrs. Allard Staples of Castine---her husband was a son of the Matthew ("Pat") Staples who used to live on what in my boyhood was the Kelly Nickerson place in the George Settlement, the dances run by whom were attended by the young people for miles around in the "sixties"! Ella Peaslee lived on what is now the Haley place. She is the widow of John Norris, formerly of Searsport but later a business man of Milford, Mass. She comes to the old Norris Homestead on Norris Street at Searsport Village each Summer and always calls on Mother! She has a son named Sanford whom I remember as having volunteered to show me -(already the proud "master-builder" of a boat then navigating Kane's Pond)- how to "play shop" with my chest of tools---the apple of my eye! At that early day Sanford and I could not have been friends! He and his mother reside at Milford, Mass.

When Mother was a young girl there was another Amanda Crockett in North Stockton, the daughter of Paul Crockett who lived between Fred Ellis's and the Alfred Berry place, the last of which was known to my boyhood as the residence of Matthew ("Pat") Partridge, his wife Lizzie, and their numerous brood of

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

been before her! Until it was torn down in 1882 she attended school at the "Old Center Schoolhouse" which stood in the northwest corner of the junction of the road passing the Crockett farm and the one running down past Amos Partridge's -(now Chas. Eaton's)! Later she attended the schools in the Roberts and Turner Districts! She was one of "The Four Center Girls"---who enjoyed a reputation for devilry second to,none of their day and generation! They were Mother, her sister Clara, Luella Whitehouse, and Lilla Penslee! Luella Whitehouse lived on what in my day has been known as the Amos Lane place. She is now Mrs. Allard Staples of Cestine---her husband was a son of the Matthew ("Pat") Staples who used to live on what in my boyhood was the Wally Nickerson place in the George Settlement, the dances run by whom were attended by the young people for miles around in the "sixties"! Lilla Penslee lived on what is now the Haley place. She is the widow of John Morris, formerly of Searsport but later a business man of Milford, Mass. She comes to the old Morris Homestead on Morris Street at Searsport Village each Summer and always calls on Mother! She has a son named Sanford whom I remember as having volunteered to show me -(already the proud "master-builder" of a boat then navigating Nano's Pond)- how to "play shop" with my chest of tools---the apple of my eye! At that early day Sanford and I could not have been friends! He and his mother reside at Milford, Mass.

When Mother was a young girl there was another Amanda Crockett in North Stockton, the daughter of Paul Crockett who lived between Fred Billie's and the Alfred Berry place, the last of which was known to my boyhood as the residence of Matthew ("Pat") Partridge, his wife Diana, and their numerous brood of

young "Partridges"!---Mrs. Partridge was a daughter of Alfred Berry! So far as either he or Grandfather knew, there was no relationship between this Paul Crockett and Mother's family. His buildings were burned while Mother was yet a girl and he moved to Stockton village, near which I remember his being shot while gathering evergreens by a hunter who had mistaken him for "game" in the early "eighties"! In a letter to me dated November 21, 1916, H. M. ("Mad") Bennett of 25 Miller St., Belfast, Me., says:- "Paul, Thomas, and Simeon Crockett were first cousins to Mother!" Therefore as "Mad" Bennett's mother was Phebe Crockett, a daughter of the Ephraim Crockett who was the first settler on the place next beyond John Nichols's and for whom "Mount Ephraim" was named, Ephraim Crockett and the father of Paul Crockett must have been brothers! "Mad" Bennett does not know where either his Grandfather Ephraim Crockett or his Grandmother Elsa (Fowler) Crockett were born but says:- "I have some recollection of Mother telling me she had relatives at Deer Isle"! It has occurred to me that possibly Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim may have been the "Ephraim" shown by Hosmer's History of Deer Isle -(on sale by Mrs. Susie E. Cousins, Stonington, Maine)- as having been one of the sons of Josiah Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Falmouth, Me., in 1768 and who was still living at Deer Isle when the First Census was taken in 1790---at which time he had one son <u>over</u> sixteen years of age and two who were <u>under</u> sixteen! Ephraim Crockett ("Mad" Bennett's grandfather) was born May 31, 1779, and Elsa (Fowler) Crockett was born June 11, 1788. They died Oct. 15, 1851, and Dec. 20, 1867, respectively, (Married in April, 1810) and are both buried at North Searsport. The above is pure speculation

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

young "Partridge"!---Mrs. Partridge was a daughter of Alfred Berry! So far as either he or Grandfather knew, there was no relationship between this Paul Crockett and Father's family. His buildings were burned while Father was yet a girl and he moved to Stockton village, near which I remember his being shot while gathering evergreens by a hunter who had mistaken him for "game" in the early "eighties"! In a letter to me dated November 21, 1916, M. M. ("Mad") Bennett of 25 Miller St., Belfast, Me., says:- "Paul, Thomas, and Simeon Crockett were first cousins to Father!" Therefore as "Mad" Bennett's mother was Phebe Crockett, a daughter of the Ephraim Crockett who was the first settler on the place next beyond John Nicholas's and for whom "Mount Ephraim" was named, Ephraim Crockett and the father of Paul Crockett must have been brothers! "Mad" Bennett does not know where either his Grandfather Ephraim Crockett or his Grandmother Mina (Fowler) Crockett were born but says:- "I have some recollection of Father telling me she had relatives at Deer Isle"! It has occurred to me that possibly Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim may have been the "Ephraim" shown by Roamer's History of Deer Isle - (on sale by Mrs. Susie E. Conning, Stonington, Maine)- as having been one of the sons of Josiah Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Falmouth, Me., in 1768 and who was still living at Deer Isle when the First Census was taken in 1790---at which time he had one son <u>over</u> sixteen years of age and two who were <u>under</u> sixteen! Ephraim Crockett ("Mad" Bennett's grandfather) was born May 31, 1779, and Mina (Fowler) Crockett was born June 11, 1788. They died Oct. 15, 1851, and Dec. 20, 1847, respectively. (Married in April, 1810) and are both buried at North Sedgwick. The above is pure speculation

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on my part, so far as this particular Ephraim having been the son of Josiah of Deer Isle is concerned, but if the guess is a good one, ~~Paul~~ the father of "Paul, Thomas and Simeon Crockett" must have been one of the other two sons of Josiah Crockett as shown by the First Census---Hosmer's History of Deer Isle credits him with having had but three children -(Nathan, Ephraim, and Sarah)- but the First Census shows that he had three sons and one daughter! At any rate, as Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham, Me., in July, 1775, it is an established fact that he was not related to either Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle later than the time of his father, who may have been a brother of those two gentlemen, and, as stated, if there was any relationship between the families of Daniel and Paul Crockett of Stockton neither of them was aware of the fact! Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda later married a Ford, a relative of Oliver Whitcomb's wife of North Searsport, and now lives in one of the "back towns" of this (Waldo) county! (Her present address is Mrs. Henry Ford,)
(Waverly House, Charlestown, Mass. 4/7/17)

The foregoing is preliminary to observing that when Father was a very young man he was looked upon with considerable favor by Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda but that he did not feel any great admiration for her is attested by the fact that I heard him remark during the Fall just passed:- "If anyone had told me then that I would marry (an) Amanda Crockett, I wouldn't have believed it!" He wasn't reckoning on another girl of the same name/! As a girl of thirteen, Mother had gone to Bangor to see her brothers and their comrades of the Twenty-Sixth Maine a few days before the regiment departed for Virginia and the front. Later, in the Fall of 1865, she went to school to Fath-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on my part, so far as this particular Wyatism having been the son of Josiah of Deer Isle is concerned, but if the guess is a good one, Paul the father of "Paul, Thomas and Simeon Crockett" must have been one of the other two sons of Josiah Crockett as shown by the First Census--Turner's History of Deer Isle credits him with having had but three children -(Nathan, Wyatism, and Sarah)- but the First Census shows that he had three sons and one daughter! At any rate, as Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham, Me., in July, 1775, it is an established fact that he was not related to either Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle later than the time of his father, who may have been a brother of these two gentlemen, and, as stated, if there was any relationship between the families of Daniel and Paul Crockett of Stockton neither of them was aware of the fact! Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda later married a Ford, a relative of Oliver Whitcomb's wife of North Searsport, and now lives in one of the "back towns" of this (Waldo) county! (Her present address is Mrs. Henry Ford,)
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The foregoing is preliminary to observing that when Father was a very young man he was looked upon with considerable favor by Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda but that he did not feel any great admiration for her is attested by the fact that I heard him remark during the Fall just passed:- "If anyone had told me then that I would marry (an) Amanda Crockett, I wouldn't have believed it!" He wasn't reckoning on another girl of the same name! As a girl of thirteen, Mother had gone to Bangor to see her brothers and their comrades of the Twenty-Sixth Maine a few days before the regiment departed for Virginia and the front. Later, in the Fall of 1865, she went to school to Seth-

er at the Roberts Schoolhouse---Father taught his first school in the winter of 1863-4 in the George Settlement and taught about thirty terms in all, usually having two schools each winter!

Father had been born on the old Kneeland Farm, in the house now owned by Levi George, on March 19, 1843, on lands bought by his father from the Sears and Prescott of Boston owners of the Waldo Patent, the deeds to which are still in Mother's possession! When Father's father (Henry Hichborn Kneeland), in conjunction with his brother Edward, bought the original land which became a part of the Kneeland Farm the nearest public highway was the Mount Ephraim road ---from it they had to go in to their lands along a "blazed" way under Mount Ephraim or Bog Hill---from the "Bog" in Merrithew's pasture! According to Father's recollection, the Blacks (William and Josiah) had already settled where George W. Partridge lives now when his father went into what was then the primeval wilderness, built a log house, ~~in which were raised his children and lived~~ and proceeded to clear a farm, but Herbert Black told me over the telephone a few days since that his father, his Uncle Josiah, and their half-sister, Charlotte Black who married Grandfather Kneeland's brother Edward, were all born on what is now the Ed. Clements place, north of Bog Hill and the Phineas Warren farm, which had been cleared and was owned by his (Herbert's) grandfather! At any rate, Father's father and the Blacks later built what is still known as "The Black Road" to Searsport village!

Father had been born in the old Town of Prospect but the Town of Searsport having been set off from portions of Prospect and Belfast and incorporated February 13, 1845, he automatically removed to that town and ever after resided within its borders!

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

or at the Roberts Schoolhouse---Father taught his first school in the winter of 1883-4 in the George Settlement and taught about thirty terms in all, usually having two schools each winter!

Father had been born on the old Kneeland Farm, in the house now owned by Levi George, on March 19, 1862, on lands bought by his father from the Geers and Prescott of Boston owners of the Waldo Patent, the deeds to which are still in Mother's possession! When Father's father (Henry Hobbson Kneeland), in conjunction with his brother Edward, bought the original land which became a part of the Kneeland Farm the nearest public highway was the Mount Pleasant road ---from it they had to go in to their lands along a "blazed" way under Mount Pleasant or Bog Hill--- from the "Bog" in Herrithew's pasture! According to Father's recollection, the Blacks (William and Josiah) had already settled where George W. Partridge lives now when his father went into what was then the primeval wilderness, built a log house, ~~[illegible]~~ and proceeded to clear a farm, but Herbert Black told me over the telephone a few days since that his father, his Uncle Josiah, and their half-sister, Charlotte Black who married Grandfather Kneeland's brother Edward, were all born on what is now the Ed. Clements place, north of Bog Hill and the Phineas Warren farm, which had been cleared and was owned by his (Herbert's) grandfather! At any rate, Father's father and the Blacks later built what is still known as "The Black Road" to Searsport village!

Father had been born in the old Town of Prospect but the Town of Searsport having been set off from portions of Prospect and Belfast and incorporated February 13, 1845, he automatically removed to that town and ever after resided within its borders!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He was the seventh of the recorded ten children of Henry Hichborn and Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland,---(I believe there had been two others who died at birth--I have heard it said that there were twelve in all)--- several of whom had been born in the log house which sat in the field up toward the Black road from the present dwelling, but before this first son arrived the present house had been erected for his reception!

Although it is set forth in detail in that volume, I am going to remark here that Father could, with the aid of the Kneeland Genealogy published some twenty years ago, trace his family without a break back through a line of American, Colonial, and Scottish ancestors to the time of the Battle of Bannockburn -(Monday, June 24, 1314)- at which, according to Scotland's first poet, Henry the Minstrel, -("Blind Harry")-, James Kneland, a cousin of Sir William Wallace and a stanch friend and adherent of King Robert the Bruce, was very much in evidence!; that although his male ancestor, Captain John Kneeland of Glasgow, did not come to America until the historic "Starving Time" of several years later when he brought a shipload of provisions to Boston, Father was descended (through Mary Alden--See Page 383) in the female line from one of the Pilgrims who went to make up the company of the goodly ship "Mayflower"---as a result of which at least one of his children has averred in many climes that his people "have been Yankees ever since there were any Yankees"!; that his family was prominent in Boston for a century and a half---Kneeland Street in that city was named for his grandfather's Great Uncle, John Kneeland the Builder, something like two hundred years ago; that the Boston Kneelands were among the first printing firms in the country and that reverses overtaking them in the year preceding the Declaration

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He was the seventh of the recorded ten children of Henry Wilborn and Harriet Holborn (Kendall) Kneeland,---(I believe there had been two others who died at birth--I have heard it said that there were twelve in all)--- several of whom had been born in the log house which sat in the field up toward the Black road from the present dwelling, but before this first son arrived the present house had been erected for his reception!

Although it is set forth in detail in that volume, I am going to remark here that Father could, with the aid of the Kneeland Genealogy published some twenty years ago, trace his family without a break back through a line of American, Colonial, and Scottish ancestors to the time of the Battle of Bannockburn at which, according to Scotland's first poet, Henry the Minstrel, ("Blind Harry"), James Kneland, a cousin of Sir William Wallace and a staunch friend and adherent of King Robert the Bruce, was very much in evidence; that although his male ancestor, Captain John Kneland of Glasgow, did not come to America until the historic "Starving Time" of several years later when he brought a shipload of provisions to Boston, Father was descended in the female line from one of the Pilgrims who went to make up the company of the goodly ship "Mayflower"---as a result of which at least one of his children has averred in many offices that his people "have been Yankees ever since there were any Yankees"!; that his family was prominent in Boston for a century and a half---Kneeland Street in that city was named for his grandfather's Great Uncle, John Kneeland the Builder, something like two hundred years ago; that the Boston Kneelands were among the first printing firms in the country and that reverses overtaking them in the year preceding the Declaration (Monday, June 24, 1814)- (through Mary Alden--See Page 383)

of Independence in connection with the production of the first bible published in this country, his grandfather, Edward Kneeland, left a penniless orphan when but a few months old, was practically adopted by Hon. Robert Hichborn, a member of the famous "Boston Tea Party" whom his family had served in their days of prosperity, and brought by him to Cape Jellison in the then new and undeveloped region of the Province of Maine in the State of Massachusetts; that, growing to manhood, Edward Kneeland married Mary ("Polly") Staples of Prospect and settled on the farm near the southern end of Cape Jellison which remained his home until the time of his death; that he named one of his sons, Henry Hichborn, in honor of his benefactor; that this son married Harriet Hichborn Rendell, also of Cape Jellison, whose grandfather, John Rendell, had during the American Revolution been taken from his home at Owl's Head near Rockland, Me., by a British press gang and later, upon declining to serve as a pilot in the adjacent waters with which he was known to be thoroughly familiar, thrown overboard off Monhegan, --- and who herself could well remember the occupation by the "Redcoats" of Castine and Cape Jellison in the War of 1812-14, incidents in connection with which she took great pleasure in relating to her grandchildren prior to her death in April, 1896; and that it was this son, Henry Hichborn Kneeland, who cleared the "Old Kneeland Farm" (having bought out his brother Edward after a short time) and was Father's father!

When Father was a boy the conditions of life in what was not yet far removed from being a pioneer community were what at least some of his descendants would consider "Tough" with a Capital T.! There was plenty of work and little play! When

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of Independence in connection with the production of the first bible published in this country, his grandfather, Edward Kneeland, left a penniless orphan when but a few months old, was practically adopted by Hon. Robert Hichborn, a member of the famous "Boston Tea Party" whom his family had served in their days of prosperity, and brought by him to Cape Jellison in the then new and undeveloped region of the Province of Maine in the State of Massachusetts; that, growing to manhood, Edward Kneeland married Mary ("Polly") Staples of Prospect and settled on the farm near the southern end of Cape Jellison which remained his home until the time of his death; that he named one of his sons, Henry Hichborn, in honor of his benefactor; that this son married Harriet Hichborn Bendall, also of Cape Jellison, whose grandfather, John Bendall, had during the American Revolution been taken from his home at Owl's Head near Rockland, Me., by a British press gang and later, upon declining to serve as a pilot in the adjacent waters with which he was known to be thoroughly familiar, thrown overboard off Monhegan, --- and who herself could well remember the occupation by the "Rebocats" of Castine and Cape Jellison in the War of 1812-14, incidents in connection with which she took great pleasure in relating to her grandchildren prior to her death in April, 1899; and that it was this son, Henry Hichborn Kneeland, who cleared the "Old Kneeland Farm" (having bought out his brother Edward after a short time) and was Father's father!

When Father was a boy the conditions of life in what was not yet far removed from being a pioneer community were what at least some of his descendants would consider "Tough" with a Capital T.! There was plenty of work and little play! When

the lower bridge at Belfast has been up for repairs and it has been necessary to drive up through "Robbinstown" and across to City Point, Father (Father) has often pointed out to me the old "Board Landing" near the upper bridge to which he used to haul hemlock bark as a boy, guiding his ox-team thereto over a route which would now be (and was much more so then) very much "across country" by means of wood-roads and open spaces, one of the last of which was the frozen surface of Kane's Pond, at a time when anything like direct public roads did not exist! In those days, a boy was lucky to have a pair of heavy cow-hide boots in winter---and their warmth-preserving qualities were not great. Father said that when he felt his feet freezing he would gather birch-bark from a convenient tree, start a fire, pull off his boots, toast his shins, and then start on again---only to repeat the process as soon as it again became necessary! Father had been driving the roads of Waldo County for sixty-odd years and could tell many interesting stories regarding them!

Like Life in general, the fare of the period referred to was "not all beer and skittles"! "Indian bannock" (fresh-baked corn meal and salt mixed up with scalding water) and coarse bread containing all the wheat, made from corn and wheat of their own raising and ground at the local grist-mills, together with salt herring, mackerel, and other fish, and beeves and hogs of their own killing, supplemented by the fruits and vegetables of their own farms and sundry casks of sugar, molasses, honey, tamarinds, etc., brought home from sea at a time when American seamen penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, composed a nourishing if not particularly epicurean (diet) means of sustenance! Because pastry and other light foods were

THE CHOCONUTS MANIAC

the lower bridge at Belfast has been up for repairs and it has been necessary to drive up through "Robbinstown" and across to City Point. Father (Father) has often pointed out to me the old "board landing" near the upper bridge to which he used to haul hemlock bark as a boy, guiding his ox-team thereto over a route which would now be (and was much more so then) very much "across country" by means of wood-roads and open spaces, one of the last of which was the frozen surface of Kane's Pond, at a time when anything like direct public roads did not exist! In those days, a boy was lucky to have a pair of heavy cow-hide boots in winter--- and their warmth-preserving qualities were not great. Father said that when he felt his feet freezing he would gather birch-bark from a convenient tree, start a fire, pull off his boots, toast his shins, and then start on again--- only to repeat the process as soon as it again became necessary! Father had been driving the roads of Wells County for sixty-odd years and could tell many stories regarding them! interesting

Like life in general, the fare of the period referred to was "not all beer and skittles"! "Indian pudding" (fresh-ly-broken corn meal and salt mixed up with boiling water) and coarse bread containing all the wheat made from xxxxxxxxxx corn and wheat of their own raising and ground at the local grist-mills, together with salt herring, mackerel, and other fish, and beeves and hogs of their own killing, supplemented by the fruits and vegetables of their own farms and sundry cakes of sugar, molasses, honey, tamarack, etc., brought home from sea at a time when American seamen penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, composed a nourishing if not particularly epicurean diet of sauerkraut! Because pastry and other light foods were means (dish)-

not in great supply they seem to have appeared all the more desirable to the youth of the period---I have heard Father say that as a boy he made a vow that if he ever married and had a home of his own he was going to have all the cake, pie and preserves he wanted!

For clothes the ordinary man did not go to a tailor---they were specimens of the genus homo which might have been set down as being "scattering" if not even "skurce"!! Instead, the wool was transferred from the backs of the sheep in his pastures to his own, the carding-mill, and hand-loom spinning-wheel of the old-fashioned New England housewife serving as the means of transformation into the "homespun" then worn by rich and poor alike! I can remember seeing Mother's spinning-wheel in operation since we moved here to "The Pinnacle"! Socks, mittens, etc., were products of the flashing knitting-needles which were never far distant from the housewife's elbow and most heads of families were sufficiently good cobblers to tap their own and the family's shoes---if they were not capable of making them in the beginning! Father told me during the Fall just past that Thomas Cobb, who formerly owned and lived on the Oliver Whitcomb place now occupied by Elden Smart, used to go around to different houses each Fall and makes boots and shoes for the various members of the families---that he remembered him being at his father's on sundry occasions!

Not only were farming and lumbering operations principally conducted with the help of oxen rather than horses but machinery as a method of performing farm work was unknown----It was done by "main strength and stupidness" in which bone and sinew were the principal factors if not the all-impelling force! Father never

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

not in great supply they seem to have appeared all the more desirable to the youth of the period---I have heard Father say that as a boy he made a vow that if he ever married and had a home of his own he was going to have all the cake, pie and pre-serves he wanted!

For clothes the ordinary man did not go to a tailor---they were specimens of the genus homo which might have been set down as being "scattering" if not even "abuse"! Instead, the wool was transferred from the backs of the sheep in his pastures to his own, the carding-mill, and hand-loom spinning-wheel of the old-fash-ioned New England housewife serving as the means of transform-ation into the "homespun" then worn by rich and poor alike! I can remember seeing Mother's spinning-wheel in operation since we moved here to "The Pinnacle"! Socks, mittens, etc., were products of the flashing knitting-needles which were never far distant from the housewife's elbow and most heads of families were sufficiently good cobblers to tap their own and the fam-ily's shoes---if they were not capable of making them in the beginning! Father told me during the Fall just past that Thomas Cobb, who formerly owned and lived on the Oliver Whit-comb place now occupied by Hiden Smart, used to go around to different houses each Fall and make boots and shoes for the various members of the families---that he remembered him being at his fathers's on sundry occasions!

Not only were farming and lumbering operations conducted with the help of oxen rather than horses but machinery as a method of performing farm work was unknown----It was done by "main strength and stupidness" in which horse and steam were the principal factors if not the all-impelling force! Mother never

owned ~~a~~ either a mowing-machine or a horse-rake until after he was married and he was among the first to purchase farm machinery in this vicinity! Mother can remember what she says was absolutely the first mowing-machine used in this section---on the John Heagan farm in Prospect! Prior to the advent of mowing-machines and horse-rakes all hay had to be cut and raked by hand---even I can remember when the horse-fork for unloading it first made its appearance! In transforming the primeval forest into lumber much of the timber was hewn---~~even~~ saw-mills not at first being common or convenient!

Such were the life and times to which Father's and Mother's fathers and mothers had been born---and much of it extended well up into their own lifetimes! While in his "teens", Father had attended not only the school in his own district which was typical of what has been symbolized as "The Little Red Schoolhouse" but the Swanville High School at Swanville Mills and the old "Academy" which was but a few rods from the John Heagan place this side of Prospect Marsh Village! His father died on October 7, 1860, and he and Uncle Milton were left as their inaugural performance as the working heads of the family the digging of several hundred bushels of potatoes still in the ground. This and similar duties they discharged successfully for Grandmother up to the times of their marriages and the establishment of homes of their own, the continuity of the performance being broken, however, by their enlistments in the Union Army and a voyage which Father made to Cuba in 1864. During Father's absence in the Army the farm was conducted by Lemuel Carter, the "hired man!"

Father enlisted for service in the Civil War, in the room now occupied by the Selectmen of Searsport over Smith's store,

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

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Father enlisted for service in the Civil War, in the room now occupied by the Selectmen of Searsport over Smith's store,

on September 10, 1862, going to Bangor to join his regiment the next day. That the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" contains but six lines regarding Father -(~~Rgxx~~ Pages 310-11)- is due to the fact that he prepared the matter himself and in doing so exemplified one of his principal characteristics. As a matter of fact, his illness at Arlington Heights was not to be compared with the siege of slow typhoid fever which he was later called upon to undergo in the military hospital at Newport News, Virginia, where he was left behind when his regiment (with Mothers's brothers and Henry Trevett Crockett) proceeded to Louisiana as set forth on page 206 by the author of the Regimental History, and which was subsequent to the incident in connection with the song "Kitty Wells" as related to me by him in the late Summer of 1916 and set forth on Page 72. The obituary which appeared in "The Bangor News" was prepared by the wife of Dr. Pattee, who obtained her information regarding Father's Army experience from the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" of which her grandfather, James B. Treat of Searsport, was also a member --- See Page 300-1. Mother has just been recalling to my memory the fact that Father used to say that, when illness had made it absolutely impossible for him to partake of the ordinary military fare which found its way to the soldiers in the field at that time, Amos Partridge's son Elva -(Page 307 of the Regimental History)- undoubtedly saved his life by obtaining from the sutler's tent with a little money which he chanced to have some delicacies from which he prepared some toast which he <u>could</u> eat! Money was a scarce article among the "Boys in Blue" in the field! Just before Elva Partridge came to the rescue with his own funds, Father had tried to borrow <u>ten cents</u> from

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

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Marion Staples, explaining that he would repay him as soon as he received the next instalment of his pay as a soldier! The loan had been refused with the remark:- "Hell! You'll be dead long before that!" And it was still refused when Father offered to give him a letter to his mother asking her to pay it if he did die --- from which it would appear that the "Comradeship" of some of the "Boys in Blue" did not amount to much!

Father used to tell another incident of his hospital experience in which a soldier (!!!!) who was afflicted with fits and so crippled with rheumatism that he had to use crutches, upon being discharged from the service for disability and taken to the transport which was to bring him North by Father and the physician who had cared for him, and finding himself on what he considered to be the safe refuge afforded by the deck of a homeward bound transport, threw his crutches overboard as the ship swung out into the stream and with a cheery "Good-bye, Doctor!" proceeded to give himself the pleasure of a stroll up and down the deck!

It is not pleasant to record that Elva Partridge afterward died -(August 29, 1863)- at Fort Pickens, Florida, whither he had been sent as a prisoner with Hiram Berry (Alfred's son) and Newton Staples of Stockton, each dragging a ball and chain, all three having been convicted of desertion---for which the usual penalty was Death! By their friends it was claimed that both Partridge and Berry were mere boys and that they were influenced to stow themselves away on the vessel which they expected to bring them North by Staples, who was older! However that may be, both Partridge and Berry died at Fort Pickens of what their friends described as "broken hearts"! Staples was the only one

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

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of the three to get home/! He afterward married a Miss Eaton of Stockton village and was living there the last time Mother heard of him!

Father was"invalided"home, as the expression was at that time, in June, 1863---His recollection was that he reached Searsport on June 15th---and went to Bangor two months later to be mustered out with his regiment. His Discharge from the Army is among Mother's papers and is dated August 17, 1863! As in all his later life, in his youth Father was known to his intimates as "Henry"! This led to his name being entered on the rolls of the Recruiting Office as Henry J. Kneeland and it is in that form that his name appears in his Discharge --- a fact which made necessary the unwinding of many yards of Red Tape when, many years later, he made application to the Federal Government for a pension!

Father celebrated his twenty-first birth-day by shipping with Captain Henry Albert Hichborn of Stockton for a voyage to Cienfuegos, Cuba, in the Barque "Evelyn", the ports of departure and return having been Portland and Boston respectively! It was in laughingly relating to Mother, Bertha, and myself many amusing incidents of this, his first and only experience as a sailor, as well as describing his $1100.00 investment in the Barque"L. W. Rich", that Father spent the evening of Sunday, January 21, 1917, preceding his death at about nine p.m., -(standard time)- on the 22nd, becoming so interested that he sat up until what had come to be the,to him,unusual hour of ten o'clock! He recalled how, the first time he was ordered into the rigging to help shorten sail in a storm, he hadn't gotten up to the cross-trees before he met the rest of the men,

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---who had already been aloft and taken in the sail---coming down; how he improved a little each day for a short time until, getting tired of being "guyed" by his fellows, he made up his mind he would either hold up his end or break his neck---and that no man ever beat him into the rigging afterward; how, in his efforts to reef a bellying sail during a howling storm, he incautiously climbed from the foot-rope on to the yard and how, when a lurch of the ship sent him flying headlong from his perch, his companion -("Wood" Tyler's husky and two-hundred-pound younger brother Andrew, who was born and reared on the "Jim" Brown place in the George Settlement where Albert Larrabee now lives)- having no fancy for being left to finish the work alone, shot forth a muscular arm and retrieved him from mid-air, firmly and energetically grasping that portion of his trousers which at one and the same time presented the greatest expanse and afforded the most "slack" for the purpose; how, being unable to sleep "below" in the stuffy confines of the "fo'cas'le", he could hardly keep from doing so when on deck in the open air ---with the result that he often used to go to sleep while doing his "trick at the wheel" and the consequent jerk of the old-fashioned steering-gear with which the "Evelyn" was equipped when he allowed the vessel to ease off her course had frequently thrown him clean over it; how, when Captain Hichborn asked if he were going with him on the next trip and he said he was not, the Captain urged him to change his mind and offered him the highest wages then paid to Able Seamen; and how, knowing when he had enough, when the voyage ended at Boston he hastened to board a steamer of the (then) Sanford Steamship Line for Searsport, Home, and Mother!

THE ONOGNIT FAMILY

---who had already been alert and taken in the sail---coming down; now he improved a little each day for a short time until, getting tired of being "guyed" by his fellows, he made up his mind he would either hold up his end or break his neck---and that no man ever beat him into the rigging afterward; now, in his efforts to reef a billying sail during a howling storm, he inadvertently climbed from the foot-rope on to the yard and now, when a lurch of the ship sent him flying heading from his perch, his companion -("Good" Tyler's husky and two-hundred-pound younger brother Andrew, who was born and reared on the "Jim" brown place in the George Settlement where Albert Larrabee now lives)- having no fancy for being left to finish the work alone, shot forth a muscular arm and retrieved him from mid-air, firmly and energetically grasping that portion of his trousers which at one and the same time presented the greatest expanse and afforded the most "slack" for the purpose; now, being unable to sleep "below" in the stuffy confines of the "fo'cas'le", he could hardly keep from doing so when on deck in the open air ---with the result that he often used to go to sleep while doing his "trick at the wheel" and the consequent jerk of the old-fashioned steering-gear with which the "Evelyn" was equipped when he allowed the vessel to ease off her course had frequently thrown him clean over it; now, when Captain Hickborn asked if he were going with him on the next trip and he said he was not, the Captain urged him to change his mind and offered him the highest wages then paid to Able Seamen; and now, knowing when he had enough, when the voyage ended at Boston he hastened to board a steamer of the (then) Sanford Steamship Line for Searsport, Home, and Mother!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

On the evening referred to Father again told us of how, on his way home from calling on Mother at her father's house in October of the Fall of 1866 and walking along in deep thought on a bright moonlight night, he suddenly looked up to see a barque under full sail drive head-on against the huge granite boulder in Grandfather Crockett's pasture nearly opposite where "Jim" Jacobs's widow and sons now live! It afterward transpired that while he was watching aphantom barque drive on to a rock and disappear in Grandfather Crockett's pasture, the Barque "L. W. Rich" in which he had invested $1100.00 -($1000 in cash and the balance of which he still owed)- and of which Captain Simon Littlefield of Stockton was master, was enacting a similar performance in real life in the Bahamas, the object of her "butting" proclivities having been the island of that group known as "The Abaco"! And "The Abaco" that rock remained to Father ever afterward---Father, Mother, Bertha and myself took a picture of Father standing in front of it on our Great Photographic Expedition in the Summer of 1909, as shown in the album containing the results of said expedition! This rock used to be in plain sight from the road but bushes have since grown up between! Father told us that prior to that time he had always thought he would never marry until he had a home but that when, with the sinking of the "L. W. Rich",he lost everything he had and a hundred dollars besides,he concluded he better get someone to help him to get a home! Wherefore:-

Amanda H. Crockett of Stockton was married to James Henry Kneeland of Searsport, Me., -(See Nos. 522-546 of the Kneeland Genealogy)- by Justice of the Peace Henry S. Staples of Stockton on March 23, 1867 --- And although he used to "boss her 'round"

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

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as one of his pupils in the old Roberts Schoolhouse he was never able to do it after their wedding day!

From the time of their marriage until September of the same year Mother continued to live at her fa-ther's on the old Crockett farm while Father still carried on the old Kneeland farm in conjunction with the rest of his mother's family---as he had done since his father's death in 1860 except during his absences in the Civil War and on the voyage to Cuba as above noted.

In September, 1867, Father and Mother -(James Henry and Amanda H.(Crockett) Kneeland)- began housekeeping in the ell portion -(towards Clifford's---now Larrabee's)- of the old Kneeland farm-house in which Father was born and which had been erected by his father when his purse had outgrown the limitations of a Log House! During the following Winter Father taught school at Lowder Brook, Stockton, boarding through the week at his Uncle William Kneeland's on Cape Jellison, while Mother remained at home and attended to the feeding and housing of three hired men,"Steve" Patterson of Monroe, Ruel Burdeen of Prospect, and Father's brother Frank, who were cutting and hauling wood and timber for which Father had paid Grandmother Kneeland $200.00 while it was still standing on the "Swamp Lot"! That Mother's end of the job was no sinecure may be assumed from the fact that Ruel Burdeen, who persisted in calling her "Huldah", referred to his full dinner-pail as only a "light lunch", --- while there are yet living many men who still take delight in relating stories the burden of which is to the effect that when, as young men already fully grown, they went to school to "Henry" Kneeland with the idea that they were going to run the place, they soon found themselves to be very much mistaken!

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THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Mother has in ~~i~~ active use today (3/11/17) the same bread pan that she used in preparing their first meal when she and Father began house-keeping on September 5, 1867. I have heard her say that when she and Father were married they had only a hundred dollars with which to face a more or less hard, cold world and the exigencies of the future!

In March, 1868, Father and Mother stored their furniture in the then unoccupied house which had been built for and given to Aunt Mary Kendall by Grandfather Kneeland, and which they bought of her the next Fall, and went to Brewer, Maine, where Father expected to go into the grocery business with Uncle "Bill" Gray! They had not understood how ill Aunt Sarah was but on their arrival in Brewer found her on her death-bed, a condition which upset all idea of the grocery business! Mother stayed in Brewer caring for Aunt Sarah until May 8th, Father meantime working on the night shift of a saw-mill at Milford, Maine, until about the middle of April when, being unable to sleep during the daytime, he returned to his mother's home -(the old Kneeland farm)- in Searsport. Here Mother joined him on May 8th and on the next day, May 9, 1868, they moved up to Aunt Mary's house on the Black Road and began housekeeping on their own account---a regime in which there was no break for nearly forty-nine years! Mother says their dinner that noon consisted of "Johnnycake" and milk but that by night she had managed to inaugurate her forty-nine-year campaign of clean dishes to the extent that they enjoyed a supper of respectable proportions!

Next Fall they bought of Aunt Mary Kendall the house in which they were living and from Grandmother and the other heirs of Grandfather Kneeland, some of whom were still under age, the

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Mother has in her active use today (3\11\17) the same bread pan that she used in preparing their first meal when she and Father began house-keeping on September 8, 1867. I have heard her say that when she and Father were married they had only a hundred dollars with which to face a more or less hard, cold world and the exigencies of the future!

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hundred-acre "Swamp-Lot" and thirty or forty other acres off from the southern end of what was generally separately referred to as the Kneeland farm---although Grandfather Kneeland had bought both it and the "Swamp-Lot" from the original proprietors, but at different times! From the old deeds and Mother's recollection it would appear that they paid Aunt Mary $475.00 for the house and $2350.00 -($600 and $1750)- for the land---Father remembered that at one time he had outstanding in connection with the purchase notes aggregating $2300.00. While looking through the old deeds on July 29, 1916, Hal and I came across one from David Sears and William Prescott -(Was he the father of the historian?)- of Boston to Grandfather---Henry H. Kneeland---dated 1839. It calls for 85 acres but there must be other deeds as Grandfather not only owned approximately 200 *** acres but he had moved up there from Cape Jellison more than ten years before (before) 1839---Aunt Mary Kendall-Perkins, his eldest child, was born in the Log House on the old Kneeland farm May 4, 1830!

In the Winter of 1868-9 Father got out the timber for and during the following Spring Uncle "Del" Crockett built a sixty-foot barn on what was now Father's and Mother's farm and here I, Bert, and Kit were born on July 27, 1870, May 26, 1873, and April 26, 1875, respectively. I was first called Henry Elmer for Father and Uncle Frank -(who always claimed "Elmer" for his middle name although Grandmother Kneeland had named him Frank Elden) but when, after going up-town in Bangor with the present Captain Wilson West of Searsport who, like himself, was then a sailor "before-the-mast" on the Brig "Charles Wesley" of which Captain Dennis Griffin of Searsport was Master, Uncle Frank walked off

***Grandmother Kneeland told me it was 300 acres when I was helping to prepare the Kneeland Genealogy---and she knew!

hundred-acre "Swamp-lot" and thirty or forty other acres off from the southern end of what was generally separately referred to as the Kneeland farm---although Grandfather Kneeland had bought both it and the "Swamp-lot" from the original proprietors, but at different times! From the old deeds and Father's recollection it would appear that they paid Aunt Mary $475.00 for the house and $2350.00 -($600 and $1750)- for the land---Father remembered that at one time he had outstanding in connection with the purchase notes aggregating $2300.00. While looking through the old deeds on July 29, 1916, Hal and I came across one from David Sears and William Prescott -(Was he the father of the historian?)- of Boston to Grandfather---Henry H. Kneeland---dated 1839. It calls for 85 acres but there must be other deeds as Grandfather not only owned approximately 200 *** acres but he had moved up there from Cape Ticiton more than ten years before (before) 1839---Aunt Mary Kendall-Perkins, his eldest child, was born in the Log House on the old Kneeland farm May 4, 1830!

In the Winter of 1868-9 Father got out the timber for and during the following Spring Uncle "Del" Crockett built a sixty-foot barn on what was now Father's and Mother's farm and here I, Bert, and Kit were born on July 27, 1870, May 26, 1873, and April 26, 1875, respectively. I was first called Henry Milner for Father and Uncle Frank -(who always claimed "Milner" for his middle name although Grandmother Kneeland had named Frank Milden) but when, after going up-town in Bangor with the present Captain Wilson West of Searsport who, like himself, was then a sailor "before-the-mast" on the Brig "Charles Wesley" of which Captain Dennis Griffith of Searsport was Master, Uncle Frank walked off

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the wharf in returning to the ship on a pitch-dark night and, coming up under a raft after striking his head and being stunned during the fall, was drowned before his body could be recovered on the evening of May 11, 1871, my name was changed to Frank Elmer at Grandmother Kneeland's request. Bert was named for Herbert Black and Albion Colcord, while Kit was named for Katherine -(Aunt Kathie)- Colcord,(who used to live in the stone house now owned by Clif. Seekins,)and Aunt May Kendall-Perkins.

Although Hal didn't come upon the scene until September 29, 1882, nearly six years after Father and Mother had moved to this, their forty-year home on "The Pinnacle", and although I am getting very much ahead of my story by so doing, I am going to insert here a record of the dates of our births and marriages and the dates of birth of our children. James Henry and Amanda H. (Crockett) Kneeland had four children, viz:-

(1) Frank Elmer Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., July 27, 1870. Married December 24, 1910, to Bertha Louise Junkins of Brooklyn by the Reverend Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, in the parlor of his home at 23 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. For eleven years preceding and six months succeeding her marriage,,she was the teacher of Latin and Greek at the Berkeley Institute, 183 (181-3-5) Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Her parents were George Selby and Josephine (McDuffee) Junkins -(her mother was named Mary Josephine)-, born May 10, 1846 and February 12, 1848, at South Berwick, Maine, and Rochester, New Hampshire, respectively. They were married at Lawrence, Mass., April2, 1870 (4/2/70) and, with the exception of the first year of their married life during which Mr. Junkins was in charge of a woolen factory at North Berwick, Me., lived continuously in that city, of which he was twice Mayor, up to the time of his death on November 12, 1900. Some three years after his death and after her daughters Helen and Marian had graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine and Radcliffe College respectively in 1903 (1903), Mrs. Junkins removed with her daughter Helen to Lowell, Mass, where they resided up to the time of the latter's marriage to Edward J. Beach at her sister Marian's home on the grounds of Leland Stanford, Jr. University at Palo Alto, California, in April, 1909. Having previously sold her home on Tower Hill, Law-

the wharf in returning to the ship on a pitch-dark night and, coming up under a raft after striking his head and being stunned during the fall, was drowned before his body could be recovered on the evening of July 11, 1871, my name was changed to Frank Elmer at Grandmother Kneeland's request. Bert was named for Herbert Bixon and Albion Colcord, while Kit was named for Katherine -(Aunt Kathie)- Colcord,(who used to live in the stone house now owned by Cliff. Seeking,)and Aunt May Kendall-Perkins.

Although Hal didn't come upon the scene until September 29, 1882, nearly six years after Father and Mother had moved to this, their forty-year home on "The Pinnacle", and although I am getting very much ahead of my story by so doing, I am going to insert here a record of the dates of our births and marriages and the dates of birth of our children. James Henry and Amanda H. (Crockett) Kneeland had four children, viz:-

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rence, (110 Bodwell street), Mrs. Junkins thereafter became a considerable traveller, making frequent visits to her daughters in Brooklyn, N.Y., Dubuque, Iowa, and Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, taking occasion to see such natural wonders as The Yellowstone, The Yosemite, and The Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, a tour of Alaska in 1911, and one of Europe extending through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, in 1912. She last visited her eldest daughter at Brooklyn on her return from Europe in September, 1912, at which time she took the pictures of her granddaughter Helen seated in her baby chairs and bath-tub on the roof of the apartment house at 126 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, with the tower of the Christian Science Church across the way in the background, which appear in Helen's baby album. Leaving for Dubuque on this occasion, Mrs. Junkins made the trip up the Hudson on one of the Day Line steamers and opined that, except for the castles, the real Rhine which she had traversed a few weeks previously had nothing on its American prototype! Shortly after her youngest daughter Marian's third child (Carlton Skinner) was born at the hospital in Palo Alto, California, in April, 1913, Mrs. Junkins herself was forced to become a patient in the same hospital where she underwent two operations for the stomach trouble from which she had long been a sufferer! She rallied sufficiently to make the trip to Dubuque, Iowa, in the early Summer of 1913, but suffered a relapse shortly after her arrival and died in the hospital to which she had been removed in Dubuque on August 6, 1913. Both she and her husband sleep in the lot which he had provided in the Extension to Bellevue Cemetery at Lawrence, Mass. Prior to his election to the Mayoralty, Mr. Junkins had been in the Meat and Provision business. After his second term as Mayor had expired he became associated with the Stanley Grain Company of Lawrence as its Treasurer! It is now owned and conducted by George A. Stanley, whose father was the original founder of the business!

Mr. and Mrs. Junkins's eldest child, Bertha Louise, had taken the degree of A. B. at Boston University with the class of 1898 and that of A. M. at Radcliffe in 1899, in September of which year she assumed her duties as one of the Faculty of The Berkeley Institute and became one of the occupants of a table for four in what is now known as "The Victoria" at 42-44 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn ---- which last is only some three miles removed from the north-east corner of the Manhattan tower of the old Brooklyn Bridge!

Frank E. and Bertha (Junkins) Kneeland have two children:-

(1) Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland -(except for birth certificate purposes the "Elizabeth" has been dropped)-, born at the Prospect Heights Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., (Washington Ave. and ST. John's Place)- on December 24, 1911, her

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

rence, (110 Bodwell street), Mrs. Junkins thereafter became a considerable traveller, making frequent visits to her daughters in Brooklyn, N.Y., Dubuque, Iowa, and Island Stanford, Jr., University, California, taking occasion to see such natural wonders as the Yellowstone, The Yosemite, and The Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, a tour of Alaska in 1911, and one of Europe extending through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, in 1912. She last visited her eldest daughter at Brooklyn on her return from Europe in September, 1912, at which time she took the pictures of her granddaughter Helen seated in her baby chaire and bath-tub on the roof of the apartment house at 120 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, with the tower of the Christian Science Church across the way in the background, which appear in Helen's baby album. Leaving for Dubuque on this occasion, Mrs. Junkins made the trip up the Hudson on one of the Day Line steamers and opined that, except for the castles, the real Rhine which she had traversed a few weeks previously had nothing on its American prototype! Shortly after her youngest daughter Marian's third child (Carlton Skinner) was born at the hospital in Palo Alto, California, in April, 1913, Mrs. Junkins herself was forced to become a patient in the same hospital where she undorwent two operations for the stomach trouble from which she had long been a sufferer! She realized sufficiently to make the trip to Dubuque, Iowa, in the early Summer of 1913, but suffered a relapse shortly after her arrival and died in the hospital to which she had been removed in Dubuque on August 6, 1913. Both she and her husband sleep in the lot which he had provided in the Extension to Bellevue Cemetery at Lawrence, Mass. Prior to his election to the Mayoralty, Mr. Junkins had been in the Meat and Provision business. After his second term as Mayor had expired he became associated with the Stanley Grain Company of Lawrence as its Treasurer! It is now owned and conducted by George A. Stanley, whose father was the original founder of the business!

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Frank E. and Bertha (Junkins) Kneeland have two children:-

(1) Helen Elizabeth Grockett Kneeland -(except for birth certificate purposes the "Elizabeth" has been dropped)-, born at the Prospect Heights Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.,(Washington Ave. and St. John's Place)- on December 24, 1911, her

mother having been attended by Dr. J. P. Pendleton, 90 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. As I write this (3/12/17) she is scurrying around "The Hill" in Searsport, dragging a sled made for Hal by her Great-Grandfather Crockett and with "Don" as her companion!

(2) Frances Hichborn Kneeland, born June 20, 1916, at the Methodist Episcopal -("Seney")- Hospital, Seventh Ave. and Seventh street, Brooklyn, N.Y., where her mother was attended by Dr. Harold Bell of President Street, Brooklyn, acting for Dr. Louis M. Dusseldorf, 392 Union St., Brooklyn, the family physician who had recently lost his right hand in an automobile accident.
Before she was two weeks old the Infantile Paralysis Epidemic of 1916, in which there were something like 10,000 cases and 2500 deaths in the City of New York alone, had gained full headway in Brooklyn, its place of origin, whence her father, upon learning from Dr. Bailey Sunday evening that seventeen cases had that day been taken from a few blocks in Union Street, had fled the next day, Monday, July 3rd, to Maine with her sister Helen, leaving her and her mother to be brought home from the hospital the next day by "Grammie" Shaw -(Mrs. Florence C., the wife of the Rev. Edward B. Shaw of Monroe, N. Y.)-, and on which "Flight into Egypt" he was followed by her and her mother just two weeks later---they arrived at Searsport on July 19th and they're there yet! She is now (3/12/17) busily, and noisily, engaged in cutting some teeth, two of which are already in evidence! The "Frances" is as near as she could come to being named for her "Daddy" and the "Hichborn" was the middle name of both her Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother Kneeland, on whom it had been bestowed in respect to that Hon. Robert Hichborn of the "Boston Tea Party" who had brought her Great-Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston when the American Republic was so young that its Constitution had not yet been adopted nor Washington elected President!---and but for whom our particular branch of the Kneeland family probably never would have landed in Maine! Perhaps they wouldn't have landed anywhere!! Quien sabe?
Apropos of names:- Her elder sister was first called "Helen Elizabeth" but when, upon attaining to the age of about four weeks, she frowned upon her "Daddy" so mightily that he remarked that "she looks just like her Great-Grandfather Crockett!", her mother seized upon the incident as a good and sufficient reason for making her middle name "Crockett"! I tried to have the name changed in the Brooklyn office of the Registrar of Births for New York City but was told that this could not be done---that in the event she should ever wish to obtain a birth certificate,

mother having been attended by Dr. E. P. Pendleton, 90 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. As I write this (3\12\17) she is scurrying around "The Hill" in Saranport, dragging a plod made for Hal by her Great-Grandfather Crockett and with "Don" as her companion!

(2) Frances Hobbourn Kneeland, born June 20, 1916, at the Methodist Episcopal -("Sheny")- Hospital, Seventh Ave. and Seventh street, Brooklyn, N.Y., where her mother was attended by Dr. Harold Bell of President Street, Brooklyn, acting for Dr. Louis K. Duesselbert, 392 Union St., Brooklyn, the family physician who had recently lost his right hand in an automobile accident.

Before she was two weeks old the Infantile Paralysis Epidemic of 1916, in which there were something like 10,000 cases and 2500 deaths in the City of New York alone, had gained full headway in Brooklyn, its place of origin, whence her father, upon learning from Dr. Bailey Sunday evening that seventeen cases had that day been taken from a few blocks in Union Street, had fled the next day, Monday, July 3rd, to Maine with her sister Helen, leaving her and her mother to be brought home from the hospital the next day by "Grandma" Shaw -(Mrs. Florence C., the wife of the Rev. Edward E. Shaw of Monroe, N. Y.)-, and on which "Flight into Egypt" he was followed by her and her mother just two weeks later--- they arrived at Saranport on July 19th and they're there yet! She is now (3\12\17) healthy, and noisily, engaged in cutting some teeth, two of which are already in evidence! The "Frances" is as near as she could come to being named for her "Daddy" and the "Hobbourn" was the middle name of both her Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother Kneeland, on whom it had been bestowed in respect to that Hon. Robert Hobbourn of the "Boston Tea Party" who had brought her Great-Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Ann from Boston when the American Republic was so young that its Constitution had not yet been adopted nor Washington elected President!---and but for whom our particular branch of the Kneeland family probably never would have landed in Salem! Perhaps they wouldn't have landed anywhere! Quien sabe?

Apropos of names:- Her elder sister was first called "Helen Elizabeth" but when, upon attaining to the age of about four weeks, she frowned upon her "Daddy" so mightily that he remarked that "she looks just like her Great-Grandfather Crockett!", her mother seized upon the incident as a good and sufficient reason for making her middle name "Crockett"! I tried to have the name changed in the Brooklyn office of the Registrar of Births for New York City but was told that this could not be done---that in the event she should ever wish to obtain a birth certificate,

she should ask to have it issued in the name of Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland. This circumstance is set down here -(I forgot to write it under her own name)- for her information in the event that she should need it when her father and mother have "gone away from here"! I may also remark that the "Helen" is for her Aunt Helen MacMuffee (Junkins) Beach, who "improved" on her mother's spelling of her maiden name by adding an "a" to it!

(2) Herbert Albion Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., May 26, 1873. Married May 30, 1898, to Annie Perry of Chelsea, Mass. They have one daughter:-
(1) Viola Beatrice Kneeland, born April 13, 1899, at Boston, Mass. She graduated from the Girls Latin School at Boston in 1916 and is now a student at Wellesley College where she plays "short" on the Freshman base-ball team (!!!) besides which, if the Boston papers of last Fall are to be believed, she is what "Jawn" McGraw would call "some pitcher"!
(I am unable to give details regarding my brothers' families as in the case of my own but if they will prepare them I will write them off so that they may be "tipped in" here later.F.E.K.).

(3) Katherine May Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., April 26, 1875. She graduated from the Western State Normal School at Gorham, Maine, in 1893. Then, after teaching for ten years in her native town---which time was about equally divided between the schools in the Porter and Union Districts---took up her labors in the Shurtleff School at Chelsea, Mass., where, not content with showing "How to Hammer the Stuffin' Out of Kids" in the daytime, she disports herself by making grown men "stand around" in Evening School as well!

(4) Henry Wilton Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., September 29, 1882. Married November 12, 1905, to Jane Amanda Curtis of Searsport, Me. They have one child:-
(1) Phyllis Amanda Kneeland, born September 10, 1907, at Searsport, Me., who is yet so young that there is little I can chronicle regarding her except that she is an "up-and-coming" student in the schools of the Dorchester District of Boston and has otherwise demonstrated her precocity by having already undergone an operation for appendicitis---in which her mother followed her example during the Fall just past! (Note that her father was named for his father and his Uncle Wilton T. Randell)

Again taking up the thread of my tale where I dropped it on Page 205:- In the Spring of 1869 Father had also set out

she should ask to have it issued in the name of "Helen Elizabeth Crockett Moseland. This circumstance is set down here -(I forgot to write it under her own name)- for her information in the event that she should need it when her father and mother have "gone away from here"! I may also remark that the "Helen" is for her Aunt Helen Beaufort (Dunning) Wason, who "improved" on her mother's spelling of her maiden name by adding an "a" to it!

(2) Herbert Albion Moseland, born at Searsport, Me., May 26, 1872. Married May 27, 1898, to Annie Perry of Chelsea, Mass. They have one daughter:-
(1) Viola Beatrice Moseland, born April 13, 1899, at Boston, Mass. She graduated from the Girls Latin School at Boston in 1918 and is now a student at Wellesley College where she plays "short" on the freshman base-ball team (!!!) besides which, if the Boston papers of last Fall are to be believed, she is what "Mawm" Crew would call "some pitcher"!
I am unable to give details regarding my brothers' families as in the case of my own but if they will prepare them I will write them off so that they may be "tipped in" here later. (H.M.).

(3) Katherine May Moseland, born at Searsport, Me., April 26, 1875. She graduated from the Western State Normal School at Gorham, Maine, in 1893. Then, after teaching for ten years in her native town---which time was about equally divided between the schools in the Porter and Union Districts--- took up her labors in the Sheffield School at Chelsea, Mass., where, not content with showing "how to hammer the Ruffin' out of Kids" in the daytime, she disports herself by making grown men "stand around" in Evening School as well!

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Again taking up the thread of my tale where I dropped it on Page 205:- In the Spring of 1869 Father had also set out

the orchard across the road from where his buildings stood and which now belongs to Herbert Black---"One sows and another reaps"! For seven years after moving to this, their first farm, Father devoted himself to farming Summers and teaching Winters with the exception of the Winter of 1868-9 when he remained at home for the purpose of getting out the lumber from which the barn was built the following Spring. On August 17, 1869, Father went to Castine for the purpose of attending the Eastern State Normal School in company with John Nichols, leaving Mother at home to run the place! She stayed down at Grandmother Kneeland's much of the time nights but "breachy" cows and oxen were too much for her and Father finally brought his belongings home from Castine on September 2nd following! Mother's Diary shows that he had been home twice in the meantime and that the first return to Castine was made by having Lindley Kneeland set him across the Bay from Cape Jellison in a boat while on the second occasion, when he went back after his belongings, he drove down and back the same day via Bucksport! It was on this trip that, slipping the horse's bridle for the purpose of feeding him in the streets of Bucksport, the nag took fright at the rattling of a passing dray and started on a wild career which was terminated by a collision with the ornamental front yard fence of S. K. Tribou---with a consequent lightening of Father's pocket-book to the extent of forty perfectly good "Iron Men"! Although this steed was named "Charlie", it was not the "Old Charlie" that we all remember----He never ran away! The "Charlie" of 1869 was a dark horse with a white strip in his face which Father had bought of Isaac Staples of Brooks; he was succeeded by a white horse bought of Nahum Webber (?) which re-

THE CROSBYSIDE FAMILY

the orchard across the road from where his buildings stood and which now belongs to Herbert Bisson---"One sows and another reaps"! For seven years after moving to this, their first farm, father devoted himself to farming "summers and teaching "Winters with the exception of the Winter of 1868-9 when he remained at home for the purpose of getting out the lumber from which the barn was built the following Spring. On August 17, 1869, father went to Gaspe for the purpose of attending the Eastern State Normal School in company with John Nichols, leaving Mother at home to run the place! She stayed down at Grandfather Kneeland's much of the time might but "Brosely" cows and oxen were too much for her and father finally brought his belongings home from Gaspe on September 2nd following! Father's Diary shows that he had been home twice in the meantime and that the first return to Gaspe was made by having Hadley Kneeland ferry him across the Bay from Cape Tailleur in a boat while on the second occasion, when he went back after his belongings, he drove down and back the same day via Rockport! It was on this trip that, slipping the horse's bridle for the purpose of feeding him in the streets of Rockport, the nag took fright at the rattling of a passing dray and started on a wild career which was terminated by a collision with the ornamental front yard fence of S. N. Tribou---with a consequent lightening of Father's pocket-book to the extent of forty perfectly good "Iron Men"! Although this steed was named "Charlie", it was not the "Old Charlie" that we all remember---he never ran away! The "Charlie" of 1869 was a dark horse with a white strip in his face which Father had bought of Isaac Staples of Brooks; he was succeeded by a white horse bought of Calvin Webber (?) which re-

joiced in the descriptive appellation of "The Ghost" and which Father swapped with Emery Ladd for "Old Charlie" of fragrant (?) memory on April 28, 1875---I remember seeing "The Ghost" driven away after the trade was made! Also the occasion of my being declared the proud possessor of a sister two days before!

Mother has just been telling me of the night of "The Big Wind" which is noted in Father's handwriting in what was then Mother's Diary as having been that of September 8, 1869 and during which a swath of timber on Father's "Swamp Lot" in back of where Horace Robbins lives now was laid as flat as grain mown with a scythe! It yielded many cords of wood when cut up! On the night of this particular "Line Gale" boards from the staging which still remained along the southern side of the newly erected barn were swirled into the air, over the roof of the barn, and driven ends downward into the ground near the kitchen door, which faced to the south, with the force of a pile-driver! The front door of the old house faced the road! The "Swamp Lot" to which I have so often referred lay to the west of the balance of Father's and Mother's farm, its eastern boundary running along the western edge of the pasture which even now extends back some rods from the road. Its south-east corner was in back of Horace Robbins's while that on the south-west was over near the stone house which had been built and was then owned by Oliver Clark but was later bought by Wilson Colcord ("Aunt Kathie's" husband) who was then living in the stone house which he himself had built at Bog Hill and in which Walter Moody now lives! I don't know any better place to say that "Aunt Kathie" is now living with her daughter Lizzie -(Mrs. J. W. ---"Will Tull"---Nickerson)- at Swanville and that except

joined in the descriptive appellation of "The Ghost" and which Father swapped with Emery Ladd for "Old Charlie" of fragrant (?) memory on April 28, 1876--- I remember seeing "The Ghost" driven away after the trade was made! Also the occasion of my being declared the proud possessor of a sister two days before!

Father has just been telling me of the night of "The Big Wind" which is noted in Father's handwriting in what was then Father's Diary as having been that of September 8, 1859; and during which a swath of timber on Father's "Swamp lot" in back of where Horace Robbins Jives now was laid as flat as grain mown with a scythe! It yielded many cords of wood when cut up! On the night of this particular "Line Gale" Jennie from the staging which still remained along the southern side of the newly erected barn were swirled into the air, over the roof of the barn, and driven onto downward into the ground near the kitchen door, which faced to the south, with the force of a pile-driver! The front door of the old house faced the road! The "Swamp lot" to which I have so often referred lay to the west of the balance of Father's and Mother's farm, its east-ern boundary running along the western edge of the pasture which even now extends back some rods from the road. The south-east corner was in back of Horace Robbins's while that on the south-west was over near the stone house which had been built and then owned by Oliver Clark but was later bought by Wilson Gal-loard ("Aunt Kathie's" husband) who was then living in the stone house which he himself had built at Fog Hill and in which "Aunt Kathie" is now living with her daughter Linnie - (Mrs. J. W. ---"Will Tull"---Hickerson)- at Kennville and that except

Jessie Robbins Jives now lived as a grain

for her blindness she bears her years as lightly as when she was fifty instead of around ninety! Only two of her sons are living---Albion, for whom Bert was named, and John, the youngest, ---both residents of Kokomo, Colorado!

1873 was a year of great excitement among the Second Day Adventists as this later edition of what had been "Millerites" from the name of their founder in 1843 more commonly termed themselves! Aunt "Cal" and Aunt "Mary" were shamelessly "flim-flammed" out of much of their property by some of the alleged "brethren" of that time, who do not seem to have been called upon to explain what better use they could make of it in the final wind-up than the rightful owners! When the Day arrived for the Crack of Doom some of the enthusiasts are said to have climbed trees---having first donned their Ascension Robes!!! Father and Mother took Bert and myself to some of these Adventist meetings in September, 1873, in the Birch Grove beyond the Pineland Poultry Farm on the back road to Belfast---It was during these meetings that a large part of Belfast was consumed in the great fire of that year!

On June 7, 1874, Father and Mother took Martha J. Bowen, a daughter of George Washington Bowen, one of the Town Poor who were then cared for on the farm of Jonathan M. Savery under contract, to live with them, the idea being that a nine-year-old girl ought to be of considerable assistance to Mother in taking care of "the kids" while she was attending to other work. It soon transpired that, for this particular purpose at least, she didn't amount to shucks but she put up such a howl of protest when it was proposed to take her back to Savery's that Father and Mother relented and their home was <u>her</u> home for fifteen

THE DEPARTMENT PARTIES

For her blindness she bears her years so lightly as when she was fifty instead of seventy-nine!! Only one of her sons were living---Albert, for Alvin Bert was dead, and Tom, the youngest, ---both residents of Kokomo, Deceased!

1870 was a year of great excitement among the Second Day Adventists as this later addition of what had been "Miller'ites" from the name of their founder in 1863 more commonly termed themselves! Aunt "Mai" and Aunt "Mary" were shamefacedly "fillianced" out of much of their property by some of the alleged "brethren" of that time, who do not seem to have been called upon to explain what latter use they could make of it in the final wind-up than the rightful owners! When the Day arrived for the Crack of Doom some of the enthusiasts are said to have climbed trees---having first donned their Ascension Robes!!! Father and Mother took Fort and myself to some of these Adventist meetings in September, 1870, in the Birch Grove beyond the Homeland Poultry Farm on the back road to Scipiaet---It was during these meetings that a large part of Fairport was consumed in the great fire of that year!

On June 7, 1874, Father and Mother took Martha Bowen, a daughter of George Washington Bowen, one of the Town Poor who were then cared for on the farm of Jonathan T. Savory under contract, to live with them, the idea being that a nine-year-old girl ought to be of considerable assistance to Mother in taking care of "the Widow" while she was attending to other work. It soon transpired that, for this particular purpose at least, she didn't amount to shucks but she put up such a howl of protest when it was proposed to take her back to Savory's that Father and Mother relented and their home was her home for fifteen

years! I remember the day Martha came to live with us! Fred Savery brought her over one Sunday! When he drove into the yard I "beat it" out behind the barn but as he stayed a long time I finally ventured back to the house. He was sitting by the open kitchen door with his legs, or one of them, stretched across it and his feet resting in a chair on the other side. I crawled under them. In such manner do trivial things impress themselves upon a child's memory! Martha is now Mrs. Everett Hunt, Waldoboro', Maine. Her husband is a cooper!

Red-Letter Days (to me) on the old farm were those on which I had my first pair of red-topped boots with copper toes, an "express" wagon, and a trip to Searsport village which I particularly remember because of Father having left me so long in front of Frank Whitcomb's store that I became lonesome! I shall never forget the first time I caught a man in a lie! The experience ceased to be a novelty many years ago! The man was Herbert Black! Father was driving down under Black's Mill for a load of saw-dust and I was with him! Herbert was just driving out with a load! Father asked him if there was any left! Herbert said "No"! Undeterred, Father kept on and upon arriving under the mill, Lo! and behold! There were oceans of saw-dust! I remember holding long and earnest converse with Father as to the sinfulness of lying and as to what would become of Herbert Black when he died! I assume that Mother had been endeavoring to impress upon my youthful mind the importance of telling the truth!

During the seven years that they lived on what they have always referred to as "the old farm" Father and Mother kept but one horse, practically all the heavy farming and lumbering op-

THE GROCERY MAN

years! I remember the day Martha came to live with us! Fred Tavery brought her over one Sunday! Then he drove into the yard I "beat it" out behind the barn lest he be stayed a long time I finally ventured back to the house. He was sitting by the open kitchen door with his legs, or one of them, stretched across it and his feet resting in a chair on the other side. I crawled under them. In such manner do trivial things impress themselves upon a child's memory! Martha is now Mrs. Everett Hunt, "Waldsboro", Maine. Her husband is a cooper!

Red-letter Days (to me) on the old farm were those on which I had my first pair of red-topped boots with copper toes, an "express" wagon, and a trip to Damerscott village which I was particularly anxious to accomplish if Father having left me so long in front of Frank "Waterhouse's store that I became impatient. I shall never forget the first time I caught a man in a lie! The experience caused me to be a morality-ridden boy! The man was Herbert Black! Father was driving down under Black's Mill for a load of sawdust and I was with him. Herbert was just driving out with a load! Father asked him if there was any left! Herbert said "No"! Unbeknown, Father kept on and upon arriving under the mill, lo! and behold! There were oceans of sawdust! I remember holding long and earnest conversations with Father as to the sinfulness of lying and as to what would become of Herbert Black when he died! I assume that Father had been endeavoring to impress upon my youthful mind the importance of telling the truth!

During the seven years that they lived on what they have always referred to as "the old farm" Father and Mother kept but one horse, practically all the heavy trucking and lumbering es-

erations of that time having been conducted with the help of oxen of which Father usually had two yoke---one of oxen and one of steers! But he had never owned one since---with the exception of the two yokes of steers which Bert and I raised and trained as boys! During this period Father used to get out a great deal of wood and hemlock bark, the first of which found a market at the lime-kilns of Rockland while the second was used in the tanneries, in which uses wood and bark have now been displaced. It was Father's custom to make his own shipments, chartering vessels owned and sailed by the Captains Ryan of Belfast for the purpose and going along with the cargo himself to attend to making the sale---He was his own supercargo! In this manner and although he had forsworn the sea when he was twenty-one, he made many trips to Rockland, Me., and Salem, Mass., in sailing vessels!

In hunting for dates in Father's Diaries, I have been particularly interested in what he says of the severe Winter of 1874-5! Under date of February 13, 1875, he says that the Bay was frozen over to Islesboro' so that teams passed on the ice to Belfast and Castine! On February 14, he states that the S.S. "Katahdin" was frozen in at Belfast! On the 18th he says: "The Oldest Inhabitant says he never knew such a cold Winter!", while on the 19th the relation refers to "Good sleighing to Castine and Sedgwick!" Some Winter!

In April, 1875, Father and Mother sold this, their original farm to Robert Allan, a Scot from Aberdeen who had been working at his trade as a stone-cutter in Rockland and vicinity and who, after living there with his family and the barefooted Maud Muller known as Katie Jamieson for some two or three years, disposed

THE GROUNDHOG FAMILY

ovations of that time having been conducted with the help of oxen of which Father usually had two yoke---one of oxen and one of steers! But he had never owned one alone---with the exception of the two yokes of steers which Gerry and I raised and trained as boys! During this period Father used to put out a great deal of wood and barkers bark lots, the first of which found a market at the Lime-Kiln of Rockland while the second was used in the tanneries, in which uses wood and bark have now been displaced. It was Father's custom to make his own shipments, chartering vessels owned and sailed by the Sephains Ryan of Belfast for the purpose and going along with the cargo likewise to attend to selling the sale---He was his own supercargo! In this manner and although he had forsworn the sea when he was twenty-one, he made many trips to Rockland, Me., and Salem, Mass., in sailing vessels!

In hunting for dates in Mother's Diaries, I have been particularly interested in what he says of the severe Winter of 1874-81. Under date of February 16, 1875, he saw that the Bay was frozen over to Islesboro' so that teams passed on the ice to Belfast and Searsmont. On February 14, he states that the S.S. "Belfast" was [illegible] "The Oldest Inhabitant says he never knew such a cold Winter!", while on the 19th the relation refers to "Good sleighing to Searsmont and Rockport!" Some Winter!

In April, 1876, Father and Mother sold this, their original farm to Robert Allen, a Scot from Aberdeen who had been working at his trade as a stone-cutter in Rockland and violently who, after living there with his family and the beneficiaries Maud Miller known as Xenia Jackson for some two or three years, disappeared

of it to another native of Scotland named Dennis Hare. Now while "Dinnis" may not have been guilty of arson, it is nevertheless a fact that one night he and his wife went up to Salathiel Cunningham's at Bog Hill to stay until morning and that in the meantime the house where Kit, Bert and myself were born went up in smoke! It was at this fire that Old Man Pennie, discovering the flames and hastening to the aid of his neighbor, held the colloquy with himself which he afterward described somewhat as follows:- "And I shooted 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But no arnswer! And then I shooted again 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But still no arnswer! And thin I thought (recalling the dire penalties for breaking and entering in his native land) 'What is a pane of glass whin a man's life is in danger?' And I picked up a stone and smashed them in! And thin I shooted again 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But still no Dinnis!" It was not until afterward that the old gentleman learned that "Dinnis" had at the time been more or less peacefully sleeping on the rugged slopes of Mount Ephraim! But his fully sufficient Insurance was collected just the same! Father had driven down past there the evening before the fire and had noticed a dim light in the otherwise darkened house but had ascribed it to expiring coals left in the fireplace by the family upon going to bed!

On May 29, 1875, Father and Mother leased a part of and moved back to the house on the old Kneeland farm where Father had been born---which now belonged to Uncle Milton but by whom it had been shut up when he moved to Searsport village on December 2, 1874, Grandmother Kneeland having previously bought and

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of it to another native of Scotland named Dennis Hare. Now while "Dinnie" may not have been guilty of arson, it is reveal-
thless a fact that one night he and his wife went up to Gale-
ford Donnelgallow at Fog Hill to stay until morning and that
in the meantime the house where Kit, Herb and myself were born
went up in smoke! It was at this fire that Old Man Dennis,
discovering the flames and hastening to the aid of his neighbor,
laid the collapse with himself which he afterward described
somewhat as follows:- "And I knocked 'Dinnie Hare! Dinnie Hare!
Your house is on fire!' But no answer! And then I knocked
again 'Dinnie Hare! Dinnie Hare! Your house is on fire!' But
still no answer! And then I thought (recalling the dire pen-
alties for breaking and entering in this active land) 'What is
a pane of glass when a man's life is in danger?' And I picked
up a stone and smashed them in! And then I knocked again 'Din-
nie Hare! Dinnie Hare! Your house is on fire!' But still no
Dinnie!" It was not until afterward that the old gentleman
learned that "Dinnie" had at the time been more or less peace-
fully sleeping on the rugged slopes of Mount Murmelai! But his
fully sufficient Insurance was collected just the same! Father
had driven down past there the evening before the fire and had
noticed a dim light in the otherwise darkened house but had as-
cribed this to expiring coals left in the fireplace by the fam-
ily upon going to bed!

On May 22, 1875, Father and Mother leased a part of and
moved back to the house on the old Kneeland farm where Father
had been born--which now belonged to Uncle William but by whom
it had been sold up when he moved to Rearquart village on Dece-
ber 2, 1874. Grandmother Kneeland having previously bought and

moved to what was then known as the Cyphers place (although she had bought it of "Aunt" Tripp) on the Mount Ephraim road, the site of which is now occupied by the house in which resides Mr. Thompson of the Twins---between "Bert" Young's and Eli Colson's!

Father's Diary says that he spent June 1st and 2nd, 1875, at Searsport village taking account of a stock of goods he had bought of Hiram H. Crockett (He and Tyler were sons of Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim) and that on the following day he started out selling goods on the road, an occupation which, with the accompanying buying of eggs, poultry, wool and other country produce and such "side-lines!!!" as school-teaching, tax-collecting, farming, lumbering, insurance, and politics, he pursued for thirty-eight years, never finally retiring therefrom until in his 71st year, on October 17, 1913, he fell from a tree while gathering apples in the orchard in front of the house here on "The Pinnacle"! During this first season on the road, Father hired from Hiram Crockett, who had retired, the large and specially constructed cart which he finally bought of him one or two years later and which he afterward drove continuously during the Summer months all the thirty-eight years referred to with the exception of at least a part of the Summer of 1876, when he used an ordinary express wagon with a specially built body set in it---It's up in the wood-shed chamber now, while the old cart which he bought of Hiram Crockett still stands in the barn!

On July 1st, 1875, Uncle Milton Kneeland sold what had become his portion of the old Kneeland farm to John Pennie, like Allan lately from Aberdeen, for $1100.00---subject to Father's one-year lease of a portion of the house! The Pennies were a

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

moved to what was then known as the Cyphers place (although she had bought it of "Aunt" Tripp) on the Mount Pyrenees road, the site of which is now occupied by the house in which resides Mr. Thompson of the Twins---between "Bert" Young's and Bill Golson's!

Father's Diary says that he spent June 1st and 2nd, 1879, at Somerset village taking account of a stock of goods he had bought of Hiram H. Crockett (He and Tyler were sons of Pyrenees Crockett of Mount Pyrenees) and that on the following day he started out selling goods on the road, an occupation which, with the accompanying buying of eggs, poultry, wool and other country produce and such "side-lines!!" as school-teaching, tax-collecting, farming, lumbering, insurance, and politics, he pursued for thirty-eight years, never finally retiring therefrom until in his 71st year, on October 17, 1913, he fell from a tree while gathering apples in the orchard in front of the house here on "The Pinnacle"! During this first season on the road, Father hired from Hiram Crockett, who had retired, the large and specially constructed cart which he finally bought of him one or two years later and which he afterward drove continuously during the Summer months all the thirty-eight years referred to with the exception of at least a part of the Summer of 1879, when he used an ordinary express wagon with a specially built body set in it---It's so in the wood-shed chamber now, while the old cart which he bought of Hiram Crockett still stands in the barn!

On July 1st, 1879, Uncle Milton Kneeland sold what had become his portion of the old Kneeland farm to John Pennie, like Allan lately from Aberdeen, for $1100.00---subject to Father's one-year lease of a portion of the house! The Pennies were a

queer lot! It soon became evident that two hundred and forty or fifty years residence in "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" had eliminated most of the Scottish traits from the veins of the Kneelands or that the characteristics of the native Scots (Scots) had changed greatly since the hegira of the Kneelands had taken place! At any rate the Kneelands and Pennies didn't hitch---Or rather Mrs. Pennie, who was the "man" of the family, didn't approve of the ways of life of Father, whom she accused among other things of being "up and charging about in the morning like a young hor-r-se!", thereby disturbing her rest and tranquility of mind! I remember that the Pennie boys, "Wallie" and "Alec", used to get me out in the further barn and amuse themselves by assuring me that I was a "Yankee"! Not understanding the term at that time I was not, as a five-year-old, so outrageously proud of the appellation as I have become since! I particularly remember that it was at the scene of one of these confabs that I gave "Dinah", my rag doll, her last spanking and consigned her to what I assume to have been her final resting-place under the loose timbers of the old hay-mow! R. I. P.!

Among the memories of a five-year-old while we were living in the old Kneeland farmhouse in 1875 is that of a day when Father, having reached home at about noon, had put up "Old Charlie" but left the buggy with a bag of grain in it standing on the sharp bank by the front door---We were living in the end of the main house nearest the Black Road! To my youthful mind that offered opportunity for adventure and I endeavored to induce Bert, then a mighty warrior of two years, to get into the buggy while I gave him a ride! He seeming to have developed prudence

queer lot! It soon became evident that two hundred and forty or fifty years residence in "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" had eliminated most of the Scottish traits from the veins of the Kneelands or that the characteristics of the native Scots (Scots) had changed greatly since the begins of the Kneelands had taken place! At any rate the Kneelands and Pennies didn't hitch---or rather we, Pennie, who was the "man" of the family, didn't approve of the ways of life of "Father", who when she accused among other things of being "up and charging about in the morning like a young hur-r-ael", thereby disturbing her rest and tranquillity of mind! I remember that the Pennie boys, "Willie" and "Alec", used to get me out in the further barn and amuse themselves by assuring me that I was a "Yankee"! Not understanding the term at that time I was not, as a five-year-old, so outrageously proud of the appellation as I have become since! I particularly remember that it was at the scene of one of those contests that I gave "Dinah", my rag doll, her last spanking and consigned her to what I assume to have been her final resting-place under the loose timbers of the old hay-mow! R. I. P.!

Among the memories of a five-year-old while we were living in the old Kneeland farmhouse in 1876 is that of many times Father, having reached home at about noon, had his "old Charlie" but left the buggy with a bag of grain in it standing on the sharp bank by the front door---We were living in the end of the main house nearest the Black Road! To my youthful mind that afforded opportunity for adventure and I endeavored to induce Bert, then a mighty warrior of two years, to get into the buggy while I gave him a ride! He seeming to have developed prudence

even at that early age and declining the invitation I grasped the thills with the idea of having some fun on my own account! The next thing I remember distinctly is being in the old-fashioned wooden cradle with a hood top, sorer than it has ever since seemed to me possible for anyone to be---or at any rate sorer than I have ever been from that day---while Father's buggy was lacking two perfectly good thills! During this Summer Lyman Harris was my "best friend"---"Old Tige" bit him one night! Martha Bowen and I went to school in a more or less desultory fashion at the George Settlement! It was a year or so prior to this that "Jose" -(Josiah for his Uncle "Si")- and I had distinguished ourselves by falling into the spring---the picture of Aunt Sarah coming down over the bank with all sail set remains with me to this day---and also that one of Uncle Milt's barns was struck by lightning!

Although they had a year's lease of part of the house on the "Old Homestead", Father and Mother didn't enjoy the idiosyncrasies of Mrs. Pennie and having an opportunity to buy the Gilman Piper place of Jonathan Savery -(Piper's brother-in-law)- they leased it for one year with an option of purchase at the end of that time, Father declining to buy immediately because of some doubt regarding the title! I came over with Father on loads of wood and hay a few times previously but we moved from the Old Kneeland Homestead to the Piper Place on December 6, 1875! It was colder than blue blazes!---so cold that "Uncle Nelse", who drove Mother and us "kids" over in the old green pung, came across the ice on the Gould Meadow as Father had been doing with wood and hay---the present public road hadn't been built in to Harriman's -(now Horace Robbins's)- at that

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

even at that early age and confirming the invitation I grasped the thrills with the idea of having some fun on my own account! The next thing I remember distinctly is being in the old-fashioned wooden cradle with a hood top, never then it has ever since seemed to me possible for anyone to be - or at any rate never then I have ever been from that day---while Father's buggy was jacking two perfectly good thrills! During this Summer Lyman Harris was my "best friend"---"Old Tige" bit him one night! Martha Bowen and I went to school in a more or less desultory fashion at the George Cottlemyer! It was a year or so prior to this that "Tose" -(Tealah for his Uncle "Si")- and I had distinguished ourselves by falling into the spring---the picture of Aunt Sarah coming down over the bank with all sail not remains with me to this day---and also that one of Uncle Milt's barns was struck by lightning!

Although they had a year's lease of part of the house on the "Old Homestead", Father and Mother didn't enjoy the idiosyncrasies of Mrs. Pennie and having an opportunity to buy the Gilman Piper place of Tarrytown Savery -(Piper's brother-in-law)- they leased it for one year with an option of purchase at the end of that time. Father decided to buy, immediately because of some doubt regarding the title! I came over with Father on loads of wood and hay a few times previously but we moved from the Old Homestead Homestead to the Piper Place on December 6, 1871! It was colder than blue blazes!---no cold that "Uncle Neiae", who drove Mother and us "kids" over in the old green pung, came across the ice on the Grand Meadow as Father had been doing with wood and hay---the present public road hadn't been built in to Tarrytown -(now Kensee Rehline's)- at that

time! As we came across the meadow the nor'-west wind got a good sweep at us and I have a very vivid recollection of the blueness of Uncle Nelson's face and nose and of the "comforter" tied around his neck---one that he wore for many years! Arrived at our new domicile everything was cold, including ourselves, but we soon got thawed out! I remember going up to Aunt Lucy's a few days afterward to see the two new babies---Georgia and Webster---the youngest of which did not seem yet to appreciate the distinction of being an uncle to a young lady older than himself!

Father taught school that Winter in what was then still known as the Fields' Settlement although it has since become successively the Roulstone and Mortland District! I walked back and forth with him when the weather wasn't too bad. Fred Kendall spent the Winter with us and went to school to a man named King here in the Porter District. Later I remember Father and Fred coming home from the woods one day because of Father having been cut in the side! It was during this Winter that we became acquainted with George Bowen and the Cunningham boys! Aunt Nell taught the Porter District school during the Spring of 1876 and boarded with us. I went to school to her. She gave me my first "licking" with a switch---in school---Mother may have performed the rite at an earlier day! Don't remember! I do remember that they had a picnic in Felker's Grove on the last day of school! At this time the dam at the Piper Mill was in good condition and the pond full. Fred Whittum and I used to go sailing on a raft but we had to keep our weather eyes peeled for Mother who had pronounced an interdiction on that particular form of sport! Nevertheless, I was not as much

time! As we came across the meadow the nor'-west wind gave a good sweep at us and I have a very vivid recollection of the pioneer of Uncle Nelson's face and nose and of the "comforter" tied around his neck--one that he wore for many years! Already at our new dwelling everything was cold, troubling ourselves, but we soon got thawed out! I remember going up to Aunt Lucy's a few days afterward to see the two new babies--Georgie and Walter--the youngest of which did not seem at all to appreciate the distinction of being an uncle to a young lady older than himself!

Father taught school that Winter in what was then still known as the Wilde' Settlement although it has since become successively the Bonstone and Moreland District! I walked back and forth with him when the weather wasn't too bad. Fred Kendall spent the Winter with us and went to school to a man named King here in the Porter District. Later I remember Father and Fred coming home from the woods one day because of Father having been out in the sleet! It was during this Winter that we became acquainted with George Brown and the Cunningham boys! Aunt Nell taught the Porter District school during the Spring of 1876 and boarded with us. I went to school to her. She gave me my first "licking" with a switch--in school--Mother may have performed the rite on another day! Don't remember! I do remember that they had a picnic in Tolliver's Grove on the last day of school! At this time the cast of the Piper Mill was in good condition and the pond full. Fred Wortman and I used to go sailing on a raft but we had to keep our weather eye peeled for Mother who had pronounced an interdiction on that particular form of sport! Nevertheless, I was not as much

afraid of Mother that Summer as I was of the frequent thunder-showers! They certainly had me "buffaloed"---although the expression was unknown at that time!

Father having become doubtful of the title to the Piper place Savery had, during the Summer of 1876, arranged to sell it to Captain Harrison Steele of Stockton. Steele came to Father and ordered him to vacate the house by a certain day. Father's lease didn't expire until December and he "allowed as how" he shouldn't get out until he got good and ready---He told the Captain that if he came in before it would have to be over his dead body! This "queered" Savery's sale for before Father had bought the present home of Melvin M. Whittum and moved here on November 1, 1876, William H. McLellan of Belfast -(I think he spelled it McClellan though his son Hugh does not)- had discovered that Savery had no title, had bought the place from the rightful heirs, and sued Savery for trespass because of certain repairs amounting to approximately $100 which he (Savery) had made! Savery had to pay $75.00 damages so that, with his lawyer's fees, his little excursion into "High Finance" cost him about $200.00! Steele eventually took title from McClellan!

Before buying what became his forty-year home here on "The Pinnacle" Father had arranged through Melvin M. Whittum to buy of "Mel's" mother, the widow of Rufus Whittum, the old Whittum place on which "Mel" and his brothers had been reared and where now live William and "Archie" Merrithew but upon being urged to do so had sold his trade to Benson Staples of Stockton for $25.00 and partially assuaged Mother's disappointment by giving her the money---she used it to buy the carpet which is even now on the south bedroom chamber! Staples later sold the place to "Jack" Crocker;

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

afraid of Mother that Sawyer as I was of the frequent thunderstorms! They certainly had me "Courtsladed" - although the expression was unknown at that time!

Father having become doubtful of the title to the Piper place Savery had, during the summer of 1876, arranged to sell it to Captain Harrison Steele of Stockton. Steele came to Father and ordered him to vacate the house by a certain day. Father's lease didn't expire until December and he "allowed as how" he shouldn't get out until to get good and ready---He told the Captain that if he came in before it would have to be over his dead body! This "pressed" Savery's sale for before Father had bought the present home of Melvin H. Vrbitsun and moved here on November 1, 1876, William H. Mellman of Salinas - (I think he spelled it McMellman though his son Hugh didn't do) - had discovered that Savery had no title, had bought the place from the rightful heirs, and sued Savery for trespass because of certain repairs amounting to approximately $100 which he (Savery) had made! Savery had to pay $75.00 damages or that, with his lawyer's fees, his little excursion into "High Finance" cost him about $200.00! Steele eventually took title from McMellman!

Before buying what became his forty-year home here on "The Pinnacle" Father had arranged through Melvin H. Whitney to buy of "Mel's" mother, the widow of Burns Williams, the old Williams place on which "Mel" and his brothers had been raised and where now live William and "Arnold" Merrill [illegible] urging urged he do so he had sold his trade to Berger Staples of Stockton and certainly managed Mother's disappointment by giving her the money---she used it to buy the carpet which is even now on the south bedroom chamber! Staples later sold the place to "Jack"Crocker!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Father's deed to Mother's present home was from Melvin M. Whittum and was dated October 18, 1876, on which date Father makes mention of the passing of the papers in his Diary! The original parcel was bounded on the north by lands of Michael Felker, on the south by those of Nathaniel Larrabee, on the west by those of Wilmoth Porter, and on the east by the Mount Ephraim road. The deed gives the consideration as $1100.00 but the actual amount paid was $1300.00. We moved up over the hill on November 1, 1876. Father's Diary says that Cora and Andrew Larrabee helped us and Mother particularly remembers that Fred Kendall was here and that he and Cora put down the carpets in the bedroom chambers. I don't remember leaving the Piper place nor arriving at the Whittum place but I do remember feeling very important as I trudged up over the Piper Hill and thought that I was moving!

The place didn't look much as it does now! A fence bordered the road from the "Ledge" to the store -(You had to open a gate to drive in a lane into which, in Springtime, your wheels would sink to the hubs)-, above which its place was taken by a stone wall which not only separated the road from the back field of what was still called "The Ira Porter Place"---although Ira's son-in-law Melvin M. Whittum had been until was now its owner and had assumed its management, Ira continuing to live with him---but continued on up over the hill along the edge of the Felker fields to the point where it still remains as a part of the pasture fence! Father said in the Fall of 1916 that he couldn't see that the trees along the road looked much different than on the day he first particularly noticed them---when he came home from the Army in 1863!---but they and the "main house" are about the

THE PROPERTY MATTER

Father's deed to Mother's present home was from Melvin M. Whitton and was dated October 18, 1876, on which date Father makes mention of the passing of the papers in his Diary. The original parcel was bounded on the north by lands of Michael Fellon, on the south by those of Nathaniel Lambert, on the west by those of William Porter, and on the east by the Mount Ephraim road. The deed gives the consideration as $1100.00 but the actual amount paid was $1300.00. We moved up over the hill on November 1, 1876. Father's Diary says that Cora and Andrew Larrabee helped us and Mother particularly remembers that Fred Kendall was here and that he and Cora put down the carpets in the bedroom chambers. I don't remember leaving the Piper place nor arriving at the Whitton place but I do remember feeling very important as I trudged up over the Piper Hill and thought that I was *working*!

The place didn't look much as it does now. A fence bordered the road from the "ledge" to the store -(You had to open a gate to drive in a lane into which, in springtime, many wheels would sink to the hubs)-, above which the place was taken by a stone wall which not only separated the road from the back field of what was still called "The Ira Porter Place"---although Ira's son-in-law Melvin M. Whitton was now its owner and had owned it had been until its management, Ira continuing to live with him---but continued on up over the hill along the edge of the Fellon fields to the point where it still remains as a part of the pasture fence! Father said in the Fall of 1876 that he couldn't see that the trees along the road looked much different than on the day he first particularly noticed them---when he came home from the Army in 1863!---but they and the "main house" are about to

only things which retain practically the same appearance which they presented to the eye when we moved here forty years ago on the first day of last November! At that time the only cleared spaces on the original farm were the fields in front and back of the house and the small level strip at the bottom of the hill down behind the barn! Each of the "blueberry corners" in the front field was then covered with a heavy growth through one of which ran the path which served as a short cut to Larrabee's and in the stump fence separating which from what was then included in the pasture I remember that Dan Staples, Bert and myself had a cache for apples---which were largely of the "stolen" variety! At any rate, I remember Aunt Lucy reading the Riot Act to us one day when she caught us "red-handed" in the act of replenishing our reserves! The old barn was thoroughly disreputable and was entered from behind the house! The "tie-up" was on the western side! Ira, and later "Mel", kept his horse and pig in what we now call "the second shed", the present "first shed" serving as a woodhouse! The "ell" was a squat affair whose eaves were on a level with its chamber floors which, such as they were, were reached by a "Jacob's Ladder"! The kitchen was a cupboard-like affair and was shut off from the southern window by a hall running from the present sitting-room to the "first shed"---of which the present pantry and cellar-stairway were a part! Porter's, and later Whittum's, kitchen stove was in what we now call the sitting-room and here Mother's was first set up! The only remaining fire-place was in the present parlor but as it didn't draw well Mother had it bricked up! This had already been done to those in the "ell" but the brick hearths which had been in front of them were not torn up

THE CROCKETT MANOR

only things which retain practically the same appearance which they presented to the eye when we moved here forty years ago on the first day of last November! At that time the only cleared spaces on the original farm were the fields in front and back of the house and the small level strip at the bottom of the Mill down behind the barn! Much of the "blueberry corners" in the front field was then covered with a heavy growth through one of which ran the path which served as a short cut to Lawrence's and in the stump fence separating which from what was then tenanted a part of the pasture I remember that Dan Staples, Bert and Orrell had a cache for apples---which were largely at the "stolen" variety! At any rate, I remember Aunt Lucy reading the Riot Act to us one day when she caught us "red-handed" in the act of replenishing our resources! The old barn was thoroughly interstable and was entered from behind the house! The "tie-up" was on the western side! Ira, and later "Ed", kept his horse and pig in what we now call "the second stall". The present "first stall" serving as a woodhouse! The "ell" was a squat affair whose eaves were on a level with the chamber floors which, such as they were, were reached by a "Jacob's ladder"! The kitchen was a cupboard-like affair and was [illegible] arrangement [illegible] by a hall running from the present sitting-room to the "first shed"---of which the present pantry and cellar-stairway were a part! Porter's, and later Whitney's, kitchen stove was in what we now call the sitting-room and here Lucy was first set up! The only remaining fire-place was in the present parlor but as it didn't draw well Lottie had it bricked up! This had already been done to those in the "ell" but the brick hearths which had been in front of them were not torn up

until after the advent of the Kneelands! There was no cellar under the main house and no way to get into the one under the "ell" except by the cellar-stair-way which led from the kitchen! Ledge cropped out boldly from what is now the lawn and the hummock behind the house was then absolutely bare of earth! The swampy piece of ground behind the barn at the head of which is the spring at which the cows now drink in Winter was then included in the back field---"Johnny" Sullivan, Daniel's brother, dug a drain up through it for Father within a year or two after we moved here and got badly (and literally) stung while robbing of its honey a bees nest which he came upon in the process! Except for the three fields indicated and small cleared spaces above and below the level strip down back of the barn, the entire farm was covered with woods---It was a famous place for partridges, the discovery of the nest of one of which not more than 100 feet from what is now the edge of the woods behind the barn led to Delia George's immortal query:- "Mr. Lurryby! What kind of eggs is patridge's eggs?" and "Steve's equally famous reply:- "Why! They're patridge's eggs, Delia!" There was a path to Porter's down through the woods-covered pasture through which Dan Staples, Bert and I used occasionally to wend our way, sometimes halting at the edge of the safe refuge afforded by the forest to "sarse" Mrs. Porter if perchance she preferred that her off-spring should not receive visitors on that particular day and sent us home! The depression in the field southwest of the barn was then a swamp, pure and simple! Old Man Pennie drained it for Father a few years later --- and incidentally helped Father to wait on the table! Ira Porter had used the building which in our time has been "The Store" as

THE GROCKETT FAMILY

until after the advent of the Revolution! There was no cellar under the main house and no way to get into the one under the "ell" except by the cellar-way which led from the kitchen! Ledge cropped out boldly from what is now the lawn and the hummock behind the house was then absolutely bare of earth! The swampy piece of ground behind the lawn at the head of which is the spring at which the cows now drink in Winter was then included in the back field---"Tommy" Sullivan, Daniel's brother, dug a drain up through it for Father within a year or two after we moved here and got back. (and literally) among while robbing of its honey a bees nest which he came upon in the process! Except for the three fields indicated and small cleared spaces above and below the level sixty down back of the barn, the entire farm was covered with woods---It was a famous place for partridges, the discovery of the nest of one of which not more than 100 feet from what is now the edge of the woods behind the barn led to Della George's immortal query:- "Mr. Lurvy! What kind of eggs is partridge's eggs?" and "Steve's equally famous reply:- "Why! They're partridge's eggs, Della!" There was a path to Porter's down through the woods-covered pasture through which Dan Staples, Bert and I used occasionally to wend our way, sometimes halting at the edge of the sate verge afforded by the forest to "sarve" Mrs. Porter if perchance she preferred that her off-spring should not receive visitors on that particular day and sent us home! The depression in the field southwest of the barn was then a swamp, pure and simple! Old Man Pennie drained it for Father a few years later --- and incidentally helped Father to wait on the table! Jim Porter had used the building which in our time has been "The Store" as

a combined blacksmith and carpenter shop---the anvil was removed after our arrival and the space in the floor through which extended to the earth beneath the block on which it rested may yet be seen! That part of "the store" in which Father kept molasses and kerosene was open on the southern side and had been used by Porter and Whittum as a wagon-shelter! The building was used by Father only as a work-shop for some years but was finished off as a store in (about) 1882! There was an alleged spring near the foot of the juniper tree just across the fence in the pasture from the present chicken-yard and we boys instituted a "mill-pond" by building a dam across what was then a considerable brook at the nearby boulder! An old-fashioned farm-yard, built of huge logs, stood on the dry ground just beyond the little brook and immediately south of the present pasture fence---southwest of the barn! It was into the refuge afforded by the angle of this farmyard and the pasture fence and a loose fence-stake that "Old Charles" drove George when Bowen was not yet as well acquainted with him as he became afterward! Ask George how he swat the old villain between the "lookers"!

The strip of land across the Mount Ephraim road on which "Joe" Harriman's house and barn had been burned in (about) 1870 while Aunt Mary Kendall was living there and teaching the Porter District school,and on which now stands the "new barn", was retained by Whittum when he made the original sale to Father. Joseph Bowen had lived there at one time (after Harriman moved to Frankfort) and his son Elroy was born there. Mother tells me that the house was somewhat similar in appearance to "Webbie's", that the doors of the barn faced the road, and that the

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a combined blacksmith and carpenter shop--- the anvil was removed after our arrival and the space in the floor through which extended to the earth beneath the block on which it rested may yet be seen! That part of "the store" in which Father kept harness and kerosene was open on the southern side and had been used by Porter and Whitlum as a wagon-shelter! The building was used by Father only as a work-shop for some years but was finished off as a store in (about) 1881! There was an alleged spring near the foot of the juniper tree just across the fence in the pasture from the present chicken-yard and we boys instituted a "mill-pond" by building a dam across what was then a considerable brook at the nearby boulder! An old-fashioned farm-yard, built of huge logs, stood on the dry ground just beyond the little brook and immediately south of the present pasture fence---southwest of the barn! It was into the refuge afforded by the angle of this farmyard and the pasture fence and a loose fence-stake that "Old Observer" drove George when Bowen was not yet as well acquainted with him as he became afterward! Ask George how he swat the old villain between the "lookers"!

The strip of land across the Mount Ephraim road on which "Joe" Herriman's house and barn had been burned in (about) 1870 while Aunt Mary Kendall was living there and teaching the Porter District school,and on which now stands the "new barn", was retained by Whitlum when he made the original sale to Father. Joseph Bowen had lived there at one time (after Herriman moved to Frankford) and his son Elroy was born there. Mother tells me that the house was somewhat similar in appearance to "Webb's", that the doors of the barn faced the road, and that the

driveway thereto left the Mount Ephraim road just to the north of the old well near that road---you can see the hummock where Father filled it up now! (The well is referred to as having been filled up!) There was (and is?) another well over in the woods in the swampy land near "Webbie's" pasture!). When Aunt Mary lived there in 1870 (?) her family consisted not only of her son Fred and herself but of her sisters Nellie and Jane with the latter's daughter Nettie. Uncle Albert was away at the time and Aunt Nell was taking advantage of the opportunity to attend the school of one of the best teacher's Waldo County or the State of Maine ever produced! Mother was accustomed not only to visit Aunt Mary and her sisters at the Harriman house across the road but frequently came to this house to see the two Porter girls, "Rilla" and Nettie, in their father's home long before she ever even dreamed of living here! -(Ira Porter's first wife and the mother of these, his only two children, was Margaret Park of Searsport Harbor!)-

The four or five acres of land across the road was sold to Mother by Whittum nearly eight years after he had sold the original farm to Father, the consideration being $200.00! The deed bears date of August 2, 1884, and describes the southern boundary as "a private way leading from the Mount Ephraim road to said Staples' dwelling-house", the northern lane at Staples's being the one meant, there having been some sort of a dispute or question about the title to the small triangular piece of land bounded by the two lanes and the Mount Ephraim road.

As a matter of fact, at one time during the more or less continual "unpleasantness" which existed between Job Larrabee and Gilman Piper, Piper had arranged to buy this triangular

driveway thereto left the Mount Ephraim road just to the north of the old well near that road---you can see the hummock where Father filled it up now! (The well is referred to as having been filled up!) There was (and is?) another well over in the woods in the swampy land near "Webbie's" pasture!). When Aunt Mary lived there in 1870 (?) her family consisted not only of her son Fred and herself but of her sisters Nellie and Jane with the latter's daughter Nettie. Uncle Albert was away at the time and Aunt Nell was taking advantage of the opportunity to attend the school of one of the best teachers Waldo County or the State of Maine ever produced! Mother was accustomed not only to visit Aunt Mary and her sisters at the Harriman house across the road but frequently came to this house to see the two Porter girls, "Nellie" and Nettie, in their father's home long before she ever even dreamed of living here! -(Ira Porter's first wife and the mother of these, his only two children, was Margaret Park of Searsport Harbor!)-

The xx farm or five acres of land across the road was sold to Mother by William nearly eight years after he had sold the original farm to Father, the consideration being $800.00! The deed bears date of August 2, 1884, and describes the southern boundary as "a private way leading from the Mount Ephraim road to said Staples' dwelling-house", the northern lane at Staples's being the one meant, there having been some sort of a dispute or question about the title to the small triangular piece of land bounded by the two lanes and the Mount Ephraim road.

As a matter of fact, at one time during the more or less continual "unpleasantness" which existed between Job Larrabee and Gilman Piper, Piper had arranged to buy this triangular

plot from Ira Porter for five or ten dollars for the purpose of "devilling" Larrabee by cutting off his convenient egress to the Mount Ephraim road! The transaction never was completed, however, either by the payment of the money or the execution of a deed so that when Mother bought the strip of land across the road from Whittum he assured Father that he could give title clear to the point where the Staples line strikes the Mount Ephraim road! Still, as Captain Steele had raised a question regarding the plot, claiming title from the Piper heirs, -(who never had any)-, and as Father did not wish to be involved in a neighborhood row over so small a matter he had Whittum make the deed as above set forth, i.e., giving the northern lane at Staples's as the southern boundary! This left a small "No Man's Land" between the two lanes at Staples's so that, Captain Steele having died, I drew a quit-claim deed from Melvin M. Whittum to Mother for this triangular plot and got him to execute it while I was here in the Summer of 1910. Merely as a matter of information and so that it can be found if it should ever be desired for reference I am going to quote in the following paragraph a memorandum which I wrote on the day Mr. Whittum delivered to me this deed, which deed is registered in Book 299, Page 428, Waldo County Registry of Deeds! The memorandum, which is filed with the original deed among Mother's papers, is as follows:-

"Re Triangular Strip of Land at the Staples' Lane"

"When Melvin M. Whittum called at Father's today and delivered to me his quit-claim deed to Amanda H. Kneeland for above strip he told me that the field across the road was sold to Joe Harriman; that Harriman moved to Frankfort and got in debt to

paid from Ira Porter for five or ten dollars for the purpose of "dwelling" Larrabee by cutting off his convenient egress to the Mount Pleasant road. The transaction never was completed, however, either by the payment of the money or the execution of a deed so that when Father bought the strip of land across the road from Whitten he assured Father that he could give title closer to the point where the Staples line strikes the Mount Pleasant road. Still, as Captain Steele had raised a question regarding the plot, clouding title from the Piper heirs, -(who never had any)-, and as Father did not wish to be involved in a neighborhood row over so small a matter he had Whitten make the deed as above set forth, i.e., giving the northern line at Staples's as the southern boundary. This left a small "no man's land" between the two lines as Staples's at that, Captain Steele having died, I drew a quit-claim deed from Melvin M. Whitten to Father for this triangular plot and got him to execute it while I was here in the Summer of 1910. Merely as a matter of information and so that it can be found if it should ever be desired for reference I am going to quote in the following paragraph a memorandum which I wrote on the day Mr. Whitten delivered to me this deed, which deed is registered in Book 325, Page 428, Waldo County Registry of Deeds! The memorandum, which is filed with the original deed among Father's papers, is as follows:-

"Re Triangular Strip of Land at the Staples' Lane"

"When Melvin M. Whitten called at Father's today and delivered to me his quit-claim deed to Amanda M. Wheelwright for above strip he told me that the field across the road was sold to Joe Harriman; that Harriman moved to Frankfort and got in debt to

Selden Morton to whom he finally gave a deed of the field across the road -(where the new hay-barn is)-, said deed calling only for four acres; that he -(Whittum)- had Harriman and Morton give him wanranty deeds -(or a joint warranty deed(?)- for five acres; that he yesterday looked up these old deeds and found that they covered the land extending from the south line of the Felker place to the intersection of the Staples line with the Mt. Ephraim road and that therefore (unless Piper secured a deed to this triangular strip---and "Webbie" says that Uncle Nelson found by searching the records that he did not) his (Whittum's) quit-claim deed of July 22, 1910, (delivered to me today)- is every bit as good as a warranty deed, inasmuch as the title was unquestionably vested in him (Whittum). -(Signed)- F. E. Kneeland, Searsport, Me., July 23, 1910."

Mother having sold to "Webbie", at the request of Freeman Young, a small piece of land between the Staples' house and the Mount Ephraim road in (about) 1899, this small triangular plot is of no practical use to anyone except him!

In looking through Father's Diaries of the late "seventies" and early "eighties" some of the miscellaneous items which attracted my attention were as follows:- "Fred Kendall shipped with 'Gus Larrabee"---under May 19, 1876; "Fred sailed for Liverpool last night" ---under December 3, 1876; and "Fred Kendall came home today after an absence of 28 months"---under April 5, 1879! Were I not fairly certain that when Fred sailed for Liverpool in Dec., 1876, it was in the Ship "R. R. Thomas" under Captain Peleg Nichols I should think the entry under June 13, 1877, reading "Manda and I went to see the ship launch-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Seldon Morton to whom he finally gave a deed of the field across the road -(where the new Hay-barn is)-, said deed calling only for four acres; that he -(Whittum)- had Harrison and Morton give him warranty deeds -(or a joint warranty deed(?)- for five acres; that he yesterday looked up these old deeds and found that they covered the land extending from the south line of the Weber place to the intersection of the Staples line with the Mt. Pyburin road and that therefore (unless Piper secured a deed to this triangular strip---and "Webbie" says that Uncle Nelson found by searching the records that he did not) his (Whittum's) quit-claim deed of July 22, 1910, (delivered to me today)- is every bit as good as a warranty deed, inasmuch as the title was unquestionably vested in him (Whittum). -(Signed)- F. K. Moncland, Searsport, Me., July 23, 1910."

Father having sold to "Webbie", at the request of Freeman Young, a small piece of land between the Staples' House and the Mount Pyburin road in (about) 1899, this small triangular plot is of no practical use to anyone except him!

In looking through Father's Diaries of the late "seventies" and early "eighties" some of the miscellaneous items which attracted my attention were as follows:- "Fred Wendall shipped with 'Ina Jarvadee'---under May 10, 1876; "Fred sailed for Liverpool last night" ---under December 3, 1876; and "Fred Wendall came home today after an absence of 22 months"---under April 8, 1877. Were I not fairly certain that when Fred sailed for Liverpool in Dec., 1876, it was in the Ship "E. K. Thomas" under Captain Peleg Nichols I should think the entry under June 13, 1877, reading "Wanda and I went to see the ship Jarvadee

ed but not tide enough---we went in the night and saw her off" had reference to that ship---the "R. R. Thomas"---but it either did not or my information as to the ship in which Fred took to "Deep Water" in 1876 is at fault! Other items have reference to the meetings of "The Farmers' Club" ~~meetings~~ at the Porter Schoolhouse; religious meetings there, at the houses of neighbors, and at the Nichols' Campground in 1878 and 1879; the birth of Ames Staples's daughter Ruth on March 24, 1878; my illness with membranous croup in February, 1878; -(when everyone else seems to have been having diphtheria); the numerous "parties" which were given in the neighborhood in L876-7-8-9; the departure of Uncle Albert S. Nichols, Amos and Freeman Matthews, Warner Hamilton and "Wood" Tyler for Colorado on March 10th, 1879; the death of Annie (Marden) Staples on January 6, 1880; the burning of Dennis Hare's buildings on January 29, 1880; and the five or six weeks illness of us "kids" of scarlet fever from April 24th to June 1st, 1879, as well as the "Raising" of the present barn on June 9, 1879!

After moving here on November 1, 1876, Father and Mother soon became thoroughly established in what proved to be their permanent home. Father taught in the Clark Settlement during the Winter of 1876-7 and in that of 1877-8 conducted here in the Porter District what proved to be his last school---with the exception of two days (January 20-21, 1880) during which he took the same school for Alfred Emery Nickerson in order to enable him to go to Lewiston!

What has happened to us here in forty years we all know! Here Father renovated the buildings, first treating them to a

ed but not tide enough---we went in the night and saw her off" had reference to that ship--- the "R. R. Thomas"---but it either did not or my information as to the ship in which Fred took to "Deep Water" in 1876 is at fault! Other items have reference to the meetings of "The Farmers' Club" meetings at the Porter Schoolhouse; religious meetings there, at the houses of neighbors, and at the Nichols' Campground in 1873 and 1879; the birth of Amos Staples's daughter Ruth on March 24, 1878; my illness with rheumatism among in February, 1878; -(when everyone else seems to have been having diphtheria); the numerous "parties" which were given in the neighborhood in 1876-7-8-9; the departure of Uncle Albert S. Nichols, Amos and Freeman Matthews, Warner Hamilton and "Wood" Tyler for Colorado on March 10th, 1879; the death of Annie (Marden) Staples on January 6, 1880; the burning of Dennis Hare's buildings on January 29, 1880; and the five or six weeks illness of us "kids" of scarlet fever from April 24th to June 1st, 1879, as well as the "Raising" of the present barn on June 9, 1879!

After moving here on November 1, 1876, Father and Mother soon became thoroughly established in what proved to be their permanent home. Father taught in the Clark Settlement during the Winter of 1876-7 and in that of 1877-8 conducted here in the Porter District what proved to be his last school---with the exception of two days (January 20-21, 1880) during which he took the same school for Alfred Henry Nickerson in order to enable him to go to Lewiston!

What has happened to us here in forty years we all know! Here Father renovated the buildings, first treating them to a

coat of paint and having Uncle Amos Matthews raise the roof of the "L" some three and a half feet, and then building the carriage house, this last having been followed by the erection of the barn in the early Summer of 1879 and later by the back-shed, hen-house, and sheep-shed! Here Father cleared up a farm which had been practically a wood-lot and brought it to a high state of cultivation! Here Hal was born on September 29, 1882! Here Father had bought (with George Bowen) the Bog Lot in 1878 and the "Mel" Nichols lot for his own account in (about) 1879! From here Mother visited Aunt Ruth in Rhode Island with Grandfather Crockett, thereby causing the Great Yellow Day of September 6, 1881! From here Father took me with him on a trip to Boston in April, 1882, and Bert on the one succeeding, at a time when all his goods were bought of and shipments made to Boston firms and it was necessary for him to make frequent visits to "The Hub" in consequence! Here, in the olden days, the neighbors used to gather for sociables, "sings", parties, and on many an otherwise festive occasion when Christmas Trees, "Exhibitions", and Spelling Matches at the Schoolhouse were of regular occurrence! Here 'Gene, Bert, and I built in 1883 the camp which stood for so many years behind the barn and from here I visited 'Gene in Presque Isle and helped him to dig and pick up seventeen barrels of potatoes from nine to three o'clock in one day of 1884! Here Father caused to be excavated the cellar under the main house in August and September of 1885 and the artesian well to be driven by "Jim" and "Pat" Gorie in October, 1886! From here Father went to New York with Aunt Nell in November, (24-30), 1886, to investigate the circumstances under which Uncle Wilton T. Randell had fallen overboard from the

coat of paint and having Uncle Amos Matthews raise the roof of the "L" some three and a half feet, and then building the carriage house, this last having been followed by the erection of the barn in the early Summer of 1879 and later by the back-shed, hen-house, and sheep-shed! Here Father cleared up a farm which had been practically a wood-lot and brought it to a high state of cultivation! Here Hal was born on September 25, 1882! Here Father had bought (with George Brown) the Bog Lot in 1876 and the "Hal" Nicholls lot for his own account in (about) 1879! From here Father visited Aunt Ruth in Rhode Island with Grandfather Crockett, thereby causing the Great Yellow Day of September 6, 1881! From here Father took me with him on a trip to Boston in April, 1882, and Bert on the one succeeding, at a time when all his goods were bought of and shipments made to Boston first and it was necessary for him to make frequent visits to "The Hub" in consequence! Here, in the olden days, the neighbors used to gather for sociables, "singes", parties, and on many an otherwise festive occasion when Christmas Trees, "Exhibitions", and Spelling Matches at the Schoolhouse were of regular occurrence! Here 'Cene, Bert, and I built in 1883 the camp which stood for so many years behind the barn and from here I visited 'Cene in Presque Isle and helped him to dig and pick up seventeen barrels of potatoes from nine to three o'clock in one day of 1884! Here Father caused to be excavated the cellar under the main house in August and September of 1885 and the artesian well to be driven by "Jim" and "Pat" Gorle in October, 1886! From here Father went to New York with Aunt Nell in November, (24-30), 1886, to investigate the circumstances under which Uncle William T. Randall had fallen overboard from the

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Barque "Henry H. Gregg" (?) at midnight of Friday, November 19, (?), 1886, shortly after he had anchored off Sandy Hook on an incoming voyage from some port in Brazil (?)! From here we used to make yealy (yearly) pilgrimages to Maple Grove and Northport Campgrounds (sometimes in the old schooners run by John Clesson and others among which I particularly remember the "Banner") and to Bangor, Monroe, Belfast, and other Fairs! From here "Old Nell" has started out on many a merry War Dance and here Carlo and Max preceded Don in thinking themselves the only pups in the landscape! Here for many years George Bowen maintained toward the younger members of the family the attitude of an elder brother! Here Martha "cussed" the cats, Harry defended the stairs, Alice discovered that "Jim Blaine has pins in his feet!", and here Kit, who wouldn't for the world tell you how old John Page, replying to an inquiry about "Bill" Lanpher of The Dirty Settlement, said:- "He has been raising the duvvle ever since last August!" was wont to observe of Father during a particularly strenuous day that he was "John Paging it"! Here "Joe" Bowen sagely remarked that it was strange but that a man as old as he was could learn something new every day!

From here a certain "warm member" set forth for Comer's Commercial College on September 2, 1887, and to thrust himself upon a waiting world -(he has been dodging bricks ever since)- and has during a somewhat variegated career voted in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Tennessee and could have voted in Colorado, to say nothing of having cast a "straw" vote for Theodore Roosevelt in Mexico City and helping to celebrate a revolutionary "election" in Bogota! Here the aforesaid "warm member" is spending his first Winter in Maine in thirty years--

Barque "Henry H. Crogg" (?) at midnight of Friday, November 19, (?), 1886, shortly after he had encounter off Sandy Hook on an inbounding voyage from some port in Brazil (?)! From here we used to make yearly (yearly) pilgrimages to Eagle Grove and Northport Campgrounds (sometimes in the old nonsmoers run by John Gleason and others among which I particularly remember the "Hanner") and to Bangor, Lamoe, Belfast, and other Maine! From here "Old Nell" has strolled out on many a merry "Ar Dance and here Carlo and Max provoked Don in thinking themselves the only pups in the Landscape! Here for many years George Bowen maintained toward the younger members of the family the attitude of an elder brother! Here Martha "owned" the cats, "Harry defended the estate, Alice discovered that "Tim" Blaine has pins in his feet!", and here Nid, who wouldn't for the world tell you how old John Page, replying to an inquiry about "Bill" Lumpher of "Ne Dirty Settlement, said:- "He has been raising the devils ever since last August!" was wont to observe of Father during a particularly strenuous day that he was "Coin Raging it"! Here "Joe" Bowen sagely remarked that it was strange but that a man as old as he was could learn something new every day!

From here a certain "Wee member" set forth for Somer's Commercial College on September 2, 1887, and to thwart himself upon a waiting world - (he has been dodging bricks ever since)- and has during a somewhat variegated career voted in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Tennessee and could have voted in Colorado, to say nothing of having cast a "straw" vote for Theodore Roosevelt in Mexico City and helping to celebrate a revolutionary "election" in Bogotal. Here the aforesaid "warm member" is spending his first Winter in Maine in thirty years--

and it's some Winter!

From here Bert went forth to the Searsport High School, Kent's Hill, and Shaw's Business College at Portland and (in November, 1891) to reconstruct the cordage and hotel business--- but finally consented to put that of Insurance on the map instead---entering the employ of John C. Paige & Co. on (about) December 1, 1894, and becoming a member of that firm on January 1, 1912!

From here after finishing the two years course of the Western State Normal School at Gorham in June, 1893, and spending five years each at the Porter District and Village schools, Kit wended her reluctant way to the banks of the Mystic, there to more thoroughly demonstrate that she really does know "How to Hammer the Stuffin' out of Kids"! and retiring in August of each year to the seclusion of Sandypoint, there to do penance therefor!

From here, in the brief periods of respite possible to a boy engaged in wearing out sundry bicycles, Hal sallied forth to mow down opposing batsmen and in the intervals between managed to pass through the Searsport High School to the University of Maine before he had yet reached his sixteenth birthday----- whence after four years and graduating with the Class of 1902 he proceeded into the West ("of Albany") only to find that the General Electric Company had already founded Schenectady----- whereupon he proceeded to put electricity (is Life) into and to tell good risks all about Surety Bonds!

From here Bert and I joined Fred Kendall, Otis Chessman, and 'Gene Kneeland on our memorable yachting and fishing trip down the Bay to Old Harbor, Swan's Island, and vicinity, on

THE CROCKETT MANIA

and it's some Mania!

From here Bert went forth to the Searsport High School, Kent's Hill, and Shaw's Business College at Portland and (in November, 1891) to reconstruct the cordage and hotel business---but finally concerted to put that of Insurance on the map instead---entering the employ of John C. Paige & Co. on (about) December 1, 1894, and becoming a member of that firm on January 1, 1912!

From here after finishing the two years course of the Western State Normal School at Gorham in June, 1893, and spending five years each at the Porter District and Village schools, Kit wended her reluctant way to the banks of the Kyatic, there to more thoroughly demonstrate that she really does know "how to hammer the 'turrin' out of kids"! and retiring in August of each year to the seclusion of Sandypoint, there to do penance therefore!

From here, in the brief periods of respite possible to a boy engaged in wearing out sundry bicycles, Ma sallied forth to mow down opposing batsmen and in the intervals between wended to pass through the Searsport High School to the University of Maine before he had yet reached his sixteenth birthday----- whence after four years and graduating with the class of 1902 he proceeded into the West ("of Albany") only to find that the General Electric Company had already founded Schenectady----- whereupon he proceeded to put electricity (in life) into and to tell good tales all about Surely Bonsai!

From here Bert and I joined Fred Kendall, Ollie Dissemen, and Gene Kneeland on our memorable pedalling and fishing trip down the Bay to Old Harbor, Swan's Island, and vicinity, on

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

W. A. Kimball's sloop yacht "Jennette" in July, 1892, and here George and Elmer Hammons, Ed. Sargent, Bert and myself came to be"re-imbursed" in the Bryan campaign of 1896! Here we have all come on many an enjoyable vacation---to find that the maples are as green in Summer and as red in the Fall, that the pines sough as loudly in Winter, and that the Bay always presents as many changes ranging from deep blue to dull gray as in days gone by!

Here Mother was for years an invalid whom no-one expected ever to get well and here after declining to less than 75 pounds in weight she attained comparatively rugged health and a weight at least double that she had possessed in the middle eighties!

From here Father travelled the surrounding country for well-nigh thirty-seven of the more than thirty-eight years he drove on the road! From here he carried on his twenty-year campaign as Tax Collector, served on the School-Board for unnumbered terms, and went as a representative to the State Legislature at Augusta for the two terms beginning in 1896 and 1900! From here he became a member of Sears Lodge, No. 82, I. O. O. F., and was elected to the Commandership of Freeman McGilvery Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, while Mother took part in the activities of the Woman's Relief Corps back in the eighties! Here in comparatively recent years Mother bought the wood-lot on Bog Hill and the one of Elroy Bowen on the "Rabbit Lot" and Father bought the one of Burdeen and the Larrabee boys! Here he bought the Felker farm shortly after the buildings thereon burned on the morning of April 21, 1899, erecting the new barn across the road the following Spring for the purpose of housing the hay which it did not then produce! Here Father had pneumonia as the result of a fall on October 16, 1905! Here

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

W. A. Kimball's sloop yacht "Jennette" in July, 1892, and here George and Elmer Hammons, Ed. Sargent, Bert and myself came to be"re-imbursed" in the Bryan campaign of 1896! Here we have all come on many an enjoyable vacation---to find that the maples are as green in Summer and as red in the Fall, that the pines sough as loudly in Winter, and that the Bay always presents as many changes ranging from deep blue to dull gray as in days gone by!

Here Father was for years an invalid whom no-one expected ever to get well and here after doctoring to less than 75 pounds in weight she attained comparatively rugged health and a weight at least double that she had possessed in the middle eighties!

From here Father travelled the surrounding country for well-nigh thirty-seven of the more than thirty-eight years he drove on the road! From here he carried on his twenty-year campaign as Tax Collector, served on the School-Board for unnumbered terms, and went as a representative to the State Legislature at Augusta for the two terms beginning in 1895 and 1900! From here he became a member of Tears Lodge, No. 82, I. O. O. F., and was elected to the Commandership of Freeman McGlivery Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, while Mother took part in the activities of the Woman's Relief Corps back in the eighties! Here in comparatively recent years Father bought the wood-lot on Hog Hill and the one of Hiroy Bowen on the "Bank lot" and Father bought the one of Burdeen and the Barrabee boys! Here he bought the Walker farm shortly after the building thereon burned on the morning of April 21, 1899, erecting the new barn across the road the following Spring for the purpose of housing the hay which it did not then produce! Here Father had pneumonia as the result of a fall on October 16, 1900! Here

his health began to fail in the succeeding years! Here he fell from an apple-tree on October 17, 1913! Here he began to suffer those attacks more and more frequently and here he died on January 22, 1917! May he rest in peace!

Searsport,
Maine,
3/19/1917.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

His health began to fail in the succeeding years! Here he fell from an apple-tree on October 17, 1916! Here he began to suffer these attacks more and more frequently and here he died on January 22, 1917! May he rest in peace!

Fearsport,
Maine,
3/15/1917.

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

While it will break the continuity to do so, insasmuch as several of the succeeding sections refer principally to the Crocketts, I am going to insert here such facts as I have regarding the family of Mother's mother---the Heagans---even though they be comparatively few and incomplete!

"Webbie" quotes Henry McCaslin, who used to work for Uncle "Del" Crockett and his widow in the early "eighties" and was therefore much with Grandfather Crockett and the older members of the Heagan family, as saying that both Grandfather Crockett and Mother's Great Uncle Samuel S. Heagan -(whose title of "General" arose from his connection with the State Militia)- had told him that the Heagans first came to this country as outlaws under the rigorous edicts promulgated and persecutions practised against the Catholics in Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690, as a result of which the Protestants under William III (William of Orange) gained the ascendancy over the Catholics under James II (James Stuart)! As to the reliability of this statement I have made no investigation---I do not even know that the original imigrants <u>were</u> Catholics---but although the first settlers of that name here in Maine may have come from some other part of the American Colonies, there were no Heagans living in what is now the State of Maine when the First Census was taken in 1790---McCaslin says they changed the spelling of the name when they came to this country! In commenting upon this probable origin of the Heagans in this country "Will" Staples says in a letter to "Web":- "If they were

THE HAGAN FAMILY

While it will break the continuity to do so, I cannot on several of the succeeding sections refer principally to the Crockette, I am going to insert here such facts as I have regarding the family of Esther's mother---the Keagans---even though they be comparatively few and incomplete!

"Bobbie" quotes Henry Johnson, who used to work for "Uncle Joe" Crockett and his widow in the early "eighties" and was therefore much with Grandfather Crockett and the older members of the Keagan family, as saying that both Grandfather Crockett and Esther's great Uncle Samuel C. Keagan - whose title of "General" arose from his connection with the "State Militia"- had told him that the Keagans first came to this country as outlaws under the religious edicts prohibiting and persecutions practised against the Catholics in Ireland after the battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690, as a result of which the Protestants under "William III (Prince of Orange) gained the ascendency over the Catholics under James II (James Stuart)! As to the reliability of this statement I have made no investigation---I do not even know that the original immigrants were Catholics---but although the first settlers of that name here in Maine may have come from some other part of the American Colonies, there were no Keagans living in what is now the State of Maine when the First Census was taken in 1790--- Quaint name they changed the spelling of the name when they came to this country! In commenting upon this probable origin of the Keagans in this country "Will" Keagles says in a letter to "Ed":- "If they were

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

'Papists' it seems the Irony of Fate that, after leaving their country rather than take the Protestant oath, their descendants should all become Protestants---but likely their children and grandchildren got no religious training until the Methodist missionaries invaded the Maine woods! There were quite a few of these immigrants---Heagans, Neálleys, Crockers, Jacksons, Cummings---and Jeremiah O'Brien, the naval hero of eastern Maine, was the son or grandson of one of them!"

When in 1916 I asked Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry (whose letter to Mother in 1909 constitutes the greater part of these Heagan Notes) regarding the circumstances under which the family ancestor came to this country she wrote me under date of October 9, 1916, as follows:- "It was my Great-Grandfather Thomas Heagan that came from Ireland! Think he must have been a young man as his children were born in this country! He came in company with three others, Brine Linen, Collins McCarty, and ------Rearden! Am not certain about the names, but think so! Our Great Uncle Thomas Heagan, the one brother Tom was named for, married Sally Linen! He was a Sea Captain and used to go on foreign voyages! Capt. Ralph Devereaux's mother was Nancy Linen, a granddaughter of Brine Linen, a niece of our Aunt "Sally Tom", as she used to be called! There was also a Rearden who married one of our distant relatives! I never heard that they left Ireland except by their own free will!"

According to a memorandum made by me on that date Thomas Heagan, Mother's mother's cousin and a brother of Miss Ellen E. Heagan whom I have quoted above and who was then living with Mr. William D. Smart down under the hill (and whom we all addressed

THE LEAGUE OF LIFE

"Quite! It seems the Irony of Fate that, after leaving their country rather than take the Protestant oath, their descendants should all become Protestants--but likely their children and grandchildren got no religious training until the Lothbdiet mission-series invaded the Pine woods! There were quite a few of these Investigents--Sanders, Gallaye, Crocker, Jackson, Dunbrige--and Jeremiah Clifton, the naval hero of eastern Maine, was the son or grandson of one of them!"

When in 1916 I asked Miss Ellen A. Logan of Freeport Perry (whose letter to father in 1909 constituted the greater part of these League Notes) regarding the circumstances under which the family ancestor came to this country, she wrote me under date of October 9, 1916, as follows:- "It was my great-grandfather Thomas Logan that came from Ireland! Think he must have been a young man as his children were born in this country! He came in company with three others, Jaime Tinen, Collins Doherty, and ------Sanders! I am not certain about the names, but think so! Our great Uncle Thomas Logan, the one brother Tom was named for, married Sally Tinen! He was a Sea Captain and used to go on foreign voyages! Sept. Sally Devereaux's mother was Nancy Tinen, a granddaughter of Jaime Tinen, a niece of our Aunt "Sally Tom", as she used to be called! There was also a Sanders who married one of our distant relatives! I never heard that they left Ireland except by their own free will!"

According to a memorandum made up me on that date Thomas Logan, father's mother's cousin and a brother of Miss Ellen A. Logan whom I have quoted above and who was then living with Miss Mildred C. Hart down under the hill (and whom we all addressed as

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

as "Uncle Tom"), took dinner at Father's on May 27, 1909, and in response to inquiries from me gave us information regarding the Heagan family which, after being corrected by his sister Ellen so as to show that it was his Great-Grandfather Thomas Heagan who was the original Irish immigrant instead of his Grandfather John Heagan and slightly supplemented by Mother, Miss Heagan, and Henry True Sanborn of Bangor, was as follows:-

Thomas Heagan, head of the family in this country, was born in , Ireland, in 17 , and came to this country as a young man. He married Polly Holland -(See Page 238)-! One of their sons, John Heagan, married Betsey Stinson! John and Betsey (Stinson) Heagan had the following children:-

James Heagan---Mother's grandfather! Lived on his farm on Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.!

John Heagan----Lived on what in 1909 was still known as the Frank Gould ~~fam~~ farm---now owned by Sumner Nickerson! As "The Heagan Farm", it was famous for its livestock, etc.!

Samuel Heagan--He lived up over the hill from Grandfather Crockett's---on the left-hand side of the road! Henry McCaslin afterwards lived there! The buildings were burned about 1897! He was a prominent man in local and State affairs, served for many terms as a representative in the State Legislature, and was a high officer in the State Militia ---whence came his title of "General"--- He was known far and wide as "General Sam" Heagan! Grandfather Crockett didn't like him but it was for his youngest daughter, Helen Amanda Heagan, that Mother was named!

Richard-~~Heagan~~-(They both had farms on or near the Heagan Mountain in Prospect!
David Heagan (
David Heagan---(

"Polly" Heagan-Married John(?) Stinson! Lived about half-way between "Billy" Smith's and the John Heagan farm!

"Peggy"Heagan--Married Daniel Killman! Lived to be 100 years old! Spent her last years with her son, James Killman, at the foot of Spout Hill and later at Prospect Marsh Village!

THE INFORMATION

as "Nole Con"), took dinner at Father's on May 27, 1939, and in response to inquiries from me gave us information regarding the Teagan family which, after being corrected by his sister Lilian so as to show that it was his great-grandfather Thomas Teagan who was the original Irish immigrant instead of his grandfather John Teagan and slightly supplemented by Mother, was as follows:-

Thomas Teagan, head of the family in this country, was born in , Ireland, in 17 , and came to this country as a young man. He married Polly Island -(See Page 238)-! The of their sons, John Teagan, married Betsey Tinnon! John and Betsey ("Tinnon") Teagan had the following children:-

Thomas Teagan---Father's grandfather! Lived on his farm on Spout Hill, Prospect, Ohio!

John Teagan----Lived on what in 1939 was still known as the Frank Gould farm--now owned by Turner Fleagerson! As "The Teagan farm", it was famous for its livestock, etc.!

Samuel Teagan--He lived up over the hill from Grandfather Crookston's--on the left-hand side of the road! Henry Cobaugh afterwards lived there! The buildings were burned about 1897! He was a prominent man in local and State affairs, served for many terms as a representative in the State legislature, and was a high officer in the State Militia ---whence came his title of "General"--- He was known far and wide as "General Sam" Teagan! Grandfather Crookston didn't like him but it was for his youngest daughter, Helen Amanda Teagan, that father was named!

Richard-Teagan-(They both had farms on or near the
David Teagan (Teagan Plantation in Prospect!
David Teagan---(

"Polly" Teagan-Married John(?) Tinnon! Lived about half-way between "Polly" Polly's and the John Teagan farm!

"Betsy"Teagan--Married Daniel Williams! Lived to be 100 years old! Spent her last years with her son, James Williams, at the foot of Spout Hill and later at Prospect near Williams!

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

"Sally" Heagan-Married William Smith of Prospect! They were the parents of the "Billy" Smith who, up to the time of his death two or three years ago, lived on the Marsh road, beyond the Turner Schoolhouse!

This is as far as the information given me by "Uncle Tom" extended. When my quizzing got too hot for him he said his sister Ellen could furnish more information than he and that he would ask her to do so. As a result Mother that Summer received from Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry a letter which I quote below, verbatim! It is as follows:-

"Dear Cousin Amanda:- Have heard by way of Brother Tom that your son was interested in genealogy so thought he might learn something from me. The record of father's brothers and sisters father wrote himself but the dates of the first got torn off so may not be correct. Hope this may afford you and your son some pleasure and that you will excuse mistakes. My head aches. It takes quite a lot of study but think there is nothing contradictory. With kind regards, -(Signed)- Ellen E. Heagan"!

-(The above is only a part of the first page of Miss Heagan's letter. It consists of ten pages containing miscellaneous facts. It continues as quoted below.)-

"Minot J. Savage, a Unitarian minister---quite a noted one! His mother---Ann Stinson! Her father---John Stinson, Grandmother Heagan's brother! He has written a book of poems---very good!

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins had eleven children, eight born in Gloucester, Mass., three in Arrowsic, Maine. Benjamin Petty was the son of Peter Petty, born in Haverhill, Mass., 1696, was the youngest of eight children (of) Peter Petty

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

"Sally" Heagan-married William Smith of Prospect! They were the parents of the "Sally" Smith who, up to the time of his death two or three years ago, lived on the Marsh road, beyond the Turner Schoolhouse!

This is as far as the information given me by "Uncle Tom" extended. When my quizzing got too hot for him he said his sister Allen could furnish more information than he and that he would ask her to do so. As a result "other that Summer received from Miss Allen E. Heagan of Prospect "erry a letter which I quote below, verbatim! It is as follows:-

"Dear Cousin Amanda:- Have heard by way of Brother Tom that your son was interested in genealogy so thought he might learn something from me. The record of father's brothers and sisters father wrote himself but the dates of the first got torn off so may not be correct. Hope this may afford you and your son some pleasure and that you will excuse mistakes. My head aches. It takes quite a lot of study but think there is nothing contradictory. With kind regards, -(Signed)- Allen E. Heagan"!

-(The above is only a part of the first page of Miss Heagan's letter. It consists of ten pages containing miscellaneous facts. It continues as quoted below.)-

"Minot C. Savage, a Unitarian minister---quite a noted one! His mother---Ann Tinson! Her father---John Tinson, Grandmother Heagan's brother! He has written a book of poems---very good!

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins had eleven children, eight born in Gloucester, Mass., three in Arrowsic, Maine. Benjamin Petty was the son of Peter Petty, born in Haverhill, Mass., 1696, was the youngest of eight children (of) Peter Petty

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

and Sarah Gile Petty. Peter was probably born in Landsdown, -(Lansdowne?)- England, 1648, possibly a son of St. William, a physician of Cromwell and Charles II.

John Heagan and Betsey Stinson

James Heagan	---	Sept. , 1784-1825-		(He was Mother's (and Henry True
Polly	"	Oct. , 1786-		(Sanborn's grand- (father and my
Peggy	"	April 2, 1789-1889		(great-grandfather. (F. E. K. 3/19/17.
John	"	Oct. 24, 1791-Jan. 22, 1861.-		(This was ("Uncle Tom's" and
David	"	March 2, 1794-April (?)		(Ellen E. Heagan's (father. F. E. K.
Richard	"	Dec. 25, 1796-May 23, 1861.		
Samuel	"	Sept.13, 1799-		
Sally	"	March26, 1802-Aug., 1835.		

Grandfather's father, Thomas Heagan.

" mother, Polly Holland.

Family

John Heagan

David Heagan) These names
James Heagan) are not in
Thomas Heahan) proper order!

Richard Heagan

Kate Heagan

Polly Heagan

Hannah Gilbert

Ann Gould

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

and Sarah Ollie Petty. Peter was probably born in Landedown, -(Landedown?)- England, 1648, possibly a son of Sr. William, a physician of Cromwell and Charles II.

John Heagan and Lefecy Gibson

Jarne Heagan--Sept.	, 1784-1838-	(He was father's and Henry True		
Polly "	Oct.	, 1786-	(Sanborn's grand-father and my	
Peggy "	April 2,	1788-1838	(great-grandfather.	
John "	Oct. 24,	1791-Jan. 22,	1861.-	(Uncle was "Uncle Joe's" and
David "	March 3,	1794-April 3	(?)	(William H. Heagan's father. F. M.
Richard "	Dec. 25,	1796-May 23,	1861.	
Samuel "	Sept. 18,	1799-		
Sally "	March 26,	1802-Aug.,	1838.	

Grandfather's father, Thomas Heagan.

" mother, Polly Holland.

Family

John Heagan

David Heagan } These names

Jane Heagan } are not in

Thomas Heagan } proper order!

Richard Heagan

Nate Heagan

Polly Heagan

Hannah Gilbert

Mr. Gould

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Grandmother's father, Samuel Stinson.

" mother, Patience (Patience) Petty.

Family

Ebeneazer Stinson

John

William

Samuel

David

Peggy Stinson McKenny

Sally " Rearden

Jane " Swett

Abagail " Stinson

Betsey " Heagan

These names are not supposed
to be in their proper order.

Ebeneazer Petty, born Georgetown, Maine, Feb. 21, 1739. He was the son of Benjamin and Patience Collins Petty. Ebeneazer Petty and Mary Stinson, both of Georgetown, were married Jan. 10, 1765, by John Stinson, Esq.

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins of Gloucester, Mass., were married 1730.

Ebeneazer Petty is a brother to Grandmother Heagan's mother. Samuel Stinson married Patience Petty, Grandmother Heagan's mother, thus making their children double cousins. See second page.

---July 9. Think there must be a mistake on this page. Helen---
---Smith visited here yesterday. She thinks she can rectify it

-(Note:- This notation--the last two lines--by Miss Heagan refers to Page 5 of her letter, which constitutes the last half of this page---beginning "Ebeneazer Petty, born Georgetown"FEK)-

THE KEAGAN FAMILY

Grandmother's father, Samuel Stinson.

" mother, Patience (Patience) Petty.

Family

Ebenezer Stinson

John

William

Samuel

David

Peggy Stinson McKenny

Sally " Reardon

Jane " Swett

Abigail " Stinson

Betsey " Keagan

These names are not supposed
to be in their proper order.

Ebenezer Petty, born Georgetown, Maine, Feb. 21, 1739. He was the son of Benjamin and Patience Collins Petty. Ebenezer Petty and Mary Stinson, both of Georgetown, were married Jan.10, 1765, by John Stinson, Esq.

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins of Gloucester, Mass., were married 1730.

Ebenezer Petty is a brother to Grandmother Keagan's mother. Samuel Stinson married Patience Petty, Grandmother Keagan's mother, thus making their children double cousins. See second page.

---July 9. Think there must be a mistake on this page. Helen--
---Smith visited here yesterday. She thinks she can rectify it

-(Note:- This notation--the last two lines--by Miss Keagan refers to Page 5 of her letter, which constitutes the last half of this page---beginning "Ebenezer Petty, born Georgetown,"KEM)-

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Daughters of Ebeneazer Petty

Mary Petty	Married	Amos Jones
Annie "	"	Henry Farwell
Margaret"	"	" "
Elizabeth"	"	Rev. Mr. Lovejoy
Jane "	"	Job Chase
Antilope"	"	Geo. Dyer
Rachel "	"	Amos Whitney
Asenith "	"	---- Hurd
Patience"	"	---- Sinclare

Relief died at 16, unmarried

This is quite a remarkable family. Elizabeth, the mother of Elijah Parish and Owen Lovejoy. Elijah was a martyr, Owen a M. C. You probably notice the name of Farwell and know more of them than I do. There was one son in the Petty family but he was not as intelligent as his sisters.

Henry Farwell was twice married and became the father of 21 children---9 and 12. First wife, Annie Petty.

Lydia Farwell Rich

Josiah Farwell, Minister

Eben Farwell, Teacher

Betsey Farwell Cates and Dyer

Antilope Farwell McManas

Margaret Farwell Woodsome

Ann Farwell, died young

There were two other children

THE NEVADA FAMILY

Daughters of Menemeer Petty

Mary Petty	married	Amos Jones
Annie "	"	Henry Farwell
Margaret"	"	" "
Elizabeth"	"	Rev. M. Lovejoy
Jane "	"	Job Chase
Antilope"	"	Geo. Dyer
Rachel "	"	Amos Whitney
Asenith "	"	---- Hurd
Patience"	"	---- Simmons
Sallie (or Ann M.)	unmarried	

This is quite a remarkable family. Elizabeth, the mother of Elijah Parish and Owen Lovejoy. Elijah was a martyr, Owen a M. C. You probably notice the name of Farwell and know more of them than I do. There was one son in the Petty family but he was not as intelligent as his sisters.

Henry Farwell was twice married and became the father of 21 children---9 and 12. First wife, Annie Petty.

Lydia Farwell Hob

Josiah Farwell, Minister

Ben Farwell, Teacher

Betsey Farwell Gates and Dyer

Antilope Farwell Grimes

Margaret Farwell Woodcock

Tim Farwell, died young

There were two other children

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Henry Farwell-Margaret Petty, sister of first wife

Second Family

Twins-Jewel Farwell and infant

Nathan Farwell, U. S. Senator

Joseph Farwell, Capt. of Steamer "Daniel Webster"

Willard Farwell, Boat Agent, Rockland

Henry Farwell

Oliver Farwell

Charles Farwell, Officer in the rebel army, shot in Sherman's March to the Sea! A smart, good man!

Eliza Farwell Mollard

Violet Muzzy and Whitney

Deborah Farwell Milliken of N. O. - Very wealthy! Only one child! Last (or lost?) at Bar Harbor! Highly educated!

There was another child

Since writing the first six pages have been at William Smith's. Helen gave the list of the Farwells and several other facts. Helen is a descendant of Amos Jones, a Revolutionary soldier and pensioner.

Grandfather and Grandmother Heagan both born, 1760. Grandmother died, 1857.

Stephen Chase, minister, Job Chase's son. There are other ministers among the younger men in the Chase family.

Dr. Stevens of Stockton, mother a Dyer.

There is a gentleman living in Boston who is said to have collected three thousand facts of the Pettys with a view to publishing a book. His son-in-law was a Petty. The son-in-law died and the father was undecided about the book. The gentle-

THE TRACY FAMILY

Henry Tarwell-Barnard Tetty, sister of first wife

Second Family

Wine-Lowel Tarwell and Infant

Nathan Tarwell, U. S. Senator

Joseph Tarwell, Capt. of Steamer "Daniel Webster"

Willard Tarwell, Boat Agent, Rockland

Mary Tarwell

Oliver Tarwell

Charles Tarwell, Officer in the rebel army, shot
in Sherman's March to the Sea!
smart, good man!

Tina Tarwell Willard

Violet Tracy and Tiffany

Deborah Tarwell Milliken of E. C. - Very wealthy!
Only one child! Last (or lost?)
at Bar Harbor! Highly educated!

There was another child

Once writing the first six pages have been at William Smith's. Helen gave the list of the Tarwells and several other facts. Helen is a descendant of Amos Cross, a Revolutionary soldier and peacemaker.

Grandfather and Grandmother Teagan both born, 1760. Grandmother died, 1882.

Stephen Chase, minister, Job Chase's son. There are other ministers among the younger men in the Chase family.

Dr. Stevens of Stockton, mother a Dyer.

There is a gentleman living in Boston who is said to have collected three thousand facts of the Petty with a view to publishing a book. His son-in-law was a Petty. The son-in-law died and the father was undecided about the book. The gentle-

man's name is W. Tracy Eustis. I don't know the address.

Amanda, I have written in a hurry--might have had more system if had taken more time. Helen says the Town Clerk of Georgetown said the name was originally spelled Pette but now Pettee. -(Signed)- "Ellen"! "

Thus ends Miss Heagan's letter of the Summer of 1909, which I began copying on Page 237. I was in correspondence with her for several weeks during the Fall of 1916 and some additional information supplied by her has been incorporated in other parts of this section. In various places Miss Heagan refers to the Pettys and Stinsons as being from Arrowsic and Georgetown. Upon investigation I find that Arrowsic was formerly a part of Georgetown, from which it is some eight miles distant, but that it was set off as a separate town in 1841.

Miss Heagan's brother, "Uncle Tom" Heagan, died at Mr. Smart's on April 20, 1915, having observed his 81st birthday on March 23rd preceding. "Webbie" and I had been in to see him one Sunday just before his death, I having been here for four weeks during March and April of that year!

Except for the dates of birth and death of her father, John Heagan,,as set forth on Page 238, Miss Heagan has given me no details regarding her own family! Mother's recollection of its immediate members is as follows:-

John Heagan married Emily Ginn of "Poverty Shore", Prospect, ---as the section now known as Prospect Ferry was referred to in days gone by! Mother thinks that it was this locality which was also known as "The Fore Shore"! Details regarding their children as Mother re-calls them places the order of their

man's name is W. Tracy Martin. I don't know the address.

Amanda, I have written in a hurry--might have had more system if had taken more time. Helen says the Town Clerk of Georgetown said the name was originally spelled Pette but now Petty. -(Signed)- "Allen"! "

Thus ends Miss Meagan's letter of the Summer of 1929, which I began copying on Page 237. I was in correspondence with her for several weeks during the Fall of 1918 and some additional information supplied by her has been incorporated in other parts of this section. A various places Miss Meagan refers to the Petty and Pittenger s being from Arrowsic and Georgetown. Upon investigation I find that Arrowsic was formerly a part of Georgetown, from which it is more eight miles distant, but that it was set off as a separate town in 1841.

Ian Meagan's brother, "Nole Cum" Meagan, died at Martin's on April 27, 1918, having observed his 81st birthday on March 23rd preceding. "Bobbie" and I had been in to see him one Sunday just before his death, I having been here for four weeks during March and April of that year!

Except for the dates of birth and death of her father, John Meagan, as set forth on Page 238, Miss Meagan has given me no details regarding her own family! Mother's recollection of its immediate members is as follows:-

John Meagan married Emily Simonton "Everett Shore", Prospect, ---as the section now known as Prospect Ferry was referred to in days gone by! Mother thinks that it was this locality which was also known as "The Core Shore"! Details regarding their children as Mother re-calls them places the order of their

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

birth and other particulars as follows:-

Mary Ann Heagan--Married Stephen Littlefield of Prospect. They had no children but brought up two of the daughters of Ellis Crockett (?) of whom Mother is quite certain that "Donie", the wife of Thomas de Swarte, mentioned in "Our Visit to Mrs. Trevett", is one! Mr. & Mrs. Littlefield lived in Wisconsin for many years but upon his death in Boston while en route home after a visit to Maine some years ago, his wife brought his remains back for burial and, after a short time in Wisconsin, returned to Prospect where she now lives at "The Ferry" with the Misses Hannah K. and Ellen Heagan, her sole remaining sisters!

Ruby Heagan------Married William Dana Smart of Searsport--"Uncle Bill"! She was the first of his three wives! They had four children, Ephraim Knights, Emily, Bertha, and William D., Jr., of whom the last is the only one remaining! Emily was lost at sea, having been placed in an open boat by a captain who believed his ship was about to founder! The ship and captain survived but the occupants of the boat were never heard from!

Emily Heagan-----Married a Captain Wilson and had three or four children!

Wellman Heagan---Married Helen Moulton! After his death she married his cousin, William ("Billy") Smith, the son of her first husband's Aunt Sally(Heagan)Smith who, with her brother John, were sister and brother to James Heagan, my Great-Grandfather! There were no children by either marriage but Mr. and Mrs. Smith reared several, among them (partially) Horace and Stella Nichols! Mrs. Smith was the "Helen" referred to in Miss Ellen Heagan's letter of 1909! Both she and Mr. Smith have died during the past two or three years!

Thomas Heagan----He was the "Uncle Tom" referred to on Pages 235-6-8 and 242! He married Nancy Harding of Prospect and formerly lived on his farm at Prospect Ferry! For many years he was crippled by a running sore on one of his legs! There were no children!

Hannah K. Heagan-She was a school-teacher for many years! Never married! Now lives with her sisters Mary and Ellen at Prospect Ferry!

Times.

19.

MACKENZIE at his quarters at Fort Clark, Kinney County, Texas, in April, 1873. For some time Mexican bandits and Indians had been crossing the border to steal cattle and horses, and many settlers and ranchmen had been killed by the miscreants. SHERIDAN opened the proceedings with characteristic plainness of speech:

> MACKENZIE, you have been ordered down here to relieve Colonel MERRITT and the 9th Cavalry because I want something done to stop these conditions of banditry by these people across the river. I want you to control and hold down the situation and to do it in your own way. I want you to be bold, enterprising, and at all times full of energy. When you begin, let it be a campaign of annihilation, obliteration, and complete destruction—as you have always done in your dealings with the Indians. I think that you understand what I want done and the way you should employ your forces.

General GRANT regarded MACKENZIE, who had been a division commander under SHERIDAN in the Shenandoah Valley during the civil war, as the most promising young officer in the army. He had graduated from West Point in 1862, the son of Commodore ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, who once had the nephew of a Secretary of War hanged from the yardarm of his ship for mutiny, Colonel MACKENZIE, one of the handsomest soldiers in the army, inherited the resolution and readiness to take responsibility that characterized his father. But in this instance he thought that his superior should be more explicit. "General SHERIDAN," asked Colonel MACKENZIE, "under whose orders and upon what "authority am I to act? Have you any "plans to suggest, or will you issue me "the necessary orders for my action." SHERIDAN, pounding on the table, replied vehemently:

> Damn the orders! Damn the authority! You are to go ahead on your own plan of action, and your authority shall be General GRANT and myself. With us behind you, you can rest assured of the fullest support. You must assume the risk. We will assume the final responsibility.

The narrative of the raid has been told with graphic power by Captain ROBERT G. CARTER, U. S. A., retired, now living in Washington. He has recently put the finishing touches to the absorbing story of the adventure which he shared. His pamphlet has a historical importance and is full of local color and the border at- The objective of MACKENZIE'S

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Ellen E. Heagan--She is now about 75 years of age and was the youngest of the family, of which the only surviving members are her sisters Mary and Hannah, with whom she resides in their home at Prospect Ferry! It is to her that I am indebted for at least half of the material comprised in this section! Like her sisters, Mary and Hannah, and her brother Wellman, she was formerly a school-teacher! Mother has attended schools taught by her, as well as to others taught by her sister Hannah and their sister-in-law Helen(Moulton) Heagan-Smith---at the old Center Schoolhouse and likewise at the old "Academy" which stood near the residence of John Heagan! Mother thinks that Miss Ellen and all her brothers and sisters were born on what was then the John Heagan but is now the Sumner Nickerson farm! Ellen E. Heagan never married!

Mother, Henry True Sanborn, Miss Ellen Heagan, and Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Mrs. Lydia Mackenzie, No. 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., have supplied the following information regarding some of the descendants of James Heagan, Mother's grandfather and therefore my great-grandfather!

James Heagan-(born Sept. , 1784--died in 1825)-married Lucy Ann Staples of Prospect, Maine! She was a sister of Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, the second wife of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior!, who was more familiarly known as "Sally"! James and Lucy Ann (Staples) Heagan had five children as follows:-

Jane Heagan------My grandmother! Born October 8, 1808! Married to Daniel Crockett, Jr., on December 21, 1826! Died January 23,1873! See Crockett Family Notes!

Catherine Heagan-Born March 5, 1811. Mother thinks she never married. She died before Mother was born!

Mary-("Polly")-Heagan--Born July 20, 1813. Married Peletiah Freeman. Mother remembers that

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Allen R. Teagan--She is now about 75 years of age and was the youngest of the family, of which the only surviving members are her sisters Mary and Hannah, with whom she resides in their home at Prospect Ferry! It is to her that I am indebted for at least half of the material comprised in this section! Like her sisters, Mary and Hannah, and her brother William, she was formerly a school-teacher! Mother has attended schools taught by her, as well as to others taught by her sister Hannah and their sister-in-law Helen(Moulton) Teagan-Smith--at the old Center School-house and likewise at the old "Academy" which stood near the residence of John Teagan! Mother thinks that Jas Allen and all her brothers and sisters were born on what was then the John Teagan but is now the Sumner Nickerson farm! Allen R. Teagan never married!

Mother, Henry True Sanborn, Miss Allen Teagan, and Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Mrs. Lydia Mackenzie, No. 2 Kittsboro Place, Newtonville, Mass., have supplied the following information regarding some of the descendants of James Teagan, Mother's grandfather and therefore my great-grandfather!

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Catherine Teagan-Born March 5, 1811. Mother thinks she never married. She died before Mother was born!

Mary-("Polly")- Teagan--Born July 20, 1813. Married Pelatiah Freeman. Mother remembers that

they had fourteen children in all of whom Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Favor of Lowell, Mass., was one! Mr. and Mrs. Freeman resided for a considerable period at Albion, Me., but later returned to Prospect, where they lived for a time in the Freeman house which used to stand on Spout Hill and later on the Bangor road, below where it swings off to go around the mountain! It was here that Mother used to visit her "Aunt Polly" as a girl!

Lucinda Heagan---Born July 29, 1816. Married Orren Cunningham of Belfast---for whom Mother's eldest brother was named. I find the name spelled as both "Orren" and "Orrin"! Mother remembers that the Cunninghams had at least six children, viz:- Orren, Ruth, Jane, Ed., Jim, and Mary, all of whom became capable men and women!

Sarah Heagan-----More commonly known as "Sally"
Born---
She married, 1st, November 4, 1837, True Sanborn, formerly of Boston but then of Frankfort, Maine, where he and his brother-in-law, Daniel Robertson, inaugurated the quarrying of granite on a large scale at their properties on Mosquito Mountain, of which they were the owners, building many boarding-houses for the accommodation of their workmen while otherwise actively developing their plant. True Sanborn met his death on Mosquito Mountain, having been killed in one of the quarries by the slipping of a huge piece of cut stone which smashed him to pieces! True and Sarah(Heagan)Sanborn had six children of whom Mother remembers Sarah, Henry True, Ellen, Annette (Nettie), and Deborah. Henry True Sanborn is the Bangor agent of the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc.! Such information as I have regarding the Sanborns other than the above is given under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill"! The Henry K. White whom Deborah Sanborn married was a brother of James White, husband of Medora Wallace, the only child of Mother's Aunt Lydia(Reed) Wallace-Mackenzie, the half-sister of Mother's mother! Nettie Sanborn never married.
Three and a half years after True Sanborn's death on April 27, 1850, his widow married, on October 21, 1853, Western B. Nutter of Corinna, Me., by whom she had one child, Charles Nutter! When Mother, as a young girl, used to visit

they had fourteen children in all of whom Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Tavor of Lowell, Mass., was one! Mr. and Mrs. Freeman resided for a considerable period at Albion, Me., but later returned to Prospect, where they lived for a time in the Freeman house which used to stand on Spout Hill and later on the Bangor road, below where it swings off to go around the mountain! It was here that Mother used to visit her "Aunt Polly" as a girl!

Lucinda Keagan----Born July 29, 1815. Married Orren Cunningham of Belfast---for whom Mother's eldest brother was named. I find the name spelled as both "Orren" and "Orrin"! Mother remembers that the Cunninghams had at least six children, viz:- Orren, Ruth, Jane, Mr., Jim, and Mary, all of whom became capable men and women!

Sarah Keagan----More commonly known as "Sally" Orrin---
She married, 1st, November 4, 1837, True Sanborn, formerly of Boston but then of Frankfort, Maine, where he and his brother-in-law, Daniel Roberson, inaugurated the quarrying of granite on a large scale at their properties on Moquito Mountain, of which they were the owners, building many boarding-houses for the accommodation of their workmen while otherwise actively developing their plant. True Sanborn met his death on Moquito Mountain, having been killed in one of the quarries by the slipping of a huge piece of cut stone which smashed him to pieces! True and Sarah(Keagan)Sanborn had six children of whom Mother remembers Sarah, Henry True, Ellen, Annette (Nettie), and Deborah. Henry True Sanborn is the Bangor agent of the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc.! Such information as I have regarding the Sanborns other than the above is given under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill"! The Henry W. White whom Deborah Sanborn married was a brother of James White, husband of Isabore Wallace, the only child of Mother's Aunt Hydia(Heed) Wallace-McKenzie, the half-sister of Mother's mother! Nettie Sanborn never married.

Three and a half years after True Sanborn's death on April 27, 1850, his widow married, on October 21, 1853, Cooper E. Nutter of Corinna, Me., by whom she had one child, Charles Nutter! Then Mother, as a young girl, used to visit

her Aunt "Sally" at "The Mountain" she lived on the left-hand side of the Bangor road at a point just before it passes under the railroad bridge in going around Mosquito Mountain! Miss Ellen Heagan is my authority for saying that Henry True Sanborn is the only one of the family now living and that his only child, Mary True Sanborn, is the wife of a Mr. Vincent, a grandson of True Sanborn's brother-in-law Daniel Robertson, and that they (the Vincents) have one child!
Mother says that Mrs. Sarah(Heagan)Sanborn-Nutter died at Winterport, Me., in (about) 1867, having separated (separated) from her second husband some years previously---also that Henry True Sanborn formerly ran the hotel at Winterport!

After James Heagan -(my great-grandfather)- died his widow married Abijah Reed, by whom she had one daughter--Lydia. This daughter married twice. Her first husband was William K. Wallace of Boston, then an employe of Sanborn and Robertson at Mosquito Mountain, by whom she had her only child, a daughter named Medora. Medora Wallace married James White, son of Tisdale White---who was a representative (?) from Plymouth County, Massachusetts, for many years. James and Medora (Wallace) White had four children:-

William T. White who, Mrs. Mackenzie wrote Mother under date of September 25, 1916, "is Chief Veterinary at El Paso, Texas border" but "will be home next month, I expect"! He "has three boys:- Wallace, aged 10; William, Jr.; and Paul Reed White"!

H. Vincent White, "who died young"!

Albert H. White, "who is a commission merchant"!

Carolyn(White)Longone, who "married a man in Naples, Italy, a musician"!
This daughter, who appears to have transformed her name into "Carolina", is the wife of Paolo Longone (?) who, according to a letter written to Mother by Mary J (Grant) Ward from Wamesit, Mass., on January 28, 1912, a few days after Captain

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Carolyn(White)Longone, who "married a man in Naples, Italy, a musician"!
This daughter, who appears to have transformed her name into "Caroline", is the wife of Paolo Longone (?) who, according to a letter written to Mother by Mary L (Grant) Ward from "Amesbt, Mass., on January 22, 1912, a few days after Captain

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Andrew Grant's death, was at that time a director in (or of) the San Carlos Opera Company. According to the same authority Mrs. Longone, or Mme. White--as she is professionally known, had just returned from Naples, Italy, the previous Fall, and was then singing with the Chicago Opera Company. Carolina White is a famous soprano and among other activities sings for the Columbia Graphophone Company---See Page 429 of their June, 1915, catalogue!

After her first husband's death, Lydia (Reed) Wallace married Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Edinboro', Scotland, but then a resident of Boston---in which city his widow, for several yea-rs after his death, conducted a fashiona-ble cloak-making establishment. As stated elsewhere, Mrs. Lydia (Reed) Wallace-Mackenzie is Mother's sole remaining aunt and resides with one of her grandsons, William T. White, No. 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass. Aunt Mary Gray and Aunt Ruth Grant used to visit her, almost up to the time of their deaths! Mother's last letters from her are dated September 21st and 25th, 1916. In them, she says that she suffers greatly from rheumatism and also writes:- "I am very feeble and old--85"!

James Heagan's widow -(my great-grandmother)-, after she had also become the widow of Abijah Reed and somewhat late in life, married Elisha Grant of Prospect---who was already the father of Timothy, Jeremiah, Wilson, Gooding, Clara, Sarah, and Mary Ann Grant!

I have made reference to the visits of Elisha Grant and his wife to the Crookett farm when Mother was a girl under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill"!

THE IMAGE MAKER

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Tamos Keegan's widow -(my great-grandmother)-, after she had also become the widow of Abijah Seed and somewhat late in life, married Ulysses Grant of Prospect---who was already the father of Timothy, Jeremiah, Wilson, Gooding, Diana, Sarah, and Mary Ann Grant!

I have made reference to the visits of Ulysses Grant and his wife to the Crooklett farm when Mother was a girl under "My V'y'ge to Count Hill"!

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

MY ALLOW TO SPOUT HIM

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

"The Pinnacle",
Searsport, September 10, 1916.

Bert was going to take Father to Bangor this afternoon in his "Hudson Super-Six"---therefore as I had for over a years been threatening to invade Spout Hill and vicinity I grasped the opportunity to have his party drop me at the fork of the road about a mile north of Prospect Marsh Village, where the road to Bangor swings sharply to the right to go around the mountain, in accordance with Mother's directions.

I had recognized Spout Hill as we approached it in the car, from Mother's description, but she hadn't told me how much of a hill it was---or is---There is nothing degenerative about Spout Hill! It is still some hill!

As I approached it from the Bangor road I found a man working at its foot, repairing the damage done the newly filled in roadway by an automobile which had come down over it the night before, leaving a track like a snow-plough---the man at the wheel must have been several degrees off his course. Thinking to confirm its ancient nomenclature I approached this man with the query:- "What do you call this hill?" He hesitated a moment, as if he thought I were "kidding" him, and then replied:- "Spout Hill." "All right", I laughed, "I only wanted to see if it bore the same name that it did a hundred years ago!"

This "Man with the Hoe" afterwards shook hands with me in a proper manner and directed ~~to~~ me to the place where old "Grandsir" Crockett -(my great-grandfather)- had brought his newly-founded family when he removed to Prospect from Cape Rozier---over a hundred years ago. My new acquaintance's name was Dockham*** I am not sure whether it is he or his father who

***George L. Dockham, R. F. D., Frankfort, Maine.

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

is called Daniel. He informed me that he, together with his father and mother, had lived on Spout Hill for thirty-six years, his father -(now 86 years of age)- having moved there from a place which he formerly owned nearer to Prospect Marsh when he bought his present home from Albert Thompson, who used to live there. My informant, the younger Dockham, was a man apparently in the forties whose Mother Lodge was in Frankfort. He told me, as Mother had already done, that the first house on the right and standing on the brow of the hill was where James Heagan used to live -(and therefore my Grandmother Crockett's birthplace)- and that the place where my Great-grandfather Crockett resided for so many years and therefore the one on which Grandfather Crockett spent his boyhood was the next one beyond, on the same side of the road, --his own home being between the two but on the left-hand side of the road. It must not be supposed that he told me this "right off the reel", so to speak. He did not. But upon my explaining to him my errand and mentioning the names of Crockett and Heagan, he said he remembered that a neighbor, William S. Killman, had told him not long since that a man named Heagan and another named Crockett had formerly lived on the respective places.

Mother tells me that this William S. Killman is the son of James and Betsey (Smith) Killman, the former of whom was a cousin to her mother, he having been a son of "Peggy" -(Margaret)- Heagan Killman, who in her turn was a sister of Mother's grandfather, James Heagan---See (Page 236) of the Heagan Genealogical Notes. James Killman's wife, Betsey, was a sister of "Billy" Smith, who formerly lived just beyond the Turner Schoolhouse (See Heagan Family Notes-Page 9), and of David Smith, who

lived at Winterport. She was also a half-sister of Isaac Smith, who used to live on the farm at the top of the "Smith" Hill in Prospect, on the road running from Prospect Marsh Village out past the Frank Gould farm and up over the "Smith" and "Jim Brown" hills to Bog Hill and North Searsport.

William S. Killman now lives on the western side of the Bangor road, his being the first house below its junction with the road which goes up over Spout Hill---or the second if you begin your count with the house which stands on the western side of the Spout Hill road but almost at the point where it leaves the one running to Bangor. Dockham said he (Killman) was a man in the sixties, that he had passed by where he was working an hour before, and that he was then at Prospect Marsh Village getting in some hay or grain. I hoped to find him there later but in the meantime laid my course for the top of Spout Hill, the abode of some, at least, of my ancestors and a spot which I had never heretofore visited.

I should hate to give frank expression of the opinion I formed as to the judgment of a man who chose the top of Spout Hill as a place of abode as I toiled up its rugged side. Arrived at the top and therefore opposite the former Heagan place -(it is now owned and occupied by a Russian named Kazick (?)-)- a very good view unfolded itself. I walked on past Dockham's until I arrived opposite the old Crockett place---the former abode of the man whose oft-described "V'y'ge to the North" I have referred to on many occasions and which I am paraphrasing as a title for this description of my first visit to the site of his one-time home.

It wasn't much to look at but I was much interested, never-

theless. Mother had told me that the old Crockett buildings were burned many years ago. I found that a new set had been erected but whether or not they bore any resemblance to the old ones I of course could not tell. Instead of going in at once I walked on up the road for a short distance, straight toward the granite quarries of the John Pierce Company -(now in a receiver's hand's)- on Mount Waldo.

Spout Hill is really the western side or "shoulder" of Mosquito Mountain around which the road to Bangor runs before it comes to Mount Waldo and the granite quarries on which -(Mosquito Mountain)- are owned by Hayward Pierce of Frankfort, a brother (?) of John Pierce of New York City, the latter being a contractor who has gained much fame as the erector of many Federal, State, City, and private buildings in various parts of the country. Standing in the road just north of the barn on the old Crockett place the three mountains---Waldo, Mosquito, and Heagan---are more clearly defined than I had ever before seen them. A mile or so to the north rises Waldo -(Mount Misery-from the two children who perished there)-; about an equal distance to the west stands the Heagan Mountain; while, as before mentioned, one is <u>standing</u> on the western side of Mosquito Mountain, or that part of it which rejoices in the classic name of Spout Hill. Looking to the north one sees, besides the granite quarries on Mount Waldo, the road which runs around the side of that mountain from the river road to the one which leads over past Kingsbury's and the Clark Settlement---It was by this road that Father, Bert and I returned from Bangor Fair twenty-nine years ago when "Old Nell" brought us from Bangor in a light buggy in two and one half hours. In the hollow or

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

valley formed by the three mountains and therefore to the northwest are three or four sets of white buildings in one of which Frank (?) Bowden used to live---perhaps he does now. Father used to trade with him years ago, before he discontinued making the two-day trip which used to take him over this road around Mount Waldo to what used to be designated as "Paddy Hollow", a settlement made up largely of the workers in the granite quarries and located near the stone-sheds, piers, etc., now belonging to the John Pierce Company, through which passes the river road to Bangor. It was at the junction of this road leading around Mount Waldo to "Paddy Hollow" with one leading to Prospect Marsh that Father, Bert, Hal and I took the back track when we made our tour of inspection over past the site of Boyd's mill at Half Moon Pond and through the Clark Settlement, etc., three weeks ago. A little further back in the road but still standing on top of Spout Hill one can look off to the west and easily pick out the Wilmoth Staples place and to the left and a little below it the farm which Grandfather Crockett purchased in his young manhood and on which he spent the balance of his days---so that Great-grandfather Crockett still had his son Daniel more or less under his eye, even after he had left the parental roof. Just back of the barn on the old Crockett place and extending up to what from the road appears to be the crest of the hill but probably is not is a solid ledge of granite---there is a quarry at the top which is seen as you come up the Bangor road from Prospect Marsh Village and which serves as a "marker" by which to locate the old Crockett place, just underneath. The (comparatively) level place on top of Spout Hill is of limited extent, it beginning to fall away to the

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

north just beyond the spot where "Grandsir" Crockett's home formerly stood ---It isn't more than two hundred yards from the Heagan to the Crockett place and they, with the Dockham place, are the only habitations on the hill. For that matter, as I walked up the road and kept on past the old Crockett place the unused condition of the highway beyond the lane leading into the Crockett yard impelled me to the belief that "Grandsir" Crockett must have been a "tough feller". He certainly lived on a "tough street" and for a short time it looked as if he also lived in "the last house". However, a few steps further on I came to the track leading out of the Crockett yard in the other direction and here again the public road again bore evidence of usage, from which I inferred that the present occupants of what was once the old Crockett Homestead are about the only ones ~~xhichxnse~~ who use it in both directions at this time.

I now made bold to enter the home of my ancestors---felt like Rip Van Winkle! The dogs barked at me all right and the uncouth individual whom I met at the door couldn't understand my particular brand of speech. Grunting something about "the boss" he disappeared into the house, returning in a short time with a man much crippled with rheumatism who, walking with the aid of a cane, hobbled out into the yard where I was standing, while a man much younger but even more "furrin" looking than himself brought up the rear. At first, this present Lord of the Manor didn't seem particularly delighted to see me---reminded me of the reception a stranger receives from the "Moonshiners" of Tennessee---but when I had stated my errand and he had recalled that among the old deeds pertaining to his title was one bearing the name of Crockett he thawed perceptibly and

soon was telling me the story of his life.

His name was Dominick Gaidmore, according to the address on a letter sent him by the United States Treasury Department at Washington which I assumed pertained to his naturalization papers and which he submitted for my inspection when I asked how he spelled it. From the spelling of the superscription on other letters which had been addressed to him by people who knew his name only from hearing it pronounced and as nearly as I could catch it when he was spoken to by his companion, he pronounces it as if it were spelled "Gaide-mo-ray". His Post-office address is Frankfort, Me.

He is a Russian and has lived at "the mountain" thirty-five years---over since he came from Russia. He bought the "Grand-sir" Crockett place twenty-seven years ago from "Del" (?) *** Thompson and has lived there ever since. When he bought it the buildings had been burned and for a year he lived in a rude shack. In 1890 he built what appears to be a fairly comfortable house and in 1891 a serviceable barn, to which has since been added a shed which serves to house his cows and horses. He told me with apparent pride that when he came there the place was run down and bore nothing, but that now, by dint of much hard work, he had brought it to a state of productivity that such his this year's hay-crop amounted to twenty-six tons. Once mentioned, nothing would do but that I must see it so he took me to the barn for the purpose---although for him to hobble out there was something of a task. He had the hay all right though where he got it from was more than I could see. Strung on poles and leaning up against the barn-doors to dry were a lot of what at a distance I had taken to be mullein leaves but

***Delmont I. Thompson says Gaidmore bought of his brother---who died some years ago!

which on closer approach he explained to me was tobacco which he had raised for his own use rather than buy it in the manufactured form---It reminded me of North Carolina "Twist". He gave me a leaf of it so that Mother might see a tobacco-leaf grown on her grandfather's farm. I am pressing it to be kept as a souvenir. I think Gaidmore had an idea that a man who took enough interest in hunting up the home of some of his ancestors to climb Spout Hill might be a prospective purchaser of the aforesaid home. At any rate, he said that because of his lameness, he wanted to sell the place and modestly mentioned the fact that he asked only $3,000.00 for it---I must have looked easy, not to say foolish! However, he didn't seem a half-bad sort of man and, once he thought he had my "measure", treated me very cordially. Both he and the younger man who had followed him out of the house spoke very good English--This younger man told me that his name was Gamble (?) and that he was married to one of Bowden's daughters---he now lives on the Bowden place, mentioned in the preceding pages. Charlie Kazick (?), who owns and occupies the old James Heagan -(my great-grandfather's)- place, is Dominick Gaidmore's son-in-law so that, upon taking my departure, I was minded to dub this erstwhile residence of some of my forbears, "Little Russia".

I had intended to follow the suggestion of the younger Dockham -(whom I had met before ascending the hill)- and call at his home for the purpose of interviewing his father, who he assured me could probably tell me much of interest regarding the former dwellers in the vicinity---But an up-to-date gas-wagon makes short work of the road to Bangor and as I wanted to visit the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village before Bert

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

returned I had not time to do so. I did, however, stop a few minutes to again talk with Dockham the younger, who was still industriously engaged in trying to smooth over the gullies left by the strayed automobile of the night before.

I told him I had been looking for the spring from which Spout Hill takes its name---that I had understood it was on the right hand side of the road as you went up over the hill. He replied that the road now goes over it, that it is under the middle of the road about a third of the way up the hill and that he had helped to build a culvert in the shape of an inverted V whose point leads its waters to both ~~sides~~ ditches so that, although I had not seen the spring itself, I had seen its waters while trying to discover it alongside the road---where it was not. Mother tells me that before he was burned out James Killman used to pipe the water from this spring into his house---which used to stand near the junction of the Bangor and Spout Hill roads. She also tells me that James Killman was one of at least five brothers---James, Daniel, Tom, "Bob", and Frank, all of whom lived in the vicinity of Prospect Marsh Village and all of whom she thinks were sea-captains. After James Killman was burned out at the foot of Spout Hill he occupied the brick house which had formerly been the property of his deceased brother Frank, just south of Prospect Marsh Village. Descendants of the Killman family live there today or did until recently. While the waters from Spout Hill spring were formerly used by many persons in the vicinity they now seem to be going to waste.

Dockham told me that Samuel Reed, Abijah's son, at one time lived on the old James Heagan place but that he sold it to

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Pat (?) Marr whose widow (?), Mary Marr, sold it to Hayward Pierce; that Pierce had sold it to Frank Gaidmore -(a son of Dominick Gaidmore)-, from whom it had now passed to his brother-in-law, Charles Kazick (?), who lives there at this writing. Kazick (?) had been talking with Dockham as I ascended the hill and I had had a few words with him.

Abijah Reed -(See page 8 of Heagan Family Notes)- had married James Heagan's widow but Mother does not know that he had ever lived on the old Heagan place, neither did she know that he had a son Samuel---although she had, many years later, known Samuel himself---She says that some fifty years ago he lived on the left-hand side of the Bangor road, about a quarter of a mile north of its junction with the one that goes up over Spout Hill and that his(Sam Reed's) wife was a sister of James Lenfest who bought the "Pat" Staples place in the George Settlement. Kelly Nickerson married a daughter of James Lenfest and was the owner of the place referred to when I was a boy. It is now the property of John Larrabee---Stephen's son.

From the above I assume that when Abijah Reed married the widow Heagan he himself was probably a widower with at least one son---Samuel---and that very likely he -(Abijah)- took up his abode under his new wife's roof. Of course Samuel Reed may have bought the place either before or after he lived on the Bangor road but it seems probable that he may have gone there to live with his father when he was a boy. At any rate, according to a next-door neighbor, he at one time owned it.

I asked Dockham how the Russians "panned out" as neighbors. He said they were all right, that "they leave you alone" ---from which I assume that they are not what we call "good

mixers"--- a trait which I suppose is more or less true of all immigrants of the first generation, so far as "mixing" with native-born Americans is concerned.

Dockham said that Gaidmore -(Dominick)- was sometimes accused of selling liquor---that the authorities had him over to Belfast on such a charge some little time since and that he -(Dockham)- had been summoned to testify against him. He said that he had been unable to offer any evidence which would tend to convict him of such a charge and had no desire to do so--- that he thought perhaps Gaidmore may have had some cider for some of his boarders -(evidently quarry-workers from "the mountain")- but that he himself didn't take too much stock in the accusation. It was evident that, although Dockham didn't have too much to do with his immediate neighbors, he at least held them in fair esteem.

Among other things which Dockham mentioned in the course of our conversation was the fact that "old" Abijah Reed had once"killed a man with a jug of rum on the long hill in Frankfort"---But "Bless you!", said Dockham, "he didn't mean to do it," which reminded me of the theory that it doesn't hurt any more to be killed by a sensible man than by a fool!

After visiting Spout Hill I think I know why Grandfather Crockett married a young woman who, like himself, lived on its summit---It was so that he wouldn't have to climb it,nights!!!!

I now directed my steps toward the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village in which lie Mother's ancestors on both the Crockett and Heagan sides. I made some passing acquaintances from asking questions along the way,most of whom seemed to think they knew the son of Henry Kneeland and Amanda Crockett.

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Even Gamble (?) had known of Father, while Dockham, although he may never have known him personally, at least knew of him as "Henry" Kneeland---"You see, Harriet"-----

I meandered down through the gully and across the Marsh Stream by the bridge just below which Father tells me that "Josh" Ellis used to run a Grist-Mill and to which mill Father used constantly to take grain to be ground as a boy---it was the nearest one to the old Kneeland farm in a day when New Englanders raised their own grain and "boughten" or western flour was very much of a rarity --- if it had yet begun to exist. The settlement of the West, even, had ~~only~~ practically only begun---that is to say, the West as we know it today. The hill over which the road passes down to the bridge across the Marsh Stream is known as the "Josh" Ellis Hill to this day, though the place where he used to live is owned and occupied by "Joe" Colson. Father says he doesn't think there is a grist-mill in the whole county today but I can remember going to the one owned and run by Mayo in Monroe, when I was a boy. Father says that the local grist-mills used to divide the ground wheat into three grades, viz:- The first, which was fine white flour of a grade approximating the western flour of today; the second, which was somewhat coarser but which the house-wives of that day used to "build" into hot rolls for breakfast, etc., and of which, according to Father, one could very nearly eat his own weight (!!!); and the third, which was bran pure and simple and was fed to the live-stock. In addition to wheat to be ground into flour for family consumption, Father used to take to this mill both corn and oats, these last usually being ground together except that once in awhile a batch of corn

was ground separately for family or other use.

Having ascended the hill on the southern side of the Marsh Stream I again beheld the aristocratic course of Blanket Lane--just across the valley. The man whom I asked to confirm my recollection prefaced his reply to my inquiry with:- "What name?" He evidently didn't wish to converse with people to whom he had not been properly introduced but upon catching the word "Kneeland" and my assurance "Yes, Henry Kneeland's son", his caution in the matter was immediately dispelled.

I had already passed the Samuel Crockett and Samuel Bachelder places before I came to the "Josh" Ellis Hill---Crockett's wife, Mehitabel, who was Bachelder's sister, always used to refer to and address them as "Sam Crockett" and "Sam Bach". When built, the two houses were exactly alike. "Sam Bach" lived just at the top of the "Josh" Ellis Hill on the left-hand side of the road, going north, while "Sam Crockett" -(Grandfather's brother)- lived in the next house beyond---still going north. The two-story house on the other or eastern side of the road was the Captain Robert Killman house. During the last generation the "Sam Bach" place has been known as the Michael Haley farm, until his death about two years ago when his wife sold out and moved to Winterport. Samuel Bachelder had five sisters---Mehitabel, Jane, Maria, Sally and Hannah---who became the wives of Samuel Crockett, Jonathan Crockett, Samuel Heagan, Rufus Littlefield, and (Mother thinks) Hammons, respectively. They were all large women of some two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois and became the mothers of families which were at once husky and numerous.

As it refers to two of Grandfather Crockett's brothers

and one of his nephews I am going to quote here a part of a letter which I received from Will Staples from North Easton, Mass., under date of September 5, 1916, as follows:-

"Uncle David Crockett weighed about 92 lbs. at his best "and when the first elephant was exhibited in Hampden the show-"man asked for eight of the heaviest men in the crowd to come "and get on his back---and Uncle David was the first man in the "ring. It is too bad that you cannot work in Uncle Sam's in-"imitable nasal drawl when he said to Aunt Hetty:- "Dear, you, "Hitty, hain't you got some apple sass or sumpthin--this bread "is so dry" If the characteristics, good, bad, and indifferent, of these old-timers could be printed, it would make in-"teresting reading.

"There was Cap'n Allard Crockett who sailed West Indiamen for Treat & Company of the "Mink Hole' -(as Frankfort was once "called). He was so daring and reckless that the Treats would "never allow him to go to sea with a mate of his own choosing. "As far as he was concerned, when a sail was once set it never "came off until the wind took it or he reached port. It is "told that he was once wrecked on the Maine Coast in a terribly "cold northeaster, reached shore wet, and found refuge in a "barn. When he was found in the morning his clothing was "frozen stiff. The owner of the barn thawed him out but he was "delirious and remained in his delirium several days. When "he came to his senses he was asked how he felt and answered:- " 'I feel like I want a good smoke".

"I remember when the Grant boys of the 'Marsh' tried to "frighten him on a dark night---I do not know just how they made "out but they admitted that they did not frighten him."

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

In his letter, Will goes on to say that he was just then feeling that he inherited some of the Crockett nerve as he had recently been selected by his co-workers in the machine-shop of the Ames Shovel & Tool Company, where he is a tool-maker, to present a demand to the management for a reduction in the time of their working day from ten to nine hours and had "gotten away with it"---to the extent of securing a compromise of nine and a half hours. He states that since the two older members of the Ames family died their children had left the management of the company to others so that he had never met any of the present owners, but that as the nine-hour demand was beyond the powers of the Superintendent it had to go "higher up", and that, as the members of the Ames family have the reputation of possessing fiery and ungovernable tempers, the other men thought, when he was called to the office for a conference, that he would "come away maimed and beaten and with a can tied to my tail", so that some of the best of them offered to go with him as a body-guard. Will says that "It was a ticklish job to undertake" but"I went alone,--put up the best argument for nine hours that I was capable of, and came away with a compromise of one half hour", but that now "the men are blaming me for not getting the full hour". He also adds that "Instead of getting in bad, it is told that Hobart Ames, the President, said that the men couldn't get a better man to handle their case."

Will's reference to the occasion "when the Grant boys of the 'Marsh' tried to frighten him" has to do with an episode which took place at the time that Allard Crockett -(he was Samuel Crockett's son)- was living in the large two-story house which stands at the top of the hill just south of the Marsh

Stream---on the right-hand side, going north. Like most of the men of the vicinity, Allard Crockett was accustomed to spend at least a part of every evening at the store at the Marsh Village. Thinking to frighten him and expecting to enjoy the consequent joke, some of the young men in the neighborhood including at least one named Grant, held him up at the point of pistols as he was going home from the store one dark night, demanding his "money or his life!" When Crockett met their demand with immediate action in an effort to hand them the sort of medicine that he no doubt was in the habit of passing to mutinous sailors, in a day when no ship-master could do much "pussy-footing" and retain control of his own quarter-deck, ---at the same time launching the inquiry, delivered in his most stentorian and nasal tones:--"How dare you stop an honest man on the highway?", they turned tail and fled. But the joke seems to have been too good to keep to themselves---even if it hadn't turned out as they had expected.

The large two-story house above referred to as the one-time residence of Allard Crockett had been built by Elisha Grant, one of the leading men of Prospect, and at the time of its erection and after was locally referred to as "The Mansion", it having been superior to any other dwelling in the vicinity. It was here that Grant had reared his family and that he had lived when and after he married the widow of James Heagan and Abijah Reed-(See Page 8 of Heagan Family Notes), my great-grandmother. Speaking of Elisha Grant while we were at the dinner-table today, Mother laughingly said that he was the first man in Prospect to own a chaise---that it was the first one she ever saw---but that "old" Eben Seavey quickly followed

Great T's lead by purchasing one for himself. When I asked Mother if she thought they resembled Doctor Holmes's, she replied:- "Yes, I think they all three went to pieces on the same day!"

Mentioning Seavey's chaise led Mother to tell us of a party which Eben Seavey's family gave but to which they did not invite any of the people of the immediate neighborhood, to whom it seems they considered themselves superior. Great preparations had been made for the affair and the more influential and prominent people of all the surrounding towns were the invited guests. The evening of the great event arrived and passed--- but no guests appeared! The Seaveys didn't learn until afterward that several young men of the vicinity had appointed themselves a reception committee, the different members of which had been stationed on the various roads leading to the Seavey home for the purpose of turning back the expected guests with the information that some member of the Seavey family had become violently ill and that the party had been called off in consequence. Mother remembers that Simon Littlefield had the assignment covering the road leading up from the Turner Schoolhouse, while Freeman Partridge guarded the approach from the north, another member being delegated to hold the fort on the road leading past Fred Ellis's and her father's house.

Returning to Elisha Grant and his "mansion:"-- Mother says that, in her girl-hood, the days on which Elisha Grant and his wife came to Grandfather Crockett's to spend the day with Mrs. Grant's daughter -(Mother's mother)- were Events, with a capital E. In the first place, there was the wonderful chaise! When to this evidence of wealth were added the expensive Panama hat and shining gold-rimmed spectacles of Elisha and the black

silk dress and gold beads of her grandmother Hoagan-Reed-Grant, the sum total of magnificence was one calculated to impress the youngsters of a generation the members of which did not presume to declare that "I want what I want when I want it!"

So much for some of the past and present inhabitants along the road between Spout Hill and Prospect Marsh Village?. Down in the valley to the east, and between the Marsh Village and Blanket Lane, is the Marsh River along which but further down there used to be wharves to which Father's father -(and later, Father himself, to a lesser extent)- used to haul tan-bark and cord-wood with oxen---often after a full day's work and the chores had already been done. Father has often told me in the past how , after the ordinary labors of a farmer and lumberman's day had been finished, his father would yoke up his oxen, throw on a load of wood or bark, and take it to Prospect Marsh, returning home in the wee, sma' hours of the morning---after which there was "Nothing to do until tomorrow!", which we may be sure was not later than five o'clock. But Grandfather Kneeland died at 54!

Lester C. Dow now conducts a store at the Marsh Village, near the spot where John Libby so long did business in the store in which he had succeeded Jeremiah Grant---who was its proprietor and moving spirit as long ago as Mother can remember.

Just below the "Four Corners" at the Marsh Village is the old Prospect Marsh Cemetery, lying on the western side of the Bangor-Stockton Springs road and sloping toward the East, so that standing in it one looks across the valley to Blanket Lane and the stone house built and occupied by Park Watts -(grandfather of the wife of Ira Cobe of "Hillside Farm", Northport)- well up toward a hundred years ago. He still lived there when

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Mother was a young girl but moved to Sandypoint more (?) than fifty years ago.

There have been additions to the old cemetery both to the north and south but, entering by what is now the main entrance (although Mother says it used to be one block of graves further to the north) and passing straight up the hill-side, the lot where Mother's father and mother, and brothers Leander, Daniel, 3rd, Jr., James H., and Adelbert, lie buried, is on the right-hand side of the drive-way and the third or fourth down the hill-side from the western edge of the cemetery. When you have passed over to the next drive-way to the right -(which used to lead from the main entrance)- they lie in the order named. Both Uncle James and Uncle Adelbert were Masons. I confirmed the dates of birth and death of all of them, as given in the Crockett Family Genealogical Notes, from the tombstones. This lot is full.

In the lot adjoining Grandfather Crockett's to the west and next to what used to be the drive-way from the main entrance is the grave of William Colcord, the first husband of Uncle Nelson Staples's mother. His tombstone (which bears an anchor device) states that he was "Drowned April 1st, 1820, aged 32 years, 9 mos., and 10 days." Next to him, to the south in this lot lies Norman D. Staples, whose stone states that he died on January 26, 1882, aged 29 years, 8 mos., and 24 days. Next to Norman are buried Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy Staples, their graves as yet unmarked save for a small American Flag which was evidently placed on Uncle Nelson's grave last Decoration Day.

Passing on up what used to be the drive-way from the main

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

entrance, to the extreme western side of the cemetery, and on the right-hand side in what apparently used to be the extreme north-west corner of the yard, one finds himself standing before the tombstones over the graves of my Great-grandfather, Daniel Crockett, and his wife, Anna (Trundy) Crockett---See first pages of Crockett Family Genealogical Notes. The inscription on his tombstone states that he "Died December 6th, 1869, aged 94 years, 4 months, and 20 days"---Therefore he was born on July 16, 1775, --- five months and fourteen days after the day on which my Great-grandfather Edward Kneeland (at Cape Jellison) was born in Boston. Besides the above the inscription consists simply of the name "Daniel Crockett" above and the words "Rest in Peace" below.

Beside Great-grandfather Crockett sleeps his first wife--Anna Trundy of Frankfort. Besides the name "Anna, wife of Daniel Crockett", the inscription reads:- "Died December 23rd, 1821, aged 41 years, 7 months, and threedays. Erected by her daughter, Ann French." Therefore she was born on May 20, 1780. Only these two appear to have been buried in this lot---there are only the two tombstones!

Down the hillside a short distance I found the graves of Thomas Bretherick -(Aunt Mary Bretherick-Matthews-Gray's first husband)- and of Tommy W. Bretherick. ~~Tx~~ It seemed hard to realize that here lay the "Tommy Bretherick" of whom I had heard Aunt Mary Matthews speak when I was a boy and whose memory even, to the present generation, seems almost legendary. Thomas Bretherick died March 27, 1857, aged 24 years, 4 months, and 16 days. Tommy W. Bretherick died April 24, 1864, aged 7 years, 3 months, and 24 days.

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

In the same lot and a little to the south are the graves of Uncle Amos and Aunt Mary Matthews' three children, Ruth G., Frank H., and Nellie K. -(the stone gives the last name as "Nellie" and not "Helen", which I had thought was "Gyp's" correct name). As nearly as I could make out the figures, etc., on their combined and moss-grown stone, the inscriptions were as follows:-

Ruth G. Matthews, Died Dec. 27, 1866, aged 10 mos.

Frank H. Matthews, Died Jan. 12, 1867, aged 2 yrs., 11 mos. /7 ds.

Nellie K. Matthews, Died May 24, 1878, aged 7 yrs., 10 mos., /12 ds.

Uncle Amos is buried in Leadville, Colorado, and Aunt Mary in Belfast, Maine.

A little below is the family lot of the Sanborns with its monolith, which Virgil Eaton, Editor of the Bangor Daily News, -(who was born and reared near Bowden's Point in Prospect)- said in an issue of that paper early in the present year, was made from the block of granite by which True Sanborn was killed on Mosquito Mountain---See Heagan Family Genealogical Notes. In the article referred to, Eaton speaks of True Sanborn as "a fine and manly gentleman, much beloved by those who knew him" and says that ~~as a result of his death~~ "There was much genuine mourning in the community over the death of this good citizen, who left a widow, several charming daughters, and one son who is said to be the counterpart of his father."

This son was the present Henry True Sanborn of Bangor, Agent of the Eastern S.S. Company Lines, to whom reference is made in the Heagan Family Genealogical Notes. Quoting Eaton in the article above referred to, he married Almeda Grant of Prospect, "the daughter of an old time Democratic politician,

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

who became a Republican at the outbreak of the Civil War" and who (again speaking of Miss Grant) "was among the first to own and learn how to play the piano in Waldo county---Her fine singing and playing at Good Templars meetings, lodges, churches and school commencements, remains a fond memory in many old residents of Maine today."

This Almeda Grant, the wife of Henry True Sanborn of Bangor, was a grand-daughter of Elisha Grant referred to in the preceding pages---the daughter of his son Timothy---See Heagan Family Notes. Mother used to know her as a girl -(she was four or five years older than Mother)- and has often heard her play and sing when they both were members of the Good Templars---but of different lodges---and at other gatherings. She was the music-teacher referred to on page 60 of the preceding collection of songs.

Besides the above, Eaton's article from which the above quotations are made, after mentioning the fact that True Sanborn's widow -(Mother's Aunt Sarah (Heagan) Sanborn--See Heagan Family Notes)- later married a man named Nutter, deals chiefly with the romance between True Sanborn's oldest daughter, to whom he refers as the "beautiful Miss Sarah Sanborn" and General Cyrus Hamlin of Bangor, son of the then Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, -(during Lincoln's first administration)-, the culmination of which was their marriage and his taking her to his post of duty at New Orleans. Eaton says that they both died of yellow fever during an epidemic in New Orleans. But Mother says he is mistaken in this---that Hamlin was the only one of them who died of yellow fever. Mother says that Mrs. Hamlin died as the result of a dose of morphine administered to

her by a physician after a horse-back ride which she should never have taken and that General Hamlin brought her remains home for burial in a metallic casket---Her tombstone in the Sanborn Family Lot in the Prospect Marsh Cemetery bears the following inscription:- "Sarah Sanborn, wife of Cyrus Hamlin, Died July 12, 1863, aged 22 years, 1 month, and 12 days."

Mother says that after bringing the remains of his wife home for burial General Hamlin returned to his post at New Orleans, that something over three years later he was to have married his deceased wife's sister Nellie, but that, the day before he was to have started North for the purpose, he became ill of yellow fever and died---Mother remembers having seen his funeral procession from across the Penobscot River as it was on its way to Mount Hope Cemetery above Bangor---She was visiting her sister Sarah in Brewer at the time and thinks it was in October ---She is sure that it was in the Fall of 1866. His intended second wife, Nellie Sanborn -(her real name was Ellen)- was the first mourner. In telling me about her, Mother remarked that, upon his mother's death, Cyrus Hamlin had given to Nellie Sanborn Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin's piano---considered <u>some</u> present in those days! Nellie Sanborn later married a sea-captain of Winterport---Captain Thomas.

The clipping from the Bangor Daily News containing the article from which I have quoted passages in the preceding pages is headed "<u>ROMANCE--TRAGEDY OF CYRUS AND SARAH---A Tale of Penobscot River Life More Than Fifty Years Ago.</u>" It consists of about three-quarters of a column, the heading being down in the body of the page. Mother did not note the date on it but thinks she cut it out about six months ago. Eaton closes it

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

with the following paragraph:-

"Of all that gay old crowd of uniformed soldiers, shipmas-
"ters and gallants, who rode from Bangor to the shadow of Mos-
"quito mountain for the purpose of paying their respects to Mrs
"Nutter and the Sanborn girls, few are living today. Some
"have left their bones on battle fields at the South; more sur-
"vive to draw pensions at the North; their children have married
"and raised children of their own; the grass in scores of cem-
"eteries springs greenly from the sad hillside, for Lincoln has
"been succeeded by Johnson, and he by Grant, Cleveland, Roose-
"velt and Wilson, and the prices of living and clothing have
"more than quadrupled since those old Democratic days when 'Cy'
"Hamlin drove to Frankfort for the sake of paying successful
"court to beautiful Miss Sarah Sanborn."

Virgil Eaton was the son of Guilford Eaton of Prospect and Harriet Rogers of Brewer. He was born in 1849 or 50. Mother used to know him as a girl. Her sister Clara went to school with him in 1866 in the old schoolhouse which stood on or near the site of the present one near Prospect Marsh Cemetery, Nettie Stubbs of Bucksport having been the teacher. Mother says he was six feet tall even then. Father first became acquainted with him when he went to the State Legislature as a Representative for the first time in 1896, Eaton having hunted him up while he was in ~~Bangor~~ Augusta in the interests of his paper. Eaton graduated from Boston University and was later for nine years connected with the Boston "Globe". Father and Mother had the idea that he accompanied General Grant on his tour around the world after the expiration of his second term as President, as the "Globe's" representative, but inquiries which

they have made seem to show that this was not correct. He became connected with the Bangor Daily News about twenty-six years ago but retired about three years since, although he still writes special articles for that paper.

General Cyrus Hamlin, referred to in Eaton's article, is the officer who, when the "Secesh" or "Copperhead" element of Prospect, during the opposition to the draft in 1862, threatened to mob him if he dared to appear on the day set for the drafting to take place, called their bluff by donning his full uniform as a Brigadier-General, strapping a few revolvers around his waist and , with his sword swinging free, circulating somewhat ostentatiously in their midst. Tradition says that those who had threatened him gave him a very wide berth on that day---that they sneaked off like whipped curs.

It was upon this occasion that the Selectmen of Prospect, called upon by the Governor of the State for a certain number of men and volunteers not being forth-coming, prepared to secure the necessary quota by drafting them. The proceeding was to take place in the schoolhouse at Prospect Marsh Village. The selectmen were Lincoln Clifford, (who lived up over the hill from the old Kneeland farm), Isaac Smith, and Harrison Ginn, Clifford being the head of the Board or First Selectman. The plan was to place slips of paper bearing the names of all the men in town eligible for military service in a hat and then draw therefrom a number of slips corresponding to that of the men called for by the Governor. The three Selectmen were behind a long desk to get behind which it was necessary to pass through aisles around its ends, or at least, that was the ordinary procedure. Clifford held up the hat for Ginn to begin

drawing the fateful ballots. As he did so the crowd made a rush for them through the aisles. Both Smith and Ginn made a precipitate retreat out over the top of the desk. Clifford, the only Democrat on the Board and known as a "Copperhead", stood his ground and, doubling up a pair of fists like a couple of hams, swore he would kill the first man that came within reach. Met with this show of determination the crowd paused to consider and, like all hesitants, were lost. The result of the parley which followed was that Clifford said he would telegraph the Governor asking him to give the town another week in which to raise the necessary number of men but that, even if the extension were granted, if the contingent required had not been provided at its expiration, he would certainly raise the quota which had been called for by drafting them. The upshot of the matter was that the Governor granted a week's extension and before it had expired the town had voted to pay a bounty of $125.00 each to volunteers, the requisite number of which coming forward the necessity for drafting had ceased to exist. Later in the war bounties of as high as $500.00 were paid.

It was in one of the melees which served as a side-show to this attempted draft that "old" Andrew Grant -(whose son Andrew married Aunt Ruth Crockett Grant and who Mother thinks was a brother of Elisha Grant--though she is not sure of it)- had his shirt torn off from him. When his son Jeremiah -(not Elisha's son Jeremiah, who conducted the store at the Marsh Village---the two Jeremiahs were probably cousins)- expostulated with him, saying:- "Father, you had better leave this affair to younger men," the old man -(he was seventy-five)- replied "Just twenty-one today", and in proof of the statement

leaped into the air and cracked his heels together three times.

While the events above described as attendant upon the proposed draft were taking place, General Hamlin, although present and swaggering around through the crowd, had taken no part in them---So far, it was a town affair---in which he had no authority. As I write this it occurs to me that as far as appearance was concerned, Lincoln Clifford had some of the characteristics of "Old Abe"---He certainly wasn't beautiful to look at! The above description of the affair has been given me by Father. He was there--"had gone over to see the fun!", as he expresses it. It really had nothing to do with him---He was a resident of another town.

It was the same Andrew Grant, an arrant "Copperhead", (as the Northern sympathizers with the Secession movement and Southern cause were called)- who at a later stage of the Civil War attempted, ~~xxxxxxx~~ at the close of an exhibition in the Turner Schoolhouse, to recite a poem he had composed beginning:-

"Lincoln's government's tumbling down!
Glory! Hallelujah!
Jefferson Davis's gaining ground!
Glory! Hallelujah!"

and when the audience wouldn't stand for its delivery in the building returned to the charge by ~~xx~~ trying to launch it at the crowd while standing in his pung. Uncle Milton had taken "The Four Center Girls" -(Mother, her sister Clara, Ella Peaslee, and Luella Whitehouse)- to the show -- likewise in a heavy pung---and when "old Andrew" again began to pour forth the torrent of his eloquence Uncle Milton, who hadn't enlisted in the Union Army because of his Southern sympathies, bore down on him with the warning:-"Get out of the way, you old----------!",

at the same time taking good care to violently collide with him---thereby sending him sprawling over his deshboard.and effectually shutting him up for that night!

Hearing such occurrences described afterward and appreciating the spirit in which the North as a whole undertook and continued the task of putting down the Rebellion, one wonders that such men ever lived to see the end of the war---that they were not lynched by their indignant townsmen!

Because of what I have said about the Sanborns I am going to insert here the dates on some of the tombstones, as follows:

True Sanborn, Died April 27, 1850, aged 58 years.

Henry T. Sanborn, Died Jan. 21, 1841, aged 2 yrs.,3 mos., /11 ds.

Sarah Sanborn, wife of Cyrus Hamlin, Died July 13, 1833, aged 22 yrs.,1 mo.,12 ds

Debbor Sanborn, wife of Henry K. White, Died Feb. 17,1883, aged 33 yrs., 14 days.

Nettie L., daughter of True and Sarah Sanborn, Died Oct.30, 1884, aged 37 yrs.,18ds.

As I was copying these dates Bert's car, with himself, Father, Kit, Annie and Viola aboard, had drawn up at the main gate of the cemetery and a deputation therefrom had found me seated among the old graves, industriously scribbling these notes. While Father, Bert and Kit viewed the graves of Great-grandfather and Grandfather Crockett, Uncle Nelson, and their families, I made a last general cruise around the cemetery and in doing so, jotted down the following:-

Thomas Hoagan, Died Nov. 11, 1831, aged 65 years.

Sally, his wife, Died Sept. 25, 1849, aged 81 years.

John Hoagan, Died Feb. 1, 1830, aged 70 years.

Betsey, his wife, Died Aug. 4, 1857, aged 95 years.

Samuel Crockett, Born Jan. 28, 1801. Aged 79 yrs.,9 mos., /2 ds.

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

This last was the grave of Grandfather Crockett's elder brother, Samuel, the eldest son of the Daniel Crocker who had come to Spout Hill from Cape Rozier in the early days of the 19th century and who, with his first wife and at least four of his sons -(Samuel, Daniel, Jonathan and George)- sleeps in this same cemetery. His eldest daughter, Ann French, who, according to the stone, erected the tombstone over the grave of his first wife -(and probably later the one over his own)- sleeps in Mount Hope Cemetery, Bangor, beside her first husband, Captain Jeremiah French, a well-to-do shipmaster of Bangor with whom she visited all parts of the world---souvenirs of which travels constituted a large portion of the contents of her fine house on lower Main Street in Bangor, where Mother remembers to have called on one occasion with her sisters, Ruth and Sarah, when, as a girl of sixteen, she was visiting her sister Sarah -(Uncle "Bill" Gray's first wife)- across the river in Brewer. Mother says that at that time the curios referred to, together with the fine furnishings and table-service (many of pieces of which were of silver) with which the house was filled, impressed her as the acme of munificence. It appears that the three daughters, Ann, Mary, and Martha, the wives of Captains Jeremiah French, David Pierce, and William Pierce of Orrington and Richard Warren respectively, were the most prosperous members of Great-grandfather Crockett's family, but Mother says that her Aunts Mary and Martha remained on the more friendly terms with their brothers, never ceasing their visits to them and their families. Mother's Aunt Mary Pierce has visited her here, since we have been living on "The Pinnacle". Besides Marcus Pierce, the former captain of the Boston and Bangor line steamers, Mother's Aunt

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Mary Pierce had nine children, their names, as Mother remembers them, being as follows:- Helen, Annie, Belle, Alice, Ella, Willis, Marcus, Warren, French and Albert---they are not supposed to be in proper order. So far as Mother knows, Helen, Belle, Alice, Warren, French and Albert are still living, but she lost all track of them many years ago. Practically the same condition applies to Mother's Aunt Martha Warren's children; Mother knows that she had two, William and Minnie, by Richard Warren, her second husband, -(there were none by the first)-and so far as she knows they are still living at Deer Isle,*** that home of sturdy sea-farers from which have come the crews of so many successful defenders -(so far they have never been unsuccessful)- of the "America's" cup---challenged for and won by the schooner yacht "America" in a race around the Isle of Wight, England, on August 22, 1851, and regarding whose performance an attendant was reported to have informed Queen Victoria, when she sought consolation in defeat by inquiring what boat was second:- "There is no second!" Many of us have seen the old "America", afterward the property of Ben Butler of The Silver Spoons and his son Paul, swinging at her moorings at Chelsea Brudge in the Mystic river without even knowing what craft she was. Mother's Aunt Mary Pierce is buried at Hampden, to which place the family moved from Brewer many years ago, and her Aunt Martha Warren at Deer Isle.

So that the information which it contains will "stay put" I am going to copy here a clipping which Mother has regarding the death, etc., of her Aunt Ann French who, when she had become a very old lady, married a young physician (?) named Dr. Herbert C. Penney, formerly of Amherst, Maine. Mother did not

***No! See under Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield!

Boston Post Oct 4, 1919

1919

* * * *

The police on Columbus avenue were aided in their efforts to keep the crowd back by Professor H. C. Penny. The professor weighs 407 pounds. He was attired in a frock coat and silk hat. His coat was decorated with ten different YD badges and he was holding a cigar 12 inches long in his mouth. He lives at 22 Cazenove street, Boston, and is a member of the Fat Men's Club.

* * * *

DELIGHTED PARADE SPECTATOR ON COLUMBUS AVENUE.
Herbert C. Penny, who weighs 470 pounds, saw the parade from the Columbus avenue bridge and he kept the crowd in good humor by apparently smoking a cigar as large, comparatively, as himself.

note the date on the clipping, neither does she remember for certain the name of the paper from which it was taken, but inasmuch as the article bears a Lewiston date and the paper contains an "ad" of a Gardiner, Me., merchant, I assume that it was from the "Kennebec Journal" of Augusta, Me., which Father says she had for awhile at about that time. As for the date, from a reference to McKinley contained in an article on the reverse side of the clipping I assume it to have been either a short time prior or subsequent to the Presidential Election of 1896---therefore (probably) the issue of January 1st, 1897, although it may have been a year earlier or later. As I am going to copy the full article I will not put it in quotation marks--the quotation marks used will be as they appear in the paper, where Mrs. Ann (Crockett) French-Penney herself is quoted. The article is as follows:-

MRS. PENNEY DEAD

DEMISE OF MRS. CROCKETT-FRENCH-PENNEY AT LEWISTON

ACTIONS OF DECEASED HAVE STIRRED UP MAINE AT VARIOUS TIMES

Leaves an Estate Valued at Nearly $30,000

Story of a Strange Life

Lewiston, Dec. 31.--Mrs. Crockett-French-Penney, the aged wife of Dr. H. C. Penney of Lewiston, formerly of Bangor and Amherst, died at 5 o'clock, Thursday morning, after a six weeks illness of pneumonia. Her death brings to a climax a most interesting romance, which has been enacted in Maine during the last 12 or 14 years.

She was 96 years old and her husband is about 46. She has been in Lewiston at her rooms on Sabatis street for 10 weeks,

and he has passed his time there and at his rooms on Bates street, or his dermatologist rooms in Pillsbury's block. Not long ago the writer called at her home and listened to her story, from her own lips. In her younger days Mrs. Anna Crockett-French-Penney was a noted medium, and no meeting of Maine or Massachusetts spiritualists was deemed complete without her presence. She has evidently believed in her gift, for she has never used it for the getting of money, or for the detriment of others. You should have seen her when she was in communication with the spirits of the other world. Those who might have been her children are long since dead, they who could have been her grandchildren are gray-headed old people.

When we rang the door-bell at Mrs. Penney's home he came to the door and invited us in. It was a large, pleasant room on the second floor, and a merry fire cracked in the fireplace in the corner. Before this was drawn up a large, comfortable chair in the lap of which sat an old lady, the wrinkles of nearly an hundred years ruffling what was once an extremely good looking and prepossessing face, and a heavy head of white hair falling upon her shoulders. Her hands were toying with some bead stuff which she had been working, and her keen eyes were gazing absently into the fire. The room was her sleeping room but was comfortably and even luxuriously furnished. She turned her head when we approached and the doctor, taking her faded hand in his, said, gallantly: "Mrs. Penney--this is the Journal reporter--my wife, Mrs. Penney, sir."

She did not rise but gave a steady and firm grasp of the hand. "I have sent for you", she said, "because I want to tell the public the story that they have heard from other lips than

mine and my husband, and in a garbled condition."

"I am of age," she said smiling, "and if I am satisfied with my husband, whose business is it?

"No one's."

"Well, they are continually trying to make it some one's affair than ours. He is my husband and is capable of taking care of me. I do not need a protector or guardian. When I married I was also one and twenty, at least, and I had a mind of my own. It was no business of a gabbling town's folks to come beating pans about my house. I did not marry Dr. Penney because he was young and handsome or because I was young and giddy--though I am not old by any means. I married him because he was willing to protect me as long as I lived, and in return I gave him the assurance that when my days were numbered and I had done with what property I had, he should have it. I am not rolling in wealth, but I have some property now which I shall give him when the time comes. Since the first day that I met him he has been nothing else than kindness itself to me, and that is all that I want. I feared that there were those who might get me out of the way that my property could be had, and for that reason I made this agreement with Dr. Penney that I might have a strong man to lean on in my old age. When I am old I shall need him!" and she laughed as young as any 16-years-old schoolma'am.

"How old are you, Mrs. Penney?"

"Well, I have never told anyone. My former husband used to say that I was eighty, but I was younger than that.

"When did you first meet Dr. Penney?"

"When I first met Dr. Penney he came to my house selling

goods. It was his toilet preparations. I invited him in, and having a friend who wanted some goods of that kind, I purchased some for her. That was in 1892 and I was living at Belfast on Spring street. I became acquainted with Dr. Penney from that time, as he seemed to be a bright and business-like young man, and to all appearances was honest---as I have since found him to be. Our acquaintance continued. My husband had been dead ten years then, and I was materially alone in the world. I told him my troubles and asked if there was any way that they could be helped. I said that I had had trouble with my folks, and I was told that some one wanted to get possession of my property, and I knew that I was not insane, all stories to the contrary. He told me that he would do the best he could to assist me. So he did.

"He was in the presence of some parties there and they said: 'Wonder if Mrs. French has found the silks that she lost?' and another said: 'I don't know--I have heard that someone has been employed to help her find them.' Not long after that they were brought back and placed on the doorstep in a basket. They had been taken from my house. I was ill shortly after this and was suffering from a bad cold. I thought that I was going to die. So I asked him to stay and get a nurse to take care of me and pay my bills. I gave him $100 for his trouble and $100 for my expenses. I dreaded to be left alone in the house, as I had been interrupted for several nights before by some person who got into the rooms. I was taken care of by the nurse, and the doctor looked after things. Of course, after I got well, I felt grateful to Dr. Penney and wanted someone to leave my property to and care for me while I live. I

proposed the agreement of marriage as the best plan. I have never regretted it since. We were married by a clergyman of Belfast about a month after the agreement. We lived at Belfast for some time, and then Dr. Penney and I went to his home in Amherst to live."

Mrs. Penney left a will giving her remaining property unconditionally to her husband---and it is estimated that it would amount in all to about $14,000 in real estate and a few thousand in money.

From the attitude of her family of late years, the Crockettts (of whom Dr. G. L. Crockett, late of Lewiston, was a connection), it is probable that her will will be contested upon the grounds that she was insane when it was made.

She had been a great sufferer for a number of weeks, but for a week it had been known that she could not recover. She was in her right mind for the greater part of the time, and at times when she was the lowest, would rally at the sound of his voice. Her remains will be taken to Bangor for interment on Friday, and Dr. Penney will accompany them. She will probably be buried, Saturday.

Dr. Penney is just now going through insolvency.

Thus ends this particular clipping. Another, which father evidently cut from the same paper a few years earlier and which, from the fact that an article on the reverse side contains the record of a debate in the National House of Representatives between "Sockless Jerry" Simpson of Kansas and others and that another Washington despatch is dated February 29, showing it to

have been leap-year, I judge to have been the issue of (about) March 2, 1892, in which year Mrs. Crockett-French-Penney says in her interview that she and Dr. Penney were married, reads as follows:-

WHITE CAPS

ATTACK HOME OF HERBERT PENNEY AT BELFAST

And Abuse Him for Having Married a Woman 84 Years of Age

Belfast, March 1.--Last night White Caps surrounded the house of Ann French, the wealthy old lady, 84 years of age, who was married to young Herbert Penney.

They broke the front door and ransacked the house but found Penney hid in the haymow in the barn with two revolvers.

They disarmed Penney, kicked, pushed and pelted him with eggs for two hours. They notified him to leave town before to-night or be tarred, feathered and rail ridden to the town line.

Penney captured one of the White Caps and locked him in a closet at the point of a pistol.

Rev. T. T. Mack, the Congregationalist minister, who performed the marriage ceremony, says the room was darkened and he was deceived.

The damage to the house is $200.

Penny is still here and seeks legal redress.

People here claim that the old lady is demented.

Among Mrs. French's idiosyncrasies have been that of collecting almanacs, of which she has hundreds, for years as far back as 1780. Her house in Dover is a regular museum of curiosities.

She has had a monument erected at Mt. Hope Cemetery in

Bangor, for herself, when she should lie beside that of her late husband, with the lettering and inscriptions, etc., the date of death alone being left to be filled in.

Her monument is completely covered with bead work, which she made herself.

Penny has been travelling about the country selling face powders and cutting women's bangs.

He was a witness against Graves, the game-warden murderer, it will be remembered.

Thus ends the second clipping. Mother has a third somewhere describing Mrs. French-Penney's curios, etc., but she cannot find it at this writing.

Mother knows little more about her Aunt Ann than is set forth above. She remembers seeing her only on two occasions--once in Bangor fifty-one years ago, and once when she and Father met her on the bridge at Belfast after she had moved there from Bangor---Mother didn't recognize her until after they had passed her---then as she wondered who it was that looked so much like her father she remembered that Caroline Dolloff had told her of her aunt, Mrs. Ann French, having moved to Belfast and of some of her peculiarities. Mother says that she lived in Belfast only two or three years, that she understood that she lived on Bell street (not Spring as given in the interview) and that she was told that Mrs. French had moved to Belfast in order to be near some Spiritualist friends.

Captain and Mrs. Jeremiah French never had any children of their own but reared one girl---Mother doesn't know whose child she was nor what became of her. It was said that Captain

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

French had intended that his property should go to his own family--the Frenches--after his widow had finished with it, but her marriage to Penney seems to have upset this plan.

The "Gabbling Town" mentioned in the first clipping is of course Belfast. Mother says that the bead-work mentioned in the clippings and with which the second says that her monument is covered was one of Mrs. French's hobbies, that she had a picture of Washington Crossing the Dedaware and a fire-board, among other things, made entirely from it.---Reminds me of the bead-work of the Indians as described by Prescott!

Although the second clipping says Mrs. French was 84 years of age when she married Penney the figures given in the first are the nearer correct---She was Great-grandfather's eldest child and as her brother Samuel was born on January 28, 1801, she must have been born as early as 1800, which would have made her at least 92 at the time of her last marriage. Talk about ~~about~~ Eternal Youth! She certainly justified her being descended from that hardy race some of whom Aunt Ruth used to say had to be killed off with sticks!

The inference arising from her marriage to Penney caused Captain Marcus Pierce and Mother's Aunt Martha Warren -(or her family (?)-)- to endeavor to prevent Penney from obtaining control of her property, but without success. Among other things and according to the papers of the time he obtained possession of some $6,000 in Bangor banks and $20,000 in government bonds. Mother does not know whether or not her will was contested. The Reverend R. T. Hack who was deceived (!!!) into performing the marriage ceremony between Mrs. French and Dr. Penney is said to have visited in Belfast this summer.

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

While I may have heard of the above at the time I have no recollection of having done so until the present week---during which Mother's life has not been a rosy one!

In passing, and while speaking of the Pierces---A few days since, while looking over some old papers, Mother came across a letter written to her many years ago by her cousin Warren Pierce -(her Aunt Mary's son and Captain Marcus Pierce's brother)- in which he said that of all his uncles and aunts he liked his Uncle Daniel and Aunt Jane best. He used to visit them often when Mother was a girl. Father and Mother think it probable that the Frank Pierce whom we know as a purser on the Boston and Bangor boats is a son of either "Mark" Pierce or one of his brothers.

I don't know any better place to make mention of the fact that Samuel Crockett -(Grandfather Crockett's elder brother and Mother's Uncle)- whose ~~lifelong~~ wife used to refer to and address him as "Sam Crockett" in order to distinguish him from her brother, "Sam Bach", and whose life-long home (after he had reached manhood) I had passed on the way from Spout Hill to the Marsh Village, had boarded with Father and Mother at the old farm while he was superintending the building of the bridge and also (?) the dam at the present site of Herbert Black's sawmill. I was about three months old at the time and remember him well. At any rate, Father's diary says under date of October 14, 1870:- "Samuel Crockett came here to board today." During this particular year it would be better to speak of it as "Mother's diary" as she kept it during 1869 and70. Under date of October 27, 1870, the diary says:- "Henry went to help Black raise his mill this afternoon." Father and Mother tell

me that the site on which Black's mill now stands was formerly owned by William -("Uncle Billy")- Houston and that the waterfall at that place was known as "Houston's Falls." They think that the granite for the dam and the bridge was quarried from the slope just this side of Herbert Black's present home but on the western side of the road. It was the "Uncle Billy" referred to above who, afterwards describing his own actions on a day which had been cold enough to keep Father away from his work in the woods, said that:- "I took off my coat, hung my vest upon a twig, and chopped very comfortably all day." William Houston was the father of Fred Houston, Fred's mother having been Lydia Staples, a daughter of Grandmother Kneeland's sister, Jane Rendell, by her first husband, Staples, thus making Lydia and her sister, Betsey Staples, Grandmother Kneeland's nieces. After Staples's death his widow married a man named Clifford and he also having died his widow, Jane (Rendell) Staples-Clifford became the wife of James (?) Field, who lived on the place occupied in my boyhood by the Innis family and for whom, -(or his father (?)-)- the Field Settlement, later known as the Boulstone District and now as the Portland District, was so-called.

In looking over Father's -(or Mother's)- diary of 1870 I find it hard to realize that the name "Henry Elmer" which I find written several times therein refers to myself. From the fact that it is also written "Elmer H." I assume that Mother was undecided as to which way I should write it until the tragedy of the following year led to its being changed to Frank Elmer.

Of Grandfather Crockett's brothers and sisters Mother's Uncles Jonathan, David and George and her Aunt Mary have visit-

ed her in her present home -(her Uncle David of Hampden used to come here with Grandfather Crockett when he came to Stockton)- but her Uncle Samuel died in 1880, four years after we had moved to "The Pinnacle".

Prior to her Uncle Samuel Crockett's death it had been a family custom to give a birthday party to him and his brothers Daniel and Jonathan, jointly, their birthdays having been January 28, 1801, January 28, 1803, and January 29, 1805, respectively, the parties having been given at their several houses, in turn. While I remember to have attended some of the parties given to Grandfather Crockett after his brother Samuel's death I do not remember if his brother Jonathan was present at any of them. The only references I find to these parties in Father's diaries are the three following:-

"January 28, 1880. M. P. Staples and family, Mary Matthews and family, and F. . Wheeland and family all assembled at Mr. Crockett's to commemorate his 77th birthday."

"January 28, 1883. We all went to May Matthews to birthday party -- ather Crockett 80 years old today."

"January 28, 1886. We went to Mr. Crockett's in afternoon to birthday party. Got home at 11:30. Had good time."

Jonathan Crockett -(Grandfather's brother)- lived over in what used to be called "the New York Settlement", the first house on the right beyond Ira Ward's---between the Clark Settlement and Mount Waldo. When his son Henry had grown to manhood and married he built himself a house about half way between Ira Ward's and his father's but on the other side of the road, where he lived for many years. Henry's family is now grown up, his wife is dead, and he himself is living with a Mr.

Warren in either Frankfort or Monroe. His father-(Jonathan)-died between twenty-five and thirty years ago and other thinks Jonathan's second wife died shortly afterwards. As stated in the Crockett Family Notes, Joshua Crockett, a son of Samuel Crockett, is still living in Winterport.

So much for some of the occupants of the old Prospect Marsh Cemetery, a final look around which, while Father was walking back to the car, showed that it afforded opportunity for much browsing by one interested in the old families of this section. The trip to Bangor had been a rather long one for Father so I had to defer hunting up Dr. Villman until a more convenient opportunity presented itself. The counterpart of the cars which have made many new records during the present season made short work of the road to Stockton Springs and Searsport and I was soon up under the eaves---setting down for future reference such facts as I had gathered during my first "V'y'ge to Spout Hill".

I started to write the above on September 10th, immediately upon my return from Spout Hill but had to leave it to be finished (?) the next day. Next morning, Father having been unable to see an oculist in Bangor on Sunday, Bert decided to stop over long enough to again take him up there for the purpose of seeing Dr. Clough, the eye specialist at State and Brown streets. He invited me to go along and as I had not ridden over the river road in many years I did so, completing a party of five---Father, Kit, Viola, Bert and myself. George Bowen had gone to Bangor on the morning train for the purpose of seeing Dr. Whitney about his eyes so we left word with Ber-

tha to have his wife telephone him that if he would meet us at the Bangor House he could ride home with us---thereby reaching Searsport some hours earlier than if he waited to come down on the boat. As on the day before, Bert chose the route via Searsport village, Stockton Springs, Prospect Marsh, Frankfort, Winterport and Hampden. I didn't stop at either "the Ma'sh" or Spout Hill this time. We had a pleasant ride over what in some places are really good roads and, after picking ~~George~~ up George at the Bangor House and discovering Dr. Clough's office, my watch showed that exactly one and a half hours had elapsed since we left "The Pinnacle." That was a considerable improvement over the days when we used to make the trip behind horses but a greater was to follow.

Dr. Clough is evidently a busy man and although Father supposed he had an appointment he had to wait his turn so that, when the rest of the party picked me up at the Bangor House for the return home, my watch showed that it was already 11:45 a.m. I don't know whether Bert was really in a hurry or not---Kit said he wanted to get home---but if Phil Sheridan and his justly celebrated black horse could have been along they would have concluded that they hadn't"seen no runnin' yit!" I tried to smoke but the fire ~~burned~~ was forced back through the center of the cigar so that, although the outside looked fair enough, it burned my tongue. As we drew into Winterport George, sitting beside me, remarked:- "I suppose a feller could tell where he was if he could see anything!" "Hills rose and fell", etc. George, with his head ducked into the breeze and hanging on to his hat for dear life, gave me the impression of peering up under the visor of my cap for the entire distance. At 12:40 we

had dropped down over the hill into Stockton Springs village and turned our faces toward the west. Five minutes later---one hour from Bangor---we were passing the Captain Andrew Ross -(old Ben. Merrithew)- place, lately sold to a Mr. Hogan from Bangor, and at 12:48---one hour and three minutes from the Bangor House---we had drawn up in front of Union Hall, Searsport, for the purpose of allowing Father to vote for Carl E. Milliken for Governor in an election the returns from which all good Republicans hoped would indicate the election of Hughes and Fairbanks in November.

It was exactly one o'clock when I stepped from the car in the door-yard here on "The Pinnacle". Bert concluded to defer his start on the return trip to Boston until the next morning and, during the afternoon, took Father, Bertha, Helen, Kit, Annie and Viola to Belfast and, after returning home, to Searsport again---It would have been somewhat wearing on one's nerves to do this with "Old Charlie"!

George's parting shot at us as he stepped out of the car at Leach's Corner on the return from Bangor had been:- "I shouldn't never want to travel no slower!" Kit didn't say much but I inferred from her expression that she regretted that an automobile wasn't something to which one could "put the braid"! Father cheered on the driver, Viola warned her father when anyone was likely to run over us from behind, while as for myself---when Bert later added insult to injury by inquiring if there had been any wind on the rear seat, I felt constrained to reply:- "Not a d--- bit! It was a dead calm back there!"

Bert, Annie and Viola made an early start on their return

IN LIVES TO REPORT THIS

had dropped down over the hill into Stockton Springs village and turned our faces toward the west. Five minutes later--- one hour from Bangor---we were passing the Stephen Andrew Sees -(old Gen. Merrithew)- place, lately sold to a Mr. Hogan from Bangor, and at 12:48---one hour and three minutes from the Bangor House---we had drawn up in front of Union Hall, Searsport, for the purpose of allowing Father to vote for Carl E. Milliken for Governor in an election the returns from which all good Republicans hoped would indicate the election of Hughes and Fairbanks in November.

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Georgie's parting shot as we saw he stepped out of the car at Lessie's corner on the return from Bangor had been:- "I shouldn't never want to travel so slowly!" "It didn't say much but I inferred from her expression that she regretted that an automobile wasn't something to which one could "put the bread"! Father observed on the driver, Viola warned her father when anyone was likely to run over us from behind, while as for myself---when Bert later added insult to injury by inquiring if there had been any wind on the road, I just concentrated to reply:- "Get a d---- lift! It was a good calm back there!"

Bert, Annie and Viola made an early start on their return

trip to Boston the next (Tuesday) morning --- they made the run from "The Pinnacle" here in Searsport to their home in West Roxbury from (about) seven in the morning to seven in the evening of that same day --- while I have been "devilling" Father and Mother with questions all the week!

F. E. K.
Searsport, Me., 9/17/1916.

THE WALTON TO GREENWICH

help to deform the boat (Tuesday) morning --- they made the run from "The Pinnacle" here in Sequoyah to their home in West Hartford (about) seven in the morning to arrive in the evening of that same day --- while I have the "Ar'ldt-Walter" Tuesday and Wednesday with questions and the week!

Sincerely, [illegible]

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Henry Trevett Crockett is the sole remaining child of Jonathan Crockett, Grandfather Crockett's next youngest brother! He is a gentleman who, although he really doesn't need to talk with both his hands and his feet in addition to his tongue in order to give clear and vivid expression to his thoughts, still persists in doing so---a trait inherited from the Bachelders! After talking with him for the greater part of one afternoon, I felt as if I had been examined for spavin, strained tendons, string halts, swollen joints, and other ills to which horse-flesh is heir! Nevertheless, I will wager that he doesn't carry a malicious or unkindly thought in his head! And as for drollery---on the only occasion on which I remember ever seeing him he kept us in an uproar during the entire time of his visit! Except for a few minor corrections which he and Mrs. Twombly made in the original draft which I sent him for the purpose the following is an exact copy of a memorandum which I made of our conversation on the afternoon referred to!

Searsport, Maine, October 7, 1916.

Henry Trevett Crockett called here today and I talked with him about the letter I wrote him some weeks ago asking if he knew where his grandfather, Daniel Crockett, Senior, was born, or where he came from when he settled, first at Cape Rosier or its vicinity, and later at Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.!

To this inquiry Mr. Crockett replied:- "Why, he came from the place where they raise the cranberries---Cape Cod, isn't it? He used to go with Captain Powers in a trading packet which brought cranberries to this section -(Penobscot Bay)- and ex-

HENRY TRAVERS DROCKETT--A BAD ACTOR

Henry Travers Drockett is the sole remaining child of Jonathan Drockett, Grand Father Drocker's most youngest brother. He is a rendleman who, although he really doesn't need to talk with both his hands and his feet in addition to his tongue in order to give clear and vivid expression to his thoughts, still persists in doing so---a habit inherited from the Drockettsons! After talking with him for the greater part of one afternoon, I felt as if I had been examined for gravin, stretched tenfoot, shring halts, wrellen lights, and other ills to which flesh is heir! Nevertheless, I will wager that he doesn't carry a medicine or medicaly through in his head! And as for drollery---on the only occasion on which I remember ever seeing him he kept us in an uproar during the entire time of his visit! Except for a few minor corrections which he made this, Tworbly made in the original draft which I sent him for the purpose the following is an exact copy of a memorandum which I made of our conversation on the afternoon referred to:

"Sampsport, Maine, October 7, 1926.

Henry Travers Drockett called here today and I talked with him about his father. I wrote his some weeks ago asking if he knew where the grandfather, Daniel Drockett, Senior, was born, or where he came from when he settled, first at Cape Porter or its vicinity, and later at Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.:

To this inquiry Mr. Drockett replied:- "Why, he came from the place where they raise the cranberries---Cape Cod, isn't it? He used to go with Captain Torrens in a trading packet which brought cranberries to this section -(Sampsport say)- and ex-

changed them for fish, etc.; they could bring a few bushels of cranberries and get fish enough to last them all winter!"

Asked if Captain Powers settled in this vicinity Mr. Crockett replied that he thought not, that although he ran a trading packet to Deer Isle and other points in Penobscot Bay, and Daniel Crockett, Senior, married and remained here, he believed Captain Powers did not. He told us several amusing incidents about his grandfather according to one of which, while he was trading on the packet referred to, Captain Powers was hailed by the captain of another craft which was in distress and requested to "send his best man" to his assistance! Henry says that according to the version of the incident which he had often heard his grandfather -(my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior)- relate as a boy, Captain Powers turned to him (Daniel) with the remark:- "Well, Crockett, you'll have to go!" I told Mother that now I knew from whom I inherited my excessive modesty!

Henry Crockett recalled that when he was a boy and living at his father's home in "The New York Settlement" at Prospect and Great-Grandfather Crockett was still living on Spout Hill, the old gentleman often used to come to his son's (Henry's father's) house to spend the day---that he used to walk over and they took him home in a team at night. Henry said that whenever he and his brothers saw him coming they would exclaim:- "Here comes Old 'V'y'ge to the Nor-rard'"---that he always used to relate the details of the famous "V'y'ge" whenever he visited them, which was often! While Henry said they were always glad to see him, I gathered from the above and the fact that a reference to his "V'y'ge to the North" was for years about the only

HENRY TEWKSBURY CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

changed them for fish, etc.; they could bring a few bushels of cranberries and get fish enough to last them all winter!"

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Henry Crockett recalled that when he was a boy and living at his father's home in "The New York Settlement" at Prospect and Great-Grandfather Crockett was still living on Spout Hill, the old gentleman often used to come to his son's (Henry's father's) house to spend the day---that he used to walk over and they took him home in a team at night. Henry said that whenever he and his brothers saw him coming they would exclaim:- "Here comes Old 'U'y'ge to the Nor-rand!"---that he always used to relate the details of the famous "'U'y'ge" whenever he visited them, which was often! While Henry said they were always glad to see him, I gathered from the above and the fact that a reference to his "'U'y'ge to the North" was for years about the only

thing I had ever heard regarding my great-grandfather, that his constant recital of its details became something of a bore to the members of the (then) younger generation---a conclusion in which I have been strengthened by the fact that two very old ladies -(Aunt Lydia Mackenzie -85- and Miss Ellen E. Heagan - who must be about 75-)- have this Fall assured Mother and myself in letters that they well remember hearing him describe the "V'y'ge" referred to, although at this late date they could not remember its details!

Mr. Crockett told me that his Uncle Simon -(his father's brother)- was lost at sea and that when his chest was sent home later it was appropriated by Samuel Crockett---that neither his father nor his Uncle Daniel -(my grandfather)- got so much as an auger---I believe he was a ship-carpenter---like so many of the men of that day! Mr. Crockett said that at the time of his death his Uncle Simon had a wife and two children. He seemed to think that it was these two children who were brought up by a Mr. Hopkins at Troy, Maine, but after talking it over with Mother I believe they decided that Mr. Hopkins reared the children of their Uncle Jeremiah. They both recalled a visit which Mr. Hopkins made to Stockton and Prospect many years ago, when they were both children, bringing the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- with him. Mother says she supposed Hopkins was driving a colt but that it finally developed that the horse was approximately thirty years old---For a horse of that age, they thought he was "a long ways from hum!" It was the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- referred to who afterward married Pearl Harmon of Lowell, Mass. They don't know what became of the boy!

Mr. Crockett told us about visiting his Aunt Ann French in

MEMORY TRIGGERED ORCHESTRA---A BAD AUTOR

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Mr. Crockett told me that his Uncle Simon -(his father's brother)- was lost at sea and that when his chest was sent home later it was appropriated by Samuel Crockett---that neither his father nor his Uncle Daniel -(my grandfather)- got so much as an auger---I believe he was a ship-carpenter---like so many of the men of that day! Mr. Crockett said that at the time of his death his Uncle Simon had a wife and two children. He seemed to think that it was these two children who were brought up by a Mr. Hopkins at Troy, Maine, but after talking it over with Mother I believe they decided that Mr. Hopkins reared the children of his Uncle Jeremiah. They both recalled a visit which Mr. Hopkins made to Stockton and Prospect many years ago, when they were both children, bringing the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- with him. Mother says she supposed Hopkins was driving a colt but that it finally developed that the horse was approximately thirty years old---for a horse of that age, they thought he was "a long ways from home!" It was the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- referred to who afterward married Pearl Harmon of Lowell, Mass. They don't know what became of the boy!

Mr. Crockett told us about visiting his Aunt Ann French in

Bangor on his return from the Civil War and how, many years later but before her death, he had visited the lot in Bangor which she had even then prepared as her final resting-place---beside her first husband in Mount Hope Cemetery! He also told us how the sailing packet which Captain Jeremiah French used to run from Penobscot Bay and River to Massachusetts ports, having among his passengers many of the young women who used to work as operatives in the mills of Massachusetts, was capsized; how the men climbed from the water on to her up-turned bottom; how two of the women passengers (one of whom was Captain French's sister) were caught below when the vessel turned over; and how the men clinging to the craft's up-raised keel could hear these women rapping and pounding for help on the inside of the ship but were unable to do anything to aid them!

He told us several incidents regarding Dr. G. Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, the son of his Uncle Samuel's son Luther. When he mentioned that Luther's wife was "Allie" Ausplund of Prospect I asked if he had ever known her. "Known her?", he replied. "I was brought up with her in the same town, as a child." He told me that her name was Almina---not Almena! Mother tells me that she was present at the serenade which was given Luther Crockett and Almina Ausplund, his newly-made wife, at the house of Luther's father---Samuel Crockett---just above Prospect Marsh Village, fifty-odd years ago! At first, the newly-made Mrs. Crockett declined to come out to see the visiting serenaders, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to do so---by telling her if she didn't come one way she would another! It was Luther Crockett of whom it was said that there was never a man on Fox (?) Island who could lay him on his back

HENRY TRUEMAN CROCKETT---A SAD AUTOR

Bangor on his return from the Civil War and how, many years later but before her death, he had visited the lot in Bangor which she had even then prepared as her final resting-place---beside her first husband in Mount Hope Cemetery! He also told us how the sailing packet which Captain Jeremiah French used to run from Penobscot Bay and River to Massachusetts ports, having among his passengers many of the young women who used to work as operatives in the mills of Massachusetts, was capsized; how the men climbed from the water on to her up-turned bottom; how two of the women passengers (one of whom was Captain French's sister) were caught below when the vessel turned over; and how the men clinging to the craft's up-ended keel could hear these women rapping and pounding for help on the inside of the ship but were unable to do anything to aid them!

He told us several incidents regarding Mr. T. Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, the son of his Uncle Samuel's son Luther. When he mentioned that Luther's wife was "Allie" Auspland of Prospect I asked if he had ever known her. "Know her?", he replied. "I was brought up with her in the same town, as a child." He told us that her name was Almira---not Almena! Luther tells us that she was present at the serenade which was given Luther Crockett and Almira Auspland, his newly-made wife, at the house of Luther's father---Samuel Crockett---just above Prospect Harbor Village, fifty-odd years ago! At first, the newly-made bride. Crockett declined to come out to see the visiting serenaders, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to do so---by telling her if she didn't come one way she would another! It was Luther Crockett of whom it was said that there was never a man on Fox (?) Island who could lay him on his back

---some reputation to bear in a community made up principally of stone-cutters! Mr. Henry Crockett told us that Dr. G. Langtry is "a chip of the old block"---that when he was in the Insane Hospital at Augusta he would pick up two or three madmen by whatever limbs happened to be handy and lug them off for all the world as an ordinary man would so many squawking chickens! Uncle Nelson Staples used to speak of a Crockett from somewhere down the Bay who was one of his comrades in the Fourth Maine Regiment -(Company I)- during the Civil War but Henry says it could not have been Luther Crockett as he and his brother Joshua went to California at that time!

Among others, Mr. Crockett and Mother spoke of their Uncle David's son Horace, who lived and died at Waco, Texas, and of Horace's daughter, ------ Crockett, who is a public reader and elocutionist and who made a professional tour of Maine a few years ago---six or seven, they thought! They also spoke of Dr. G. Langtry Crockett's sister Emma!

When I told Mr. Crockett what his niece, Mrs. Fanny Twombly, had written me a short time ago about having seen the name of Daniel Crockett *** in a History of Deer Isle, he said that she probably saw it when she went down to Deer Isle to take care of her brother, Samuel Austin, before he died, and that it was while there at that time that she visited his aunt -(and her great aunt)- Martha Warren!

Henry Crockett's sister, Sarah Ann -(she was named for her two grandmothers, Sarah (Pepper) Bachelder and Anna (Trundy) Crockett)-, was first married to Thomas Austin,by whom she had three children:- Samuel, Jennie, and Fanny! Samuel married Laura Sellers, Jennie married Thomas Twiss, and Fanny married

*** The name of Daniel Crockett does not appear in Hosmer's History of Deer Isle!

HENRY TEMPLE CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

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Among others, Mr. Crockett and other people of their Uncle David's son Horace, who lived and died at Waco, Texas, and of Horace's daughter, ------ Crockett, who is a public reader and elocutionist and who made a professional tour of Maine a few years ago---six or seven, they thought! They also spoke of Dr. C. Langtry Crockett's sister Emma!

When I told Mr. Crockett what his niece, Mrs. Fanny Swan- bly, had written me a short time ago about having seen the name of Daniel Crockett *** in a History of Deer Isle, he said that she probably saw it when she went down to Deer Isle to take care of her brother, Samuel Austin, before he died, and that it was while there at that time that she visited his aunt -(and her great aunt)- Martha Barron!

Henry Crockett's sister, Sarah Ann -(she was named for her two grandmothers, Sarah (Pepper) Sawhelder and Anna (Trundy) Crockett)-, was first married to Thomas Austin,by whom she had three children:- Samuel, Jennie, and Fanny! Samuel married Laura Sellers, Jennie married Thomas Wise, and Fanny married

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*** The name of Daniel Crockett does not appear in Deer's His- tory of Deer Isle!

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Frank Twombly. With the exception of Mrs. Twombly all of them, both husbands and wives, are dead. After the death of Thomas Austin, his widow married William Crosby of Brooks, Maine. Mrs. Twombly's husband having died, she now makes her home with Mr. Crosby, caring for him during his declining years. In the letter above referred to, Mrs. Twombly says "Father Crosby is real smart---was 94 last July"! In the same letter Mrs. Twombly writes:- "I am quite positive my grandfather was born on Deer Isle"! Mr. Henry Crockett thought his father -(Mrs. Twombly's grandfather)- was born at the farm on Spout Hill but when I told him what his niece, Mrs. Twombly, had said, he thought she might be right but said there was no doubt but that his father lived on the Spout Hill place from the time he was a very small boy until he reached manhood.

Henry Trevett Crockett was born on July 19, 1841, one of twelve children of the late Jonathan and Jane (Bachelder) Crockett. He is the only remaining member of the family. He married Lydia Perkins. She died 35 years ago. They had two children;-Ammon, who lives at Athol, Mass. -(He is married but has no children)-, and Laura, who married Ney Killman of Prospect, the latter now being the station agent at Dexter, Maine. He was named for Napoleon's marshal, his full name being Marshal Ney Killman, --- for what particular reason I do not know!

Years ago, before Henry Crockett's wife died and Father was in the habit of making a two-day trip over around the mountain into "Paddy Hollow", he used to stay at Mr. Crockett's house over night---I find constant reference to it in Father's Diaries of 35-40 years ago! Henry Crockett's father and mother died twenty-five or thirty years since and he has long ago sold

HENRY TRUETT DROCHEROT--A SAD ACTOR

Frank Wombly. With the exception of Mrs. Wombly all of them, both husbands and wives, are dead. After the death of Thomas Austin, his widow married William Crosby of Brooks, Letcs. Mrs. Wombly's husband, during life, she was always her home with her. Crosby, caring for him during his declining years. In the letter above referred to, Mrs. Wombly says "Father Crosby is real smart---was 94 last July"! In the same letter Mrs. Wombly writes:- "I am quite positive my grandfather was born on Deer Isle"! Mr. Henry Drochett thought his father -(Mrs. Wombly's grandfather)- was born at the farm on Spout Mill but when I told him what his niece, Mrs. Wombly, had said, he thought she might be right but said there was no doubt but that his father lived on the Spout Mill place from the time he was a very small boy until he reached manhood.

Henry Truett Drochett was born on July 19, 1841, one of twelve children of the late Jonathan and Jane (Lambdin) Drochett. He is the only remaining member of the family. He married Lydia Perkins. She died 35 years ago. They had two children;-James, who lives at Atlantic, Maine. -(He is married but has no children)-, and Jane, who married Mr. William of Brooklyn, the latter now being the station agent at Deer Isle. He was named for "Lydiann's sweetheart, his first name being Marshall Ray William, --- for what particular reason I do not know!

Years ago, before Mrs. Drochett's wife died and Father was in the habit of making a two-day trip over around the mountain into "Laddy Valley", he used to stay at Mr. Marshall's house over night---I find somewhere reference to it in Father's Diaries of 35-40 years ago! Henry Drochett's Father and mother died twenty-five or thirty years since and he was long ago sold

both the place where his father used to live and his own house ---both in "The New York Settlement" of Prospect---I do not know why it was so called! *** Anumber of years ago he went to live at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren, old friends in Monroe, on what used to be known as the George Rand place, some eight miles from Black's Corner, which Mr. Warren had bought of Rand---I believe Mrs. Warren was Rand's daughter! Mr. Warren died a year or two ago but Mr. Crockett still makes his home with the widow, Mrs. Alice Warren. His postoffice address is R. F. D. No. 2, Monroe, Maine.!

Together with his brother Elijah, Henry Trevett Crockett was a member of the same company with Father in the Union Army during the Civil War---Company K., 26th Maine Volunteers! Father says Henry was about the only sure cure for "the blues" which the "boys in blue" had---that he kept the camp in an uproar! I had hoped to hear him tell of the occasion when he impressed the pair of young horses and a carriage as a means of "catching up" when some of his comrades and himself were left behind on the Red River Expedition---but he had to go before I had an opportunity to ask him to do so! He was taken prisoner at Brashear City, Louisiana, along with Uncle "Del" Crockett! They were later released on parole and came home in 1863! He seems to have been able to command considerable attention in the intervening years by nonchalantly referring to his "prison term"!

Henry Trevett Crockett was named for the eldest son of his grandfather Crockett's second wife---by her first husband, Samuel Trevett!

*** see Mrs. Twombly's explanation in the succeeding pages!

HENRY TRAVERS CROCKETT--A SAD ACTOR

both the place where his father used to live and his own house ---both in "The New York Settlement" at Prospect---I do not know why it was so called! *** Number of years ago he went to live at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren, old friends in Tom-moo, on what used to be known as the George Ward Place, some eight miles from Black's Corner, which Mr. Warren had bought of Ward---I believe Mrs. Warren was Ward's daughter! Mr. Warren died a year or two ago but Mr. Crockett still makes his home with the widow, Mrs. Alice Warren. His postoffice address is R. F. D. No. 2, Monroe, Maine!

Together with his brother Milton, Henry Travers Crockett was a member of the same company with father in the Union Army during the Civil War---Company K, 26th Maine Volunteers! Mother says Henry was about the only sure cure for "the blues" which the "boys" in line" had---that he kept the camp in an uproar! I had hoped to hear him tell of the occasion when he impressed the pair of young horses and a carriage as a means of "catching up" when some of his comrades and himself were left behind on the Red River Expedition---but he had to go before I had an opportunity to ask him to do so! He was taken prisoner at Pleasant City, Louisiana, along with Uncle "Bal" Crockett! They were later released on parole and came home in 1863! He seems to have been able to command considerable attention in the intervening years by nonchalantly referring to his "prison term"!

Henry Travers Crockett was named for the eldest son of his grandfather Crockett's second wife---by her first husband, Samuel Travers!

*** See pre. monthly's explanation in the succeeding paper!

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

So ends my memorandum of October 7, 1916. In returning the corrected draft, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Twombly -(She signs her name"Mrs. Fannie A. Twombly")- sent me several pages of miscellaneous notes a large part of which are already covered in the section entitled "The Crockett Family" and therefore are not again included here. They say they think Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born on Cape Cod but the digging up of the Trevett Family Record after I had addressed my letter of inquiry on the subject to Henry Trevett Crockett establishes the fact that he was born at Windham in the present State of Maine! For that matter, many of their impressions regarding family history are incorrect! For example:- On page 150 I quote their opinion to the effect that Jonathan Crockett's sister Olive was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's sister,but in a letter dated Kennebunkport, Me., March 11, 1917, and received after Page 150 was written, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield---fresh from a winter trip to California and several visits while there with her cousin, Helen (Pierce) Folsom---writes as follows:-

"Aunt Olive Crockett lived with her father until the new wife came--then sometime she went to live with Aunt Ann Crockett French and died there of tuberculosis. I have often heard Mother tell of it and Cousin Helen spoke of it this winter. Helen also told me that she was buried across the street from Uncle French's and adjoining the old Methodist Church that was afterward used as a town-house. A new Methodist Church was afterward built at Orrington Corner. She was engaged to be married and had the customary lot of silver to keep house with---two large spoons and 1/2 dozen teaspoons, all with O. P. C. on them. Mother had three teaspoons, Aunt Mary the same, and as usual, Aunt Ann had the lion's share--the two large ones! I now have the three small ones that Mother had and one of the large ones that Aunt Ann had. I was in Lewiston to a Fair since she died and Mr. Penney, her second husband, was exhibiting her bead work and silver service. I went and examined it all and asked all the questions that I cared to---then I told him who I was and told him I would like to buy the two large spoons as my daughter was named for Aunt Olive. He was very nice and courteous and gave me one and said that the other was in Amherst,

HENRY TRAVETT DROOKETT---A FAD AGAIN

On onde my memorandum of October 7, 1916. In returning the corrected draft, Mr. Drooket and Mrs. Twombly -(the alpha for name"Mrs. Tannie A. Twombly")- sent me several pages of miscellaneous notes a large part of which are already covered in the section entitled "The Drooket Family" and therefore are not again included here. They say they think Great-Grandfather Daniel Drooket was born on Cape Cod but the digging up of the Travett Family Record shows I had addressed my letter of inquiry on the subject to Henry Travett Drooket establisher the fact that he was born at Windham in the present State of Maine. Per that matter, many of their inquestions regarding family history are incorrect! For example:- On page 180 I quote their opinion to the effect that Jonathan Drooket's sister Olive was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah Trench's sister,in a letter dated Fernandinaport, Me., March 11, 1917, and received after Page 180 was written, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield--- from from a winter trip to California and several visits while there with her cousin, Helen (Pierce) Nelson---who as a little

"Aunt Olive Drooket lived with her father until the new wife came--then sometime she went to live with Aunt Jonathan Drooket Trench and died there of tuberculosis. I have often heard father tell of it and Cousin Helen again of it this winter. Helen also told me that she was buried across the street from Uncle Trench's and adjoining the old Methodist Church that was afterward used as a tenement house. A new Methodist Church was afterward built at Orrington Corner. She was engaged to be married and had the customary lot of silver to keep house with--two large spoons and half a dozen teaspoons, all with C. T. C. on them. Father had three teaspoons, Aunt Mary the same, and as usual, Aunt Ann had the lion's share--the two large ones! I now have the three small ones that "father had and one of the large ones that Aunt Ann had. I was in Lewiston to a fair when she died and Mr. Penney, her second husband, was exhibiting her best work and silver service. I went and examined it all and called all the questions that I cared to---for I told him who I was and told him I would like to buy the two large spoons as my daughter was named for Aunt Olive. He was very nice and mentioned and gave me one and said that the other was in Auburn,

where he had stored a lot of things, and that he would send it to me---but I have never seen it! Do you know if he is alive now? My getting the spoon has been a joke in the family for years! Aunt Olive would be about 73 years now, Helen thinks! (***) You could find out by going to this cemetery in Orrington".

I have quoted the above from Mrs. Littlefield's letter as probably being authority on the death and final resting-place of Olive Crockett, Mr. Henry Crockett, Mrs. Twombly and Aunt Lydia Mackenzie to the contrary notwithstanding! Although they do not belong here, still, as I have not time to re-write the pages where they do belong, I am going to quote here the following additional extracts from Mrs. Littlefield's letter of 3/11, 1917, in order to get them into the record:-

"Aunt Mary Pierce died October 3, 1890, aged 75 years, 1 month, 1 day. My mother was born October 7, 1819, and passed away May 10, 1900. I do not know Aunt French's age but am positive she was over 90 quite a bit. I do not know either of the others' births and deaths---only that Uncle (which one? W.E.K.) died on the Island of Lombok (?), Sumatra, E. I., and Uncle Jeremiah died in some part of California. I remember hearing Mother speak of Fannie Twombly but never saw her. Mother's first husband, Captain William Marsh Pierce, was a first cousin to Aunt Mary's husband, Captain David Pierce-William had a brother, Captain David Washington Pierce! No, my father was not a Sea Captain. I think he went fishing to Bay of Chaleur when very young for I have heard him laugh about Nova Scotia pigs with long noses but he, when very young, opened a general country store and kept in the business, with the exception of about a year during the Rebellion. Uncle Jeremiah married an Abbie Jane Bickford of East Hampden and Uncle Simon married a Miss Alameda Warren of Wyoming Valley, Penn. Then they parted and she took her maiden name. Her son's name was George Warren and I presume he lives or did live in Wyoming Valley Mother used to hear from Luella Crockett through Ma-ry Gray I think, but since Mother went have lost all track of her. Now I know her married name I shall ask of her of friends who live in Lowell. -------- You know of course the Crocketts have a pretty good opinion of themselves! ---------- Uncle Heman had only one son--Beverly--and I did not know he left children. Beverly was in a bank in Carson City. Afterward he went to Reno. I heard of him (after he died) from an oculist who came from Reno and afterwards lived in San Diego--I think he told me they had no children but may be mistaken. To go back to Luella, I neglected to say she was adopted by people and lived in Troy, Maine, and lived with them until she went to the Lowell Mills to

***She would be much older! Her mother died 95 years ago!

HENRY TRAVERS CROCKETT--A SAD AFFAIR

where he had stored a lot of things, and that he would send it to me--but I have never seen it! Do you know if he is alive now? My getting the apron has been a joke in the family for years! Aunt Olive would be about 75 years now! Isn't that thrilling! (***) You could find out by going to this cemetery in Orringtons".

I have quoted the above from Mr. Littlefield's letter as probably being authority on the death and final resting-place of Olive Crockett, Mr. Henry Crockett, Jr., Twenty and Aunt Lydia McKenzie in the cemetery mentioned! Although they does not belong here, still, as I have not time to re-write the pages where they do belong, I am going to quote here the following additional extracts from Mr. Littlefield's letter of 8/11/ 1917, in order to get them into the record:-

"Aunt Mary Pierce died October 2, 1890, aged 75 years, 1 month, 1 day. My mother was born October 7, 1815, and ~~exactly 1 day~~ passed away May 10, 1900. I do not know Aunt Fronch's age but am positive she was over 70 quite a bit. I do not know either of the others' births and deaths---only that Uncle (which one? W.F.K.) died on the island of Jamaica (?), Demerara, S. A., and that Jerusha died in some part of California. I remember hearing father speak of Vannie Twombly but never saw her. Johnny's first husband, Captain William Lewis Pierce, was a first cousin to Aunt Mary's husband, Captain David Pierce. William had a brother, Captain David Washington Pierce! So, my father was not a "Sea Captain". I think he went fishing to Bay of Chaleur when very young for I have heard him laugh about Nova Scotia pie with lots of molasses but he was very young, course a general country store and kept in the business, with the exception of about a year during the Rebellion. Uncle Jeremiah married an Aunt Jerusha Hickford of East Haddam and Uncle Simon married a niece Alzenda Turner of Tremont Valley, Penn. Then they pulled and his took for golden west. Her son's name was George Turner and I guess he lives in Ithaca or did live. Anything Yellow father used to hear from Lydia Crockett Lewis Gray I think, but since father went has lost all touch of her. You I know her married once I think but for the life of me have lost the name. ---------- For years of course the Brooklyn Olive have a pretty good opinion of Crockenhurst - ------- Uncle Simon had only one son--Everett--and I did not know he left children. Everett was in a bank in Denver Colo. Afterward he went to Mex. I think it was (either he died) from an accident and came from there and afterwards lived in San Diego--I think in Cuba he had no children to my knowledge. To go back to Lydia, I neglected to say she was adopted by people and lived in Ct., Conn., and lived with them until she went to the Seminary. She was a very fine woman and her mother died the same year!

***

work. Aunt Mary Pierce had the following children:- Helen Amanda, who is 80 years in April--the 18th I think; Willis Patten, who was killed on a gunboat (Wachusett?) during the Rebellion; Ann French (Married twice, 1st husband--Carl, 2nd husband--Leman); Marcus David; Warren Nickerson; Isabella Alameda(now in Bangor Insane Asylum); Jeremiah French; Alice Sophia; Agnes Ella; Mary Florine (who died young); and Albert David---He and Helen are the only ones left! Albert is in Jerome, Arizona, just now. He was in Vancouver. Then went to San Diego. Was there nearly two years and then went to Jerome. ----------
Grandfather Crockett had relatives living in Dover and Foxcroft for Mother used to visit there and, I think, later used to write to them. There names were Robinson. One--Mary--married a Going and lived in Boston. She died within the last ten years, nearly one hundred years young--not old. I saw her twice and she was the youngest old lady I ever saw. Another sister,--Alathea---married a Colonel Doughty and lived in either Dover or Foxcroft. Probably some of his descendants are living there now. The Colonel was a prominent man, I have been told. I hope this may be new to you. It was to me at first---then I remembered it all after awhile. I have not been home for forty-five years, only for a few weeks or days at a time, and not living near relatives had forgotten it until Cousin Helen told me. I have a friend who has lived in Brewer and she tells me I have a cousin living there. Do you know who she is? I think the name is Crockett. If so, he must be the kin, as they say in the South!" -(This is Aunt "Mel" and her family. F.E.K.)-

When, on Page 302, I began quoting from Mrs. Littlefield's letter, I intended to quote merely that part of it having reference to Olive Crockett, but having continued with Pages 303-4, have concluded to include what constitutes practically the balance of her letter, as follows:-

"I am still of the impression that Grandfather Crockett settled in Prospect in his early married life and that most of his children were born there. I remember Mother telling about going a mile to school -(To the Marsh Village? F.E.K) and wading through the snow, and how her underclothes would be frozen when she got to school. There is a Crockett who lives at Stonington, Me.,-(Elmer E. Crockett. F.E.K.)- (His father was Levi and he lived in Oceanville, Me.) who might tell you about the family. I think the Trundy family came from Deer Isle---Anna Trundy married Grandfather Crockett---Elizabeth married Grandfather Warren --Father's father---One married a Thurlow---One married a Whittemore---One a Pressey! There is a Chas. Thurlow living at Stonington, or he did live there, that might tell you about the family. I'm not sure but (that?) one of the sisters married a Fifield. You might write to Mrs. Dudley Fifield, Stonington, Me., and she perhaps could tell

HENRY HAVELOCK CROCKETT---SAM ADTON

work. Aunt Mary Thorne had the following children:- Helen Amanda, who died 30 years in April-- the 12th I think; Willis Tatten, who was killed on a gunboat ("Delaware?") during the Rebellion; Ann Verner (married twice, last husband--Carl, 2nd husband--Lemon); Barrons Davis; Warren Hickerson; Rachelle Glenda(now in Rangor Maine Angina); Jeremiah Vernon; Alice Sophia; Agnes Ella; Mary Florine (who died young); and Albert David--Jo and Sarah are the only ones left! Albert is in Toronto, Ontario, just now. He was in Vancouver. Then went to San Diego. Was there nearly two years and then went to Toronto. ----------
Grandfather Crockett had relatives living in Dover and Foxcroft for Mother used to visit there and, I think, later used to write to them. There names were Robinson. One--Mary--married a Going and lived in Boston. She died within the last ten years, nearly one hundred years young-not old. I saw her twice and she was the youngest old lady I ever saw. Another sister,--Elizabeth--married a Colonel Bumbly and lived in either Dover or Foxcroft. Probably some of his descendants are living there now. The Colonel was a prominent man, I have been told. I hope this may be new to you. It was to me at first--then I remembered it all after awhile. I have not been home for forty-five years, only for a few weeks or days at a time, and not living near relatives had forgotten it until Cousin Helen told me. I have a friend who has lived in Denver and she tells me I have a cousin living there. Do you know who she is? I think the name is Crockett. If so, he must be the kin, as they say in the South!" -(This is Aunt "Sal" and her family. T.H.C.)-

When, on Page 305, I began quoting from Mrs. Littlefield's letter, I intended to quote merely that part of it having reference to Olive Crockett, but having continued with Page 306-I have concluded to include what constitutes practically the balance of her letter, as follows:-

"I am still of the impression that Grandfather Crockett settled in Prospect in his early married life and that some of his children were born there. I remember Father telling about going a mile to school -(To the Mark Village? T.H.C.) and wading through the snow, and how her underclothes would be frozen when she got to school. There is a Crockett who lives at Stonington, Me.,-(Elmer N. Crockett. T.H.C.)- (His father was Levi and he lived in Deerville, Me.) who might tell you about the family. I think the Trundy family came from Deer Isle--Anna Trundy married Grandfather Crockett---Elizabeth married Grandfather Warren -- Father's father---One married a Thurlow---One married a Whitmore---One a Treasey! There is a Mrs. Thurlow living at Stonington, or he did live there, that might tell you about the family. I'm not sure but (that?) one of the sisters married a Fifield. You might write to Mrs. Dudley Fifield, Stonington, Me., and she perhaps could

you a good bit. You can tell her I asked you to write. She was always a friend of ours. Then again, if Mrs. Edward Cole of Brooklin, Me., is alive she would know. She was a cousin (Father's sister)---Aunt Abbie's oldest daughter. She belongs to a most remarkable family for family knowledge!"

The above three quotations constitute practically the whole of Mrs. Littlefield's letter---although the arrangement has been altered somewhat! The last one strengthens my assumption that Anna(Trundy)Crockett was a daughter of the Samuel Trundy shown by the First Census to have been living at Deer Isle in 1790 and whose family apparently included six daughters!

To return to the primary subject of this section---The Bad Actor! Although I know that some of the dates, etc., supplied me by Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Twombly and having reference to other people are inexact, I am going to quote them as authorities regarding the twelve children of Jonathan and Jane (Bachelder) Crockett as follows:-

"(1) Samuel Crockett, born October 21, 1827, and died at the age of 81 in California---about 12 years ago---unmarried. -(Note the discrepancy in dates! F.E.K.)-

(2) Jonathan Crockett. Died at the age of 23 with a fever

(3) Sarah Ann Crockett. Born in Prospect, March 4, 1831, and died June 14, 1900. Married Thomas C. Austin of Charlestown, R. I., January 16, 1851. Their children were:-
  (1) Samuel Crockett Austin. Born March 18, 1854, and died Jan. 7, 1892. He married Laura Sellers of Deer Isle. They had two boys.
  (2) Jennie Austin. Born October 27, 1857, and died October 7, 1884. She married Thomas W. Twiss July 4, 1870. She had one girl--Lena(?)!
  (3) Fannie Astin (Austin). Born March 17, 1864. Married Frank Twombly of Monroe, Maine, November 7, 1882. They had two children---a boy and girl!

(4) Kingsbury B. Crockett. Born August 31, 1833, and died in April, 1916. He married Drusilla Sanders. They had 8 children:- Nancy, Sarah Jane, Evelyn, Nettie, Wilbra Percy, Ernest, Bertha, George. -(They give ten names. I have assumed that "Sarah Jane" is one. Which of the other two should be combined I do not know. FEK)-

LEWIS MERIWETHER CROCKETT--A DETAILOGRAM

you a good bit. You can tell her I asked you to write. The was always a friend of ours. Then again, if the Edward Cole of Brooklyn, Ms., is alive she would know. The was a cousin (Mother's sister)--Aunt Amelia's oldest daughter. She belongs to a very wonderful family for family knowledge!"

The above three generations constitute practically the whole of Mr. Littlefield's letter--although the arrangement has been altered somewhat! The last one otherwise by accepting that Anna(Nancy)Crockett was a daughter of the Samuel Crockett shown in the First Genera to have been living at Bear Tale in 1700 and those family apparently included only daughters!

To return to the primary subject of this section--The Bad Actor! Although I know that some of the data, etc., supplied me by Nancy Trevett Crockett and Mr. Twombly and having reference to other people are incorrect, I am going to quote them as authoritative regarding the twelve children of Jonathan and Jane (Sanderson) Crockett as follows:-

"(1) Samuel Crockett, born October 21, 1777, and died at the age of 71 in Guilford--married 12 years ago--unmarried. -(Note the discrepancy in ages! "K.M.")-

(2) Jonathan Crockett. Died at the age of 22 with a fever.

(3) Sarah Ann Crockett. Born in Tredgard, March 4, 1831, and died June 14, 1900. Married Thomas J. Austin of Charlestown, N. Y., January 12, 1851. Their children were:-
(1) Samuel Crockett Austin. Born March 18, 1854, and died Jan. 7, 1924. He married Laura Sellers of Deer Isle. They had two sons.
(2) Jennie Austin. Born October 27, 1857, and died October 1, 1884. She married Thomas W. Twiss July 4, 1870. She had one girl--Jane(?)!
(3) Fannie Austin (Austin). Born March 17, 1864. Married Frank Twombly of Lenox, Maine, November 4, 1888. They had two children---Mary and Grace!

(4) Kingsbury B. Crockett. Born August 21, 1832, and died in April, 1916. He married Drusilla Sanborn. They had 8 children:- Nancy, Sarah Jane, Evelyn, Nellie, Wilbur Percy, Samuel, Norman, George. -(They give four names. I have assumed that "Percy Jane" is one. Which of the other two should be combined I do not know!)-

(5) Maria Crockett. Born August 4, 1835, and died in March, 1915. Married John B. Harding. They had four children:- Wilbert, Annette, Henry, and Sarah. All are dead. They left only one grandson, Orrel Avery!

(6) Hannah Jane Crockett. Born May 4, 1837, and died November 23, 1891. Married William G. Clark of Prospect. They had three children:-
(1) William W. Clark. He married Mabel Kingsbury of Frankfort. They have one boy, Thornton, about 21 years old.
(2) Mabel Clark. Married a McKenzie. They have no children.
(3) Blanch(e) Clark. Married Clifton Harriman. They had five children, four boys and a girl,---- Eva, Walter, Herman, and Alton! One died!

(7) Elijah Crockett. Born March 31, 1839, and died in April, 1868.

(8) Henry Trevett Crockett. Born July 19, 1841. Married Lydia Perkins, January 1, 1870. They had two children, Laura and Ammon!

(9) Mary Crockett. Born in March, 1843, and died March 18, 1861.

(10) Orren Crockett. Born in October, 1845, and died in October, 1846.

(11) Ammon Crockett. Born in March, 1848, and died February 7, 1864.

(12) Eliza Ann Crockett. Born May 6, 1850, and died July 22, 1873."

In addition to items covered elsewhere, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Twombly supply the following:-

"Luther Crockett had three children.---
Allard Crockett married Martha Pierce. They had six children:- The oldest was buried at Sea. Emma married Frank Grant and lives in California. Etta married C. C. Homer of Bucksport---They had a daughter married in Searsport not long ago by the name of Guida. Annie died at home. Fanny and Fred were twins---The girl married Bert Blanchard---Don't know where the boy is!----
The "New York Settlement" was so-called because:- A young lady (named Sprague, I think) said when she married she should live in the City of New York---but she failed! When she did marry she settled on the side of Mount Waldo, near the stone watering trough---Hence it derived the name of "New York"!
Samuel Crockett's daughter Rachel's first husband was named

HENRY HERBERT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

(5) Marie Crockett. Born August 4, 1838, and died in March, 1918. Married John E. Harding. They had four children:- Wilbert, Annette, Henry, and Sarah. All are dead. They left only one grandson, Orrel Averyl

(6) Hannah Jane Crockett. Born May 1, 1837, and died November 28, 1891. Married William . Clark of Prospect. They had three children:-
(1) William W. Clark. He married Ethel Kingsbury of Brentwood. They have one boy, Thornton, about 21 years old.
(2) Isabel Clark. Married a McKenzie. They have no children.
(3) Planel(?) Clark. Married Clifton Harriman. They had five children, four boys and a girl,---- Eva, Walter, Thomas, and Albert. One died!

(7) William Crockett. Born March 21, 1839, and died in April, 1838.

(8) Henry Trevett Crockett. Born July 19, 1841. Married Lydia Perkins, January 1, 1870. They had two children, Laura and Annan!

(9) Mary Crockett. Born in March, 1843, and died March 18, 1861.

(10) Irwin Crockett. Born in October, 1844, and died in October, 1846.

(11) Annan Crockett. Born in June, 1848, and died February 7, 1864.

(12) Allie Ann Crockett. Born May 6, 1850, and died July 22, 1872."

In addition to items covered elsewhere, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Thomas supply the following:-

"Luther Crockett had three children,---
Albert Crockett married Martha Thomas. They had six children:- The oldest was buried at sea. Some married Frank Grant and lives in California. Other married G. C. Hamor of Brookport---They had a daughter married in Beaumont not long ago to the mate of a ship. Annie died at home. Henry and Fred were twins---The girl married Dort Blanchard---Don't know where the boy is!---
The "New York Cattlemen" was so-called because:- A young lady (named Sprague, I think) who lived in this city married and moved to New York---but she called! When she did marry she settled on the side of Lake "Mine", near the Eagle Washington, Illinois---Hence it derived the name of "New York"!
Samuel Crockett's daughter Isabel's first husband was name

Bachelder. They had one boy, Lyman! Rachel's second husband was John Milliken of Belfast. -(As Mother remembers it, this Milliken's first name was Frank. F.E.K.)-! Daniel Crockett, Senior, died at the home of his son, Geo. Crockett. Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett died at the home of Sewell Trevett---one of her sons by her first husband, Samuel Trevett!"

This ends my quotations from the notes furnished by Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Fannie Twombly, the next to the last line of which reminds me to say that although I think I have invariably spelled the middle name of Samuel Sewell Trevett as "Sewell", this is probably incorrect---The majority of the letters I have received give it as Sewall---"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety"!

On the occasion of Henry Trevett Crockett's call here last Fall I remember that he particularly remarked upon the fact that of the children of Great-Grandfather Crockett's three eldest sons, Samuel, Daniel, and Jonathan, there were but three remaining:- Joshua Crockett of Winterport, Mother, and himself! May they long be with us!

Searsport,
Maine,
3/26/17.

HENRY HOWARD BROOKHOUSE, JR. AGAIN

Bachelder. They had one boy, Lyman. Rachel's second husband was John Gilliver of Portland. -(Ia other remembers it, this Gilliver's first name was Frank. T.L.L.)-!
Daniel Brooksett, Senior, died at the home of his son, Rev. Brooksett. Sarah (Lucia) Trevett-Brooksett died at the home of Sewell Trevett---one of her sons by her first husband, Samuel Trevett!"

This ends my quotations from the notes furnished by Jonny Trevett Brooksett and Mrs. Annie Bowdly, the next to the last time of which reminds me to say that although I think I have invariably spelled the middle name of Samuel Sewell Trevett as "Sewell", this is probably incorrect---The majority of the letters I have received give it as "Swell"---"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety"!

In the occasion of Jonny Trevett Brooksett's call here last fall I remember that he particularly remarked upon the fact that of the children of Israel-Grandfather Brooksett's three eldest sons, Samuel, Daniel, and Jonathan, there were but three remaining:- Tobias Brooksett of Winsport, Maine, and himself! May they long be with us!

Winsport,
Maine,
3/26/17.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

A few days after I made the acquaintance of Mr. George L. Dockham on the occasion of my visit to Spout Hill on September 10, 1916, I addressed to him a letter asking him to quiz his father as to any memories he might have of Daniel Crockett, Senior, and jot them down for me. Mr. Dockham's father couldn't remember anything about Great-grandfather but Mr. Dockham very kindly dropped in to see Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett, widow of Samuel Sewell Trevett, who lives with one of her daughters, Mrs. Bachelder, on the old Trevett Farm---the third house below the junction of the Bangor and Spout Hill roads and almost directly across the road from the residence of William S. Killman. While Mrs. Trevett remembered the old gentleman very well she did not know anything about his ancestors but another daughter---Mrs. Grace Ames---happening to come in while they were still conversing on the subject remarked that she had a photograph of Daniel Crockett, Senior, which George Crockett's widow -(Mrs. Sarah(Parsons) Crockett)- had given her and that I could have it if I would like it. "Would I like it?" I commissioned Dockham to get it for me immediately upon receipt of his letter and after some delay it reached me on October 21st, 1916. I am going to have it reproduced and copies made for the different members of the family.

In the meantime Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry, with whom I had been corresponding, suggested that possibly Mrs. Trevett might have a Family Record which would show Great-grandfather Crockett's birthplace. As I did not then know Mrs. Trevett's address I wrote her"an anonymous letter and signed my name to it" which I enclosed in one to Miss Heagan with a request that she forward it to Mrs. Trevett. This she did with

THE VISIT TO MR. TREVETT

A few days after I made the acquaintance of Mr. Trevett I, Bookman or the occasion of my visit to Point Hill on September 10, 1916, I addressed to him a letter asking him to claim his father as to any memories he might have of Muriel Dresser Doubleday, and let him down too easy. Mr. Doubleday's future seemed hardly anything about Mrs. Doubleday's mother. Mr. Doubleday kindly drove me to see him. Suggesting to Trevett, also of Samuel Cowell Trevett, who lives with one of his daughters, Mrs. Bachelder, on the old Trevett farm--the house being below the junction of the Tanyard and Point Hill roads and where directly across the road from the residence of Mrs. Bilbrey. While there, Trevett remembered the old house in which he did not know anything about. He remembers but another one--Mrs. Trees Dresser--Margaret Trees. In this old house still remaining on the public road, there are two photographs of Daniel Doubleday, Senior, and George Doubleday, father - (Mr. Sarah(Parsons) Doubleday)- in one of which I could have it if I would like it. "Would I like it?" I contributed Doubleday to get it for me immediately upon receipt of his letter and other data delay it was not [illegible] Nov. 1916. I am going to have it reproduced and copies made for the different members of his family.

In the meeting Mr. Hill and Mr. Dwyer of Brockton, with whom I had been corresponding, suggested that Mr. Doubleday and Trevett might form a family group which would give Brockton-Stetson Dresser Doubleday's Birthplace. As I did not know Mrs. Trevett's address I wrote Mr. Trevett a friendly letter and signed it more to "J." which I enclosed in one to Mr. Dwyer with a request that she forward it to him. Trevett. [illegible]

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

the result that on September 29th I received a reply from Mrs. Trevett to the effect that she had the Family Record "which states that Daniel Crockett was born in Windham" and that he was "married to Sally Trevett in Frankfort by Rev. Joshua Hall, Dec. 1, 1825." This was of course his second marriage -(and hers)- Anna (Trundy) Crockett and Samuel Trevett having previously died. In thanking her for the information I very naturally -(for me)- asked her more questions with the result that she invited me to come to see her---saying that she could tell me anything she knew easier than she could write it. This brings me to the thread of my tale:----

Jane having been operated upon for appendicitis in the Waldo County Hospital five days before (Oct. 18th) Hal started out in one of Gilkey's autos yesterday afternoon to find a nurse to care for her when she is able to return home. He was bound for Everett Littlefield's and stopped in here to ask me to go along with him. I had been dreading to ride to Prospect behind a horse and not only "went along" but got him to order his "Man Friday" to continue to the Marsh Village. This gentleman in embryo having convinced himself that he couldn't drive his machine up over the "Dickey" Hill by the Fred Ellis place covered the longer route described by the other two sides of the triangle and soon drew up in front of the cemetery at "The Ma'sh", where Bert and his party had picked me up six weeks before. This was Hal's first visit to the burying-ground where sleep many of his ancestors and we made a hurried visit to their graves, I noting, what had escaped me on my previous visit, that Sally (Staples) Trevett-Crockett is buried by the side of her first husband, Samuel Trevett.

OUR VISIT TO LIFE. PRESENT

Two months ago on September 26th I became a really free life. Prevett to the effect that she had the family Record "which states that Daniel Crockett was born in Holden" and that he was "married to Sally Prevett in Tewksbury by Rev. Joshua Wall, Dec. 2, 1828." This was of course his second marriage - Anne (Prescy) Crockett and Samuel Prevett having previously died. In Tewksbury we got the information I was interestingly - (for me) - asked for more questions with the results that she offered me to come to a law-- society that she could tell us anything she knew under oath and could write it. This brings me to the thread of my tale:----

Time having been quarreled upon for expeditiously in the Wabo County Hospital five days before (Oct. 12th) I started out in one of Dixie's autos yesterday afternoon to find a more to care for her when she is able to return home. He was bound for Prescott Middlefield and stopped in here to ask me to go along with him. I had been dreaming to visit the Prospect behind a horse and not only "went along" but put him to order his "team" "hitching" it overtime to the Torch Village. The gentleman in question having convinced himself that he couldn't drive his reclaim by over the "Hilsey" Hill by the Tred Mills place covered the long route described by the other two riders of the friend and been down up in front of the cemetery at "The Ridge", where Seth and his party had picnicked a few weeks before. The road "Sally Prev" visits to Mr Lawrence-Prescott where many of the ancestors and we made a hurried visit to their graves. Nothing, but had escaped me in my previous visit, that Sally (Stoughton) Prevett-Crockett a Indian by the side of her first husband, Samuel Prevett.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

Continuing north on the road to Bangor for a mile or more, during which we went "down the hill" and then went "up the hill," we drove in to the yard of the fifth house north of the stream -(the second on the right-hand side)- where a weathervane in the shape of a gilded cow and a sign over the wide-open barn doors proclaimed that we had arrived at

"---1834---THE TREVETT FARM---1912---"

I asked the man who came to the front of the barn if Mrs. A. R. Trevett lived there. He hesitated an instant and then said:- "Yes, but it's been so long since I heard her called that, that at first I didn't know who you meant." I explained that I had a pressing engagement and asked if I might see her, whereupon the conductor of the work took us into the house and the presence of the lady we were seeking---a pleasant-faced, motherly, well-preserved woman who didn't look her eighty-four years by a decade. Introductions all around showed that, in addition to Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett, we were the guests of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Bachelder---no connection of the "Sam Bach" who lived for so long on what to the last generation has been known as "The Haley Farm", a short distance down the road.

For the next hour and more Mrs. Trevett and I talked Crockett Family! Hal could only get a word in edgeways occasionally and applied himself to making a copy of the Family Record from which Mrs. Trevett had supplied me with the name of my Great-grandfather Daniel Crockett's birthplace, which I reproduce on the next page. It will be noted that it gives the date of Daniel Crockett, Senior's, birth as July 29th, 1775, instead of July 16, 1775, which is the way it figures out from

OUR VISIT TO LEO. TRAVER

Continuing north on the road to Sanford for a mile or more, our route which we **went** "down the hill" "on the right" "up the hill." we drove in to the yard of the fifth house on the right-hand side (the second one) the ruddy-faced aide- where a neighborhood in the shape of a pitched roof and a sign over the side-open barn doors proclaimed that we had arrived at

"---IRA--- THE TRADITIONAL ARM---IRA---"

Leave the car with one of the drivers and we went in. T. Traverett lived there. He beckoned on [illegible] and then said:- "Yes, but it's been so long since I [illegible] called that, that at first I didn't know the [illegible]." [illegible] that I had a pressing engagement and asked if I [illegible] for, whereupon the conductor of the work book [illegible] and the presence of the lady we were [illegible] red-faced, well-preserved woman who didn't look [illegible] years by a decade. Introductions all around [illegible] that, in addition to Ira, Angeline, T. Traverett, we were [illegible] of our daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Radclifford [illegible] of the "Man cave" was lived for so long [illegible] to the last generation has been known as "The Tilley Farm", a short distance down the road.

After the meal [illegible] and more [illegible]. Traverett and I walked Traverett Family! [illegible] could only get a word in [illegible] occasionally and applied himself to reading a copy of the Family Record from which Ira, Traverett had [illegible] to make the [illegible] of Great-grandfather Daniel Traverett's Revolutionary [illegible] which I reproduce on the next page. It will be noted that [illegible] the date of Daniel Traverett, Senior's, birth as July 22, 1727, instead of July 16, 1727, which is the way it figures out from

the inscription on his tombstone in The Marsh Cemetery. It also gives the date of the marriage of Daniel Crockett and Sarah Trevett -(she was familiarly known as "Sally")- as Dec. 1st, 1825, which is undoubtedly correct although Miss Heagan had previously informed me that a copy of the records of the Town of Prospect extending from March, 1789 to 1890 belonging to Captain A. A. Ginn, one of her nearest neighbors, showed under date of Nov. 5, 1826, that "Mr. Daniel Crockett of this town and Mrs. Sally Trivet of Frankfort were published in Prospect as the law directs---Marriage not recorded---Mr. Ginn thinks they were not married in town." A few days before writing me as above Miss Heagan had advised me that the copy of the Town Records in Captain Ginn's possession showed that Daniel Crockett and Mrs. Sally Trivett were married Dec. 25, 1826, but in the next letter said she had made a mistake.

The Trevett Family Record is as follows:-

"Family Names	Born	Married	Died
Parents			
Samuel Trevett	Feb.8,1786.York	Jan.1,1812. Frankfort, by Rev.Joshua Hall	July 18,1822. Frankfort. Age-36.
Sarah Staples	May 3,1789. Prospect.		
Children			
Henry S. Trevett.	Sept.28,1812. Frankfort.	Feb.3,1839. Trenton. I. Bunker.	----------
Richard M. Trevett.	Aug.12,1814. Frankfort.	Dec.26,1841. Prospect. Rev. I.P.Stone.	--------
Samuel S. Trevett.	Nov.25,1817. Frankfort.	Jan.15,1854. Prospect. L. Mudgett, Esq.	--------
Mary J. Trevett.	July 5,1820. Frankfort.	----------	

-(See continuation on next page)-

OLD TIMES IN THE TENTERY

The "recently" also on this tombstone in the "new" cemetery. It also gives the name of the artist or carving Crockett and Carpenter Tenerife (who was familiarly known as "Tiddly") - on Dec. 1st, 1898, which is undoubtedly nearest although Miss Deegan had previously informed me that a copy of the records of the town of Prospect extending from 1878 to 1899 belonging to Dwyhain A. A. Tim, one of our present neighbors, showed under date of Jan. 5, 1899, that "r. Tanial Crockett of this town and Miss. Tolly Tiddly of Tenerife" [illegible] published in Prospect as the two "betrothed-marriage" [illegible] recorded. Tim added they were not married in town." A few days before [illegible] on Christmas Tenerife had ordered [illegible] the copy of the Town Records in Dwyhain Tiddly's possession showed that Daniel Crockett and Mrs. Tolly Tiddly [illegible] Dec. 5, 1898, but in the next letter [illegible]

"[illegible] Tiddly [illegible] to Prospect:-

"Tiddly Tenerife	Farm	Married	Died
Tenerife			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Jan. 1, 1898. [illegible] Tiddly in 1898. [illegible] Tenerife. [illegible] Tenerife. [illegible] Tech. Hill Age-38.	
Tenerife Stephen [illegible] 5, 1898. [illegible]			
Tiddly Tenerife			
Romany [illegible] Tenerife. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Tenerife.	
Tiddly Tenerife			
Tiddly [illegible] Tenerife. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Dec. 24, 1899. Tenerife.	
Romany [illegible] Tenerife. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] Tenerife.	
Tany L. Tenerife. [illegible] Tenerife.			
(See continuation [illegible])			

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

Family Names	Born	Married	Died
Parents			
Daniel Crockett.	July 29,1775. Windham.	Dec.1,1825. Frankfort. By Rev.Joshua Hall.	Dec.6,1869. Prospect. Age 94
Sarah Trevett.	May 2,1789. Prospect.		Dec.8,1874. Prospect. Aged 85.
Children			
Heman N. Crockett.	Sept.24,1826. Prospect.	Aug.13,1850. Prospect. Rev.J.Hall.	Lost at sea, 1874. Age 48.
George W. Crockett.	May 21,1829. Prospect.	Dec.31,1859. N.Prospect. L.Mudgett,Esq.	----------
Ellis R. Crockett.	March 8,1832. Prospect.	Sept.3,1863. Greenbush,Wisconsin. By Rev.J.W.Whitney.	----------

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The original of the above record is written on one of the ruled blanks with a scroll at the top such as used to be sold for the purpose in the long ago and is enclosed in a frame for hanging on the wall like a picture---although Mrs. Bachelder said that upon receipt of my letter she had dug it up from the attic, where it had rested for many years. A very small signature in the margin at the bottom shows that it was the work of Richard Trevett---At least I assume such to be the case as the signature is in the same handwriting as the body of the record. The above is an exact copy except that it is possible that the initials of Messrs. Bunker and Stone on the previous page may have been "J" instead of "I". I assume that the place of Henry Trevett's marriage was Trenton, Maine, -(near Ellsworth)- from the fact that Mrs. Trevett told us that her daughter, Mrs. Grace Ames, had just gone to Trenton to visit either friends or relatives. It will be noted that in one place the date of Mrs. Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett's birth is given

SUB VIRIDI - ITS. DEFINITI

[illegible]

Pamphlet

Printed Documents. Illus. [illegible] Proc. [illegible]

Manuscript [illegible] Proceedings. [illegible]

Unknown

Mosse M. Groom. Jesse. Jude. [illegible]

Pudney T. Groom. [illegible]

Ellis S. Groom. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Sub Viridi [illegible] Mosse [illegible] Pudney [illegible] Ellis [illegible] Groom [illegible] Jesse [illegible] Jude

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

as May 2nd while in another it is given as May 3rd. Perhaps she was born at midnight and there was no stop-watch handy!

Samuel S. Trevett's middle name was Sewell and it was by that name that he was commonly known although he wrote it "S.S." It was he who told Mother's cousin, Agusta Freeman -(Mrs. Jacob Favor of Lowell, Mass)- that "this may be fun for you, "Gusty", but it's death for me!" Father and Mother recall that in the long ago he built the milk-rooms at both the old Kneeland Farm where Father was born and at the one where Bert, Kit, and myself first saw the light. It was his widow whom we were visiting. He was a capable and straightforward man and was well-regarded by his neighbors and friends.

His father, Samuel Trevett, had come to what is now Prospect from York, Maine. It appears that many of the original settlers in the Penobscot Bay region had come from the southwestern and (generally speaking) older section of the State---although it is of course true that settlements at Castine and Mount Desert were among the first in the entire country. As above stated, this first Samuel Trevett and his wife, Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, are buried side by side in the old cemetery at the Marsh Village. She was a sister of Great-grandfather James Heagan's wife and a half-sister of "old Jimmy" Staples of Sandypoint---according to Mrs. Trevett.

Mrs. Trevett could tell us little about Great-grandfather Crockett that we did not already know except the place of his birth as shown by the Family Record and the fact that the photograph which her daughter had given to Dockham to send me "looked just like him" in the last years of his life. She did add that he was accustomed to make visits to someone at Bower-

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TRAVERS

as low and visible to another in a given so long. Tarla also saw them at midnight and it was an hour-and-half longer!

Samuel G. Traverse's middle name was Terrell and he was by that name that he was commonly known although he made it "S.G." It was in the full Methuen's country, Upper Merrimac (Lne. Moody Tavern at Lowell, Mass.)- that "Sam" may be for the last time, "Sam", but it's death for me!" Mother and father needed care in the long ago be built the six-room at left the old "Freeland" farm where Mother was born and at the one where Carl, Jr. and Ernest first saw the light. It was the widow Jones on a nice visiting. A was a capable and attractive woman and was well-regarded by the neighbors and friends.

The fellow, Samuel Traverse, had come to what is now Groveland from Lynn. Mass. The question that any or the original settlers in the Tercentennial Day project has come from the contradiction and (perhaps) questioning) older section of the "town--although it is of course true that at least Lynn at Boston and Trust Dassett were among the first in the entire country. As above stated, the first Sam-I Traverse and his wife, Sarah (Stanley) Traverse-Crockett, are buried side by side in the old cemetery at the Lynn Village. She was a sister of Grandfather Sam. Hoagan's wife and a half-sister of "old Ellen" Stanley of Sandpoint---according to Mrs. Traverse.

Mrs. Traverse could tell us little about Great-grandfather Crockett that he did not already know except the place of his birth as known in the "Salem" Sagoma and the year that the photograph which her daughter had given to Doubleday to be used in "looked just like him" in the last years of his life. She did add that he was convinced to make visits to someone at Prescott

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

bank---whether relatives or friends she did not know. An old copy of the "Maine Register" published by Grenville M. Donham of Portland shows that Bowerbank Plantation is six miles north of Dover, that it was "formerly No. 7, Range 8", that it was "organiz-ed Nov. 27, 1888", and that it had a population in 1890 of 87. Mrs. Trevett did not remember anything of the Captain Powers of whom Henry Trevett Crockett had told me, neither did she remember hearing Great-grandfather Crockett say anything about any of his ancestors---whether they had come from near London and settled in Amesbury. She had heard of Anna Trundy of Frankfort and wondered how, if he lived further down the river or bay, Daniel Crockett had come to know her, but seemed inclined to adopt my suggestion that perhaps he had met her while trading up and down the river with Captain Powers. Possibly she was aboard the craft to whose assistance the worthy captain had been requested to send his "best man"! Mrs. Trevett did not recall any details of the famous "V'Y'ge to the North" nor did she remember that Great-grandfather had ever had any connections with Cape Cod.

After receiving my first letter, Mrs. Trevett had written to Joshua Crockett at Winterport asking for information regarding the Crockett family but, having received no reply, had about given up any expectation of hearing from him on the subject until the day of our visit when, as she informed us, she had just heard that he had been very lame but that he was coming to Prospect to answer her inquiries in person as soon as he was able to get out. This message had evidently been conveyed to her by her daughter, Mrs. Bachelder, who had complained of it being cold upon our arrival, explaining that she and her

THE MISSING MAN. CONTD.

bank--whether relatives or friends she did not know. In old copy of the "Maine Register" published by Greenville . Doctor of Portland shows that Bowerbank Plantation is six miles north of Dover, that it was "formerly No. 7, Range ", that it was "organized Nov. 27, 1888", and that it had a population in 1890 of 87. Mrs. Trevett did not remember anything of the Captain Powers X of whom Henry Trevett Crockett had told me, neither did she remember hearing Great-grandfather Crockett say anything about any of his ancestors--whether they had come from near London and settled in Amesbury. She had heard of Anna Trundy of Tranbort and wondered how, if he lived further down the river or bay, Daniel Crockett had come to meet her, but seemed inclined to adopt my suggestion that perhaps he had met her while trading up and down the river with Captain Powers. Possibly she was aboard the craft to which these seafarers the worthy captain had been requested to send his "best man"! Mrs. Trevett did not recall any details of the famous "Village to the North" nor did she remember that Great-grandfather and ever had any connections with Cape Cod.

After receiving my first letter, Mr. Trevett wrote written to Joshua Crockett at Winthrop and asking for information regarding the Crockett family but, having received no reply, had about given up any expectation of hearing from him on the subject until the day of our visit when, as she informed me, she had just heard that he had been very ill but that he was coming to Prospect to answer her inquiries in person as soon as he was able to get out. This message had evidently been conveyed to her by her daughter, Mrs. Bradleaf, who had complained of it being cold upon our arrival, explaining that she had her

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

husband had just returned from a shopping-trip to Winterport. Whoever brought it had also told Mrs. Trevett that Joshua Crockett had said that "all the Crockett boys were born on Deer Isle" ---by"the Crockett boys" being meant the sons of Great-grandfather Crockett:- Samuel, Daniel, Jr., Jonathan, David, Simon, and Jeremiah. While this may have been true the fact that Joshua Crockett's wife,-(Mary (Dorr) Crockett)- wrote me on September 21st last, in reply to letters which I had addressed to her husband, that he could not give me a"thought" about one of the people I wanted to know about-"he is so forgetful"-leads me to desire confirmation. Grandfather Crockett himself has told me not less than a dozen times that he was "born down at Cape Rose-you-a" but as I told Hal,after studying on the matter awhile last night, it now occurs to me that on every occasion when he told me this we were probably standing in the yard here at home or at Uncle Nelson's and looking at Cape Rosier, so that it is barely possible that he was merely giving "the kid" an idea of the locality where he was born and didn't intend to be taken literally. Quien sabe?

Outside of the above and other facts which were already known to me our conversation with Mrs. Trevett had principally to do with Great-grandfather Crockett's family by his second wife and the present City Physician of Thomaston---Dr. G. Langtry Crockett. When I asked her if she knew the last-mentioned she smiled -(a smile that Hal said was full of meaning)-, then said:- "I was with his mother when he was born!" She confirmed what we already knew:- that his father was Samuel Crockett's son Luther and that his mother was Almina Ausplund, of the party serenading whom at his grandfather Samuel Crockett's home after

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

Husband had just returned from a shopping-trip to Winchester. Whoever brought it had also told him. Trevett that Joshua Crockett had said that "all the Crockett hope were born on Deer Isle" ---by"the Crockett hope" being meant the sons of Great-grandfather Crockett:- Samuel, Daniel, Jr., Jonathan, David, Simon, and Jeremiah. While this may have been true in fact, that Joshua Crockett's wife,-(Mary (Dorr) Crockett)- was on September first last, in reply to letters which I had addressed to her husband, that he could not give me a"family" tree of the people I wanted to know about-"He is so forgetful"-leads me to doubt confirmation. Grandfather Crockett himself has told me not less than a dozen times that he was "born down at Cape Rose-you-know" but as I told Hal,after studying on the matter awhile last night, it now occurs to me that in every occasion when he told me this he was probably standing in the yard here at home or at Uncle Nelson's and looking at Cape Rosier, so that it is barely possible that he was merely giving "the kid" an idea of the locality where he was born and didn't intend to be taken literally. Judge ease?

Outside of the above and other data which were already known to me our conversation with Mrs. Trevett had principally to do with Great-grandfather Crockett's family by a second wife and the present City Physician of Thomaston---Dr. C. Whitney Crockett. "Then I asked her if she knew the last-mentioned she replied -(a smile that Hal said was full of meaning)-, when said:- "I was with his mother when he was born!" She continued what we already knew:- that his father was Samuel Crockett's son Luther and that his mother was Almira Hagglund, of this parish, surrounding when at his grandfather Samuel Crockett's home after

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

their marriage our own mother had been a member---she having been visiting her Aunt "Sally" Sanborn -(Mrs. Nutter)- and Aunt "Polly" Freeman at "The Mountain" at the time. ****

Although Mrs. Trevett and her daughter -(Mrs. Bachelder)- gave me quite full information regarding Great-grandfather Crockett's sons by his second marriage, all of whom are dead, and I made some rough memos. of the conversation, there may be some errors in the following:-

Heman N. Crockett was a sailor by profession (or occupation)- and was lost at sea in 1874. He married Mary Curtis who was born in the house in which we were talking---Mrs. Trevett explaining when I asked her if it were not the old "Odom Farm" that Captain Odom used to live on the next place but that after his wife and Mr. Curtis had died he had married the widow Curtis and come to the Curtis place to live, after which he was for a number of years keeper of the lighthouse at Fort Point. The name bringing to me a recollection of the many references to it which I had heard made by George Bowen I laughingly asked her if it were for Captain Odom that "Odom's Ledge" was named and where it was. From her reply I judged that the captain had been entitled to the honor and Mrs. Bachelder informed me that the locally-famous "Ledge" is off Sandypoint and that it is marked by a buoy. It seems that Hal was already posted as to its location. To return to Heman Crockett:-

Prior to his death -(I believe this is correct)- he had removed to California. At any rate, he had two children---a son named Beverly and a daughter named Cora, the latter of whom died at the age of three years. Heman's widow, together with her son Beverly, lived for a time at Los Angeles, California,

****In speaking of DR. G. Langtry Crockett's birth Mrs. Trevett said:-"He was born in the house where "Will" Killman lives-just

CUR VISIT TO ITS. TEMPERS

their marriage our own mother had been a widower--a. having been visiting her Aunt "Sally" Sanborn -(Mrs. Burden)- and Aunt "Polly" Freeman at "The Mountain" at the time. ***

Although Mrs. Trevett and her daughter -(Mrs. Muldaber)- gave me quite full information regarding Grant-Crockett-Burden Crockett's sons by his second marriage, all of whom are dead, and I made some rough memos. of the conversation, there may be some errors in the following:-

Henry H. Crockett was a sailor by profession (or occupation)- and was lost at sea in 1877. He married Mary Curtis who was born in the house in which we were talking--Mrs. Trevett explaining when I asked her if it were not the old "Odom House" that Captain Odom used to live on the next place but that after his wife and Mr. Curtis had died he had married the widow Curtis and come to the Curtis place to live, after which he was for a number years keeper of the Lighthouse at "Fort Point". The name bringing to me a recollection of the very references to it which I had heard made by George Brown I laughingly asked her if it were for Captain Odom that "Odom's Ledge" was named and where it was. Upon her reply I judged that the original had been entitled to the honor and fire. Mackerelmen informed me that the locality-famous "Ledge" is off Sandypoint and that it is marked by a buoy. It means that Hal was already posted as to its location. To return to Henry Crockett:-

Prior to his death -(I believe this is correct)- he had removed to California. At any rate, he had two children---a son named Leverett and a daughter named Dora, the latter of whom died at the age of three years. Hannah's widow, together with her son Leverett, lived for a time at Los Angeles, California.

***In preaching of Mr. T. Longley Crockett's father, Mrs. Trevett said:-"He was born in the house where "Will" Gilliam Mackerelman

but later removed to Glendora, some thirty miles distant from the last-named city. Here both Beverly and his mother died but Beverly left four children -(two of whom bore the names of George and Annie)- who were living at Glendora when Mrs. Trevett last heard from them.

George W. Crockett was a farmer and except for a few years in California -(Mother thinks after his second marriage)- spent his whole mature life on his farm on the Bangor road at Prospect ---the next north of "Billy" Smith's but on the other side of the road. His first wife was Lydia Littlefield and his second Mrs. Sarah (Parsons) Robbins---Elisha Parsons daughter-"Gracious Lord!" Before the death of her first husband Mrs. Robbins had lived by the "Bridge Hill" at Belfast. George Crockett had no children by either marriage. After his death his widow cared for her parents until, her father having previously died, her mother's death at Swanville during the summer just passed, when she went to live with her niece and nephew, Alice and Arthur Young, at Woodfords -(in the City of Deering)-, Maine,from which place she wrote me on the third of the present month saying that when her husband died Mary J. Trevett had all the records but that as "she has passed over the river to be on earth no more" her brother's wife, Angeline Trevett, "may have the old Bible or some record" from which "she can give you the information you wish." It is with this lady that Hal and I have been talking.

Ellis R. Crockett was a carpenter by trade and lived at Plymouth, Wisconsin. He died of cancer. He had four children the eldest of whom, Lyman Crockett, lives on a ranch near Forsyth, Montana. His second child was christened Sarah but the

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

but later removed to Glandore, some thirty miles distant from the last-named city. Here both Beverly and his mother died but Beverly left four children -(two of whom bore the names of George and Annie)- who were living at Glandore when Mrs. Trevett last heard from them.

George T. Crockett was a farmer and except for a few years in California -(Mother thinks other his second marriage)- spent his whole mature life on his farm on the Bangor road at Prosperity---the next north of "Billy" Smith's but on the other side of the road. His first wife was Lydia Littlefield and his second Mrs. Sarah (Parsons) Robbins---Elisha Parsons daughter-"Grandma Jordi" Before the death of her first husband Mrs. Robbins had lived by the "Bridge Hill" at Belfast. George Crockett had no children by either marriage. After his death his widow cared for her parents until, her father having previously died, her mother's death at Swanville during the summer just passed, when she went to live with her niece and nephew, Alice and Arthur Young, at "Sedgwick -(in the City of Deering)-, Maine, from which place she wrote me on the third of the present month saying that when her husband died Mary E. Trevett had all the records but that as "she has passed over the river I'm on earth no more" her brother's wife, Angeline Trevett, "may have the old Bible or some record" from which "she can give you the information you want." It is with this lady that Mr. and I have been talking.

Willis R. Crockett was a carpenter by trade and lived at Plymouth, Wisconsin. He died of cancer. He had two children the eldest of whom, Lyman Crockett, lives on a ranch near Forsyth, Montana. His second child was christened Lucus but the

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

nickname of "Donie" has stuck to her so persistently that when her aunt and cousin -(Mrs. Trevett and her daughter)- started to call her "Sarah" during her visit East the past Summer she laughingly told them that she "wasn't Sarah any more--just Donie" She is the wife of a musician, Thomas de Swarte, and lives at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Her husband is of German descent. Mr. and Mrs. de Swarte and Miss Ellen Heagan called on Father and Mother on the occasion of the visit East above referred to--- around the first of last July. Mother thinks they have three children. Ellis Crockett's third child was named Annie and lives at Plymouth, Wisconsin, ---whether married or not I do not know. The fourth and youngest, Maud, is married to a man named Blum and lives at Forsyth, Montana

This is about all I learned at Mrs. Trevett's for although we talked of the Frenches, the Pierces, and the Warrens, as well as of the families of the sons, nothing came out that we did not already know. Although they live in Prospect the mail address of Mrs. Trevett and her daughters, Mrs. Grace Ames and Mrs. Bachelder, is R. F. D. No. 2, Stockton Springs, Me.

After we had talked to Mrs. Trevett for what Hal declared was three hours by his watch he announced that it was time to go and upon arriving in the yard said to young Philip Hall :- "You better go home by way of Stockton Village---The road is better!" "A word to the wise is sufficient!" and young Philip proceeded to burn up the aforesaid road & so that at twenty minutes before six we had drawn up in the yard on "The Pinnacle." Couldn't have been <u>too</u> long as the cigar which I lit in the Trevett door-yard was still burning as we drove in the lane here at home. We had been gone two hours and fifty minutes

OUR VISIT TO IRE. TREVETT

nickname of "Donie" has stuck to her so persistently that when her aunt and cousin -(Mrs. Trevett and her daughter)- started to call her "Sarah" during her visit West the year Summer she laughingly told them that she"Wasn't Sarah any more--just Donie. She is the wife of a musician, Thomas de Brunta,and lives at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Her husband is of German descent. Mr. and Mrs. de Brunta and Miss Ellen Morgan called on Father and Mother on the occasion of the visit West above referred to--- around the first of last July. Neither think they have three children. Milla Groeneitt's third child was named Annie and lives at Plymouth, Wisconsin, ---whether married or not I do not know. The fourth and youngest, Hand, is married to a man named Blum and lives at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

This is about all I learned at Ire. Trevett's for mistaken we talked of the Thomsons, the Pierces, and the Thurmans, as well as of the families of the sons, nothing came out that we did not already know. Although they live in Prospect we still address of Mrs. Trevett and her daughters, Mrs. Grace Rice and Mrs. Jacobsohn, is R. F. D. No. 3, Stockton (Ashtabula), Ohio.

After we had talked to Mrs. Trevett for what (at dinnered was three hours by the watch he announced that it was time to go and upon arriving in the road said to young Philip Hall :- "You rather go home by way of Stockton Village---the road is better!" "A word to the wise is sufficient!" and young Philip proceeded to turn up the aforesaid road to be met at twenty minutes before six we had drawn up in the yard in "The Pinnacle." Gordon's have been too long as the older which I did in the Trevett door-yard was still burning as we drove in the lane here at home. We had been gone two hours and fifty minutes

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

and done what, had I made the trip behind an old horse as I intended, would have taken up most of an entire day.

Since returning home Mother has again told me that it was Mrs. Trevett's house which Minot St. Clair Francis (?), the negro murderer who escaped from Thomaston State Prison some ten years ago and had this whole section "up in the air" until he was re-captured in some town above Bangor and taken to the prison at Atlanta, entered one night and helped himself to a square meal---after which he appropriated unto himself sundry articles of clothing in the way of an overcoat, rubber boots, etc., hitched up a horse, and drove through to Bangor, no-one in the household being any the wiser until they arose next morning. The team was recovered.

Long live the Crockett Family!

F. E. K.

Searsport, October 24, 1916.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TAYLOR'S

and done what, had I made the trip behind my old horse as I intended, would have taken up most of an entire day.

Since returning home Mother has again told me that it was Mr. Dervetti's horse which Mamot St. Clair Tamele (?), the negro murderer who escaped from Thomaston State Prison some two years ago and had this whole section "up in the air" until he was re-captured in some town above Bangor and taken to the prison at Atlanta, entered one night and helped himself to a square meal---after which he appropriated unto himself another suit of clothing in the way of an overcoat, rubber boots, etc., hitched up a horse, and drove through to Bangor, no-one in the household being any the wiser until they arose next morning. The team was recovered.

Long live the Crockett Family!

Y. T. N.

Searsport, October 24, 1916.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

November 27, 1910

Entitled

"THE CROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"

"SOME OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN MAINE"

(By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.)

Photographic Reproduction

of

THE CROCKETT COAT-OF-ARMS

As It Appears In

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

of

November 27, 1910

Photographic Reproduction

of

THE ORIGINAL CLAN-CHALMERS

As It Appears In

THE WORKING SUNDAY MORNING AGENDA

of

November 27, 1910

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In its issue of Sunday, November 27, 1910, there appeared in the Second Section of the "Portland Sunday Telegram" an article entitled

"THE CROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"

"SOME OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN MAINE"

(By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.)

While I do not possess any specific information regarding the Crocketts other than that pertaining to Mother's immediate branch of the family and am therefore not in a position to say anything for or against the general historical accuracy of the article in question there are nevertheless some statements appearing therein which I know to be incorrect, two examples being the reference to Richard H. Crockett as a "yachtsman and captain in Searsport" and the supposition that Dr. George Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, Me., is "a descendant of the Mount Desert or Rockland family"! Neither Father, Mother, nor John H. Sullivan, Judge of the Searsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and an undoubted authority on Searsport's shipping and shipmasters,--- ever heard of a Captain Richard H. Crockett living in Searsport, while if his alleged nephew, Elmer E. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Me., has any knowledge regarding such a man I have been unable to obtain it during our correspondence of the last few months! As for the parentage of Dr. George Langtry Crockett, that he is a grandson of Grandfather Crockett's elder brother Samuel of Prospect would seem to be fairly (!!!) well established from the fact that Mother was one of the party who serenaded his parents -(Luther

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In the issue of Sunday, November 8th, 1936, there appeared in the Second Section of the "Portland Sunday Telegram" an article entitled

"THE BROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"
"SEEN OF THE MARINERS SAILING IN JAPAN"
(L. T. Tilton, Jr.)

While I do not possess any specific information regarding the Brockette other than that pertaining to Luther's immediate branch of the family and am therefore not in a position to say anything for or against the general historical accuracy of the article in question there are nevertheless some statements appearing therein which I know to be incorrect, two examples being the reference to Richard . Brockett as a "yeoman and captain in Searsport" and the supposition that Mr. George Langtry Brockett of "Bermuda, Me., is "a descendant of the Count Desert or Rockland family"! Luther Luther, not John M. Sullivan, Judge of the Searsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and an undoubted authority on Searsport's shipping and shipmasters,--- ever heard of a Captain Richard . Brockett living in Searsport, while if his alleged member, Mine . Brockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Me., has any knowledge regarding such a man I have been unable to obtain it during our correspondence of the last few months. As for the parentage of Mr. George Langtry Brockett, that he is a grandson of Grandfather Brockette's elder brother Samuel of Rosyth would seem to be fairly (!!!) well established from the fact that Luther was one of the party who accompanied his parents -(Luther

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

and Almina (Ausplund) Crockett)- at the home of Samuel Crockett above the Marsh Village in Prospect on the occasion of their marriage fifty-odd years ago; that Henry Trevett Crockett is well acquainted with some of the incidents of his past life; and that Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett is my authority for the statement that she "was with his mother when he was born" in the house almost across the road from her present residence and which she spoke of as now being occupied by "Will" Killman! As for the statement that Captain Robinson Crockett's son Samuel "lived in Prospect, Me.,"the nearest approach I have been able to find of a record of a Samuel Crockett coming from Deer Isle to Prospect is that afforded by Grandfather Crockett's older brother above referred to---who may have come from Deer Isle with his father (my Great-Grandfather Crockett) while he was yet a very small boy! Still it is a fact, as set forth on pages 188-89-90, that there were several Crocketts living in the old Town of Prospect who were not immediately related to Mother's family and who may have been descended from a son or sons of Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle--- The name of the latter reminds me that in her letter as quoted on page 304 Mrs. Littlefield states that her Grandfather -(my Great-grandfather)- Crockett had relatives in Dover and Foxcroft named Robinson and suggests a stronger possibility that Great-Grandfather Crockett's father, Daniel (?) Crockett of Windham, may have been a brother of the Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett who migrated from Falmouth to Deer Isle in 1768 and 1785 respectively! Bowerbank, where Mrs. Trevett said Great-Grandfather Crockett used to visit, is only six miles north of Dover!

In reply to a letter which I addressed to Mr. Ridlon in

THE MORNINGS SUNDAY DEPARTURAL ARTICLE

and Alaina (Aspinwall) Crockett)- at the home of Samuel Crockett above the Marsh Village in Prospect on the occasion of their marriage fifty-odd years ago; that Harry Prevett Crockett is well acquainted with some of the incidents of his past life; and that Mrs. Angeline C. Prevett is my authority for the statement that she "was with his mother when he was born" in the house almost across the road from her present residence and which she spoke of as now being occupied by "Will" Willman! As for the statement that Captain Robinson Crockett's son Samuel "lived in Prospect, Me.,"the nearest approach I have been able to find of a record of a Samuel Crockett coming from Deer Isle to Prospect is that afforded by Grandfather Crockett's older brother above referred to---who may have come from Deer Isle with his father (my great-Grandfather Crockett) while he was yet a very small boy! Still it is a fact, as set forth on page 188-89-90, that there were several Crocketts living in the old Town of Prospect who were not immediately related to Mother's family and who may have been descended from a son or sons of Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle--- The name of the latter reminds me that in her letter as quoted on page 304 Mrs. Littlefield states that her Grandfather -(my Great-Grandfather)- Crockett had relatives in Dover and Foxcroft named Robinson and suggests a stronger possibility that Great-Grandfather Crockett's father, Daniel (?) Crockett of Windham, may have been a brother of the Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett who migrated from Falmouth to Deer Isle in 1768 and 1785 respectively! Howsoever, where Mrs. Prevett said Great-Grandfather Crockett used to visit, is only six miles north of Dover!

In reply to a letter which I addressed to Mr. Bidlon in

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

September, 1916, asking if he could give me further information than that contained in his newspaper article, I received a brief statement, written on the margin of my letter, reading:- "I know nothing more than I published about the Crocketts"! As Elmer E. Crockett of Stonington advises me that the record of his family as it appeared in Mr. Ridlon's article was taken chiefly from Hosmer's History of Deer Isle I assume that a similar procedure was pursued elsewhere and that it is really a general summary of information obtained from sundry local histories, whose writers had dug into the records of the Probate Courts, prepared as a special feature article for a Sunday newspaper!

As I find a general and growing disposition among widely scattered members of the Crockett Family to refer to this article as an authority and, as their recollections of its contents grow more obscure, to ascribe to it things which it does not say, I am going to copy it in full so that it may be at hand for reference! The article, under the headings quoted on page 323 and photographic reproductions of the Coat-of-Arms and of old-time members of the family, is as follows:-

---

"We take pleasure in presenting for the perusal of the reader of the TELEGRAM this week an account of one of the earliest settled families in Maine and well represented in old Falmouth, now Portland, during Colonial days by shipwrights and master mariners whose descendants, many of them, sailed on the mighty deep and "did business in great waters."

From their settlement in New England where Thomas Crockett sat down in "old Kitterie" many of his descendants have "hugged the seacoast" and their environment had much to do in determin-

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM. ARTICLE

September, 1916, asking if he could give me further information than that contained in his newspaper article, I received a brief statement, written on the margin of my letter, reading:- "I know nothing more than I published about the Crockette"! As Elmer H. Crockett of Stonington advises me that the record of his family as it appeared in Mr. Tidion's article was taken chiefly from Hosmer's History of Deer Isle I assume that a similar procedure was pursued elsewhere and that it is really a general summary of information obtained from sundry local histories, whose writers had dug into the records of the Probate Courts, prepared as a special article for a Sunday newspaper feature!

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From their settlement in New England where "Roger Crockett sat down in "old Kittery" many of his descendants have "hunted the seacoast" and their environment had much to do in determin-

ing their employment. From Kittery they removed to old York and thence to Falmouth, and from Falmouth to Deer Isle, Rockland, Vinalhaven, Thomaston and other Eastern towns, each generation contributing its quota of seafaring men, and many found a place of sepulchre amid the coral vaults of old ocean's subterranean cemeteries. Those who survived the storms and wrecks graduated in the school of old Neptune where they were taught nautical language and became expert "yarn spinners" when they left the sea.

From their establishment as inhabitants of Piscataqua Plantation the Crocketts have exhibited the peculiar national characteristics of the Scotch. They have been conservative, close-mouthed, self reliant, honest and truth loving. They followed their own lines of thought and their own way of doing things, and tradition says they had an ark of their own when the flood came and were under no obligation to Noah. Invested with a full stock of courage and invincible determination the Scotch proverb, "The stiff knee for the steek brae", fitted them well.

With the inherent thirst for knowledge peculiar to their Caledonian forefathers the Crocketts have been diligent readers and were generally well informed. Latterly many have had the advantages of education and polish of professional life.

The surname Crockett is of Scotch derivation, but its significance as a family cognomen is uncertain. Some writers have assumed without any quoted authority, that the names Crockett and Crocker were the same, but I find no evidence for such conclusion save the resemblance in orthography. Crockett is Scotch, Crocker is English.

THE PROVINCE SUMMER PENINSULAR ARTICLE

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THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In architecture the word "crocket" represents a carved ornament like bent and clustered foliage used on the angles of canoplies, spires and pinnacles; hence, a building thus finished is said to be "well crocketted"; but the root of all such words may be found in "crock", a jar or pitcher, and crockery; hence a "crock of gold" or a "crock of butter". The word is also applied to the soot that gathers upon chimney backs and kettles. Crocket was derived from "croaker", a crow, and there are ravens in their coat of arms.

At an early period of Scottish history there appeared a family named "Crock" and by them Crockston or Crokcton Castle, near Glasgow, was founded. I have thought that the Crocketts might have descended from this ancient sept.

Reverend Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the popular Scotch author, descended from a long line of peasant farmers, represents the energy and self reliance of the modern family of this name in old Caledonia, for against many discouraging influences he acquired his education by his zeal for knowledge and personal exertion.

Some of the Crocketts removed from their homes among Scotland's hills during the plantation of Ulster in the north of Ireland and became thereby "Scotch-Irish" without having a drop of Celtic blood in their veins; and off-shoots of this hardy stock came to Pennsylvania about 1718, when the great wave of immigration from Ulster reached the American colonies. Of this branch of the family came the celebrated Col. David Crockett, son of a John Crockett, whose grandfather and several of his children were killed by the Indians in Tennessee. The Scotch-Irish head of this family took up 400 acres of land in

THE TORTHAN SUNDAY MEMORIAL ARTICLE

In architecture the word "crocket" represents a carved ornament like bent and clustered foliage used on the angles of canopies, spires and pinnacles; hence, a building thus finished is said to be "well crocketted"; but the root of all such words may be found in "crook", a jar or pitcher, and crockery; hence a "crock of gold" or a "crock of butter". The word is also applied to the soot that gathers upon chimney backs and kettles. Crocket was derived from "crocker", a crow, and there are ravens in their coat of arms.

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Reverend Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the popular Scotch author, descended from a long line of peasant farmers, represents the energy and self reliance of the modern family of this name in old Galloway, for against many discouraging influences he acquired his education by his zeal for knowledge and personal exertion.

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THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Pennsylvania and this carried a pre-emption right to 1,000 acres more; but the family moved South and descendants are now numerous in the Southern States.

Col. David Crockett, the hunter and member of Congress, was born in Limestone, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1776, and was killed at Fort Alamo in Texas, March 6, 1836. He was the bravest of the brave and his life written by himself abounds in quaint humor that would cause any man but an undertaker to laugh. He became an expert with the rifle when a lad and was a "dead shot" at maturity. The story was told of a coon that had been "treed" by him, and looking down recognized him and cried out: "Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down as I know I'm a gone coon"; and thus the proverb. After a long search we have found a portrait of Col. Crockett, which acompanies this sketch.

THE CROCKETT FAMILIES IN MAINE

The first person bearing this surname to appear in New England was one Thomas Crockett, who came over in a ship called the Pied Cow as a servant of Capt. John Mason, owner of the Piscataqua Plantation, in 1633. According to court dispositions he was born, probably in Scotland, as early as 1606. He received of Ambrose Gibbons, Mason's agent, April 23, 1634, six pounds for his services at Portsmouth, where he had "3 weeks' diet" of John Pickering at a cost of 12 shillings. He received a gift of land from Thomas Georges in 1641. Signed submission of York in 1652. His grant of land was on the east side of Spruce Creek in Kittery, since called "Crockett's Neck". He was constable in 1657. He lived at Warehouse Point in Kittery and his lands there were designated as Crockett's Neck, Crockett's

THE SCOTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

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THE CROCKETT FAMILIES IN MAINE

The first person bearing this surname to appear in New England was one Thomas Crockett, who came over in a ship called the Mad Cow as a servant of Capt. John Mason, owner of the Piscataqua Plantation, in 1633. According to court dispositions he was born, probably in Scotland, as early as 1606. He received of Ambrose Gibbons, Mason's agent, April 28, 1654, six pounds for his services at Portsmouth, where he had "3 weeks' diet" of John Dickering at a cost of 12 shillings. He received a gift of land from Thomas George in 1641. Signed submission of York in 1652. His grant of land was on the east side of Spruce Creek in Kittery, since called "Crockett's Neck". He was constable in 1657. He lived at Warehouse Point in Kittery and his lands there were designated as Crockett's Neck, Crockett's

Cove, and Crockett's Creek; the two latter names to the same locality at high and low water.

North of the Neck there was an inlet known as Crockett's Black Cove. When he died in 1679, his widow named Ann, administered on his estate, and was married before 1682 to Diggory Jeffreys of Kittery Point. She was living in 1712. His lands at Crockett's Neck were divided among his sons and sons-in-law. Here, then, we find the Scotchman who became the common progenitor of all who bear his surname in New England, seated by the seaide (seaside) in "Old Kitterie", and we may assume with plausibility that he subsisted by using the hoe and fish-hook from 1633 to 1679, a period of 46 years and when aged 73 years.

Thomas Crockett had a family of eight children of whom record has been found, and as these stand as the heads of numerous branches planted in Maine as founders of our townships I mention them briefly.

1. Ephraim Crockett, a son of Thomas and Ann, born in Kittery, in 1641, was a tailor by trade. He married before 1672, Ann ----- and had issue. Richard who settled in Exeter and Strattam, N. H., and whose wife was Deborah, daughter of that Andrew Haley, who was called the "King of the Isle of Shoals". Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, was the ancestor of the three Crockett families in Gorham, Me., of whom more presently.

Ephraim Crockett's will was drawn July 17, 1678, and the inventory of his estate dated Sept. 10, 1688. He gave his house, lands and salt marsh at Braveboat Harbor which he purchased of Captain Champernown for an inheritance to his eldest

THE PORTLAND DIOCESAN HISTORICAL ARTICLE

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1. Ephraim Crockett, a son of Thomas and Ann, born in Kittery, in 1641, was a tailor by trade. He married before 1679, Ann ---- and had issue. Richard who settled in Exeter and Stratham, N. H., and whose wife was Deborah, daughter of Rev. Andrew Dalby, who was called the "King of the Isle of Shoals". Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, was the ancestor of the three Crockett families in Durham, Me., of whom more presently.

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THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

son Ephraim. Gave son Richard 40 acres lying near the "mast way" and one cow. Gave to daughters £20 each to be paid by Ephraim at death of his widow. Mentions and confirms a piece of land on his father's "neck" assigned as marriage portions to Ann Roberts and Sarah Parrot. Joshua Crockett, his brother, overseer of his will. Ephraim's Scriptural name was perpetuated in the families of his descendants.

2. Elihu Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, deeded land in 1683, and was living in 1698.

3. Joseph Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Hannah ----- and had a numerous family, probably four sons and six daughters, whose posterity is accounted for and their records preserved. Made his will March 12, 1713, in which he says: "F "For reasons best known to myself I bequeath to my son Ephraim", etc., a genuine "Crockett" expression.

4. Joshua Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Sarah Trickey, daughter of Thomas Trickey of Bloody Point, before May 19, 1682. He died July 6, 1719, when his son, John Crockett, who married Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Knight of Scarboro, was mentioned; and this John was a shipwright in Falmouth in 1748. Another son of Joshua, probably his namesake, married Mary Bickford in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 8, 1707.

5. Hugh Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Margaret ----- and had issue, Margaret, Samson, Ann and Elizabeth, born between 1698 and 1704. He had a grant of land in 1678.

6. Thomas Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, had grants of land in York 1696, 1702, 1714. His son Jonathan, born in Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 2, 1717, married Elizabeth Rice of Kittery, April 26, 1739, and settled in Durham, N. H., He and

THE POSTERITY OF NICHOLAS TRUCKETT, ANTICUT

son Ephraim. Gave son Richard 40 acres lying near the "meet way" and one cow. Gave to daughters Rebecca each to be paid by Ephraim at death of his widow. Mentions and confirms a piece of land on his father's "book" assigned as marriage portions to Ann Roberts and Sarah Parrot. Joshua Crockett, his brother, overseer of his will. Ephraim's burial here was perpetuated in the families of his descendants.

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4. Joshua Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Sarah Pickey, daughter of Thomas Pickey of Bloody Point, before May 19, 1682. He died July 6, 1715, when his son, John Crockett, who married Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Wright of Dearborn, was mentioned; and this John was a shipwright in Dalmouth in 1748. Another son of Joshua, probably his nuncupate, married Mary Holford in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 8, 1727.

5. Hugh Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Margaret ----- and had issue, Margaret, Samson, Ann and Elizabeth, born between 1692 and 1704. He had a grant of land in 1678.

6. Thomas Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, had grants of land in York 1696, 1702, 1714. His son Jonathan, born in Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 2, 1717, married Elizabeth Tice of Kittery, April 26, 1738, and settled in Durham, N. H., He and

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

his son, James Crockett, removed to Vermont about 100 years ago; and a grandson of James is Walter H. Crockett, now editor of the Morning Journal and Weekly Watchman of Montpelier, Vt., also secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in that state.

Of the daughters of Thomas, son of Thomas the pioneer, Mary married Barton; Ann married William Roberts; Sarah married John Parrott of Portsmouth, and her daughter, Mary, married Phillip Gammon.

THE CROCKETTS OF GORHAM, ME.

Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, son of Ephraim, son of Thomas, exchanged lands in Gorham for land at Falmouth Foreside. He was a shipwright. Was born February, 1717, married 1738, Sarah, daughter Jonathan Cobb. Settled in Falmouth but removed to Gorham in 1775. He built the great, rambling two-storied house in 1760, which he sold to Parson Jewett, with 60 acres of land, Aug. 16, 1784, since occupied by Henry Broad, grandson of the parson, and still known as "the Broad place". Situated on Main street and removed some distance from the highway and approached by a circular driveway this example of Colonial dwellings lifts its bold gables amid the foliage of stately old elms, and its great chimney is suggestive of the old-time fireplaces and wide hearth stones; of burning forelogs and sputtering apples.

He had lived on the corner of Middle and Plum streets. He married secondly Mrs. Priscilla Jackman, daughter John Sweet of Falmouth. She died March 7, 1763, and he married, June 10, 1763,, Mrs. Mary, widow of Abel Whitney of Gorham. He was of Falmouth in 1754, and in Gorham, 1755. See picture. He died

THE IMPORTANT BURBANK HISTORICAL ARTICLE

his son, James Crockett, removed to Vermont about 100 years ago and a grandson of James is Walter L. Crockett, now editor of the Morning Journal and Weekly Patriot of Lexington, Ky., also secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in that state.

Of the daughters of Thomas, son of Thomas the pioneer, Mary married Barton; Ann married William Roberts; Sarah married John Parrott of Portsmouth, and her daughter, Mary, married Philip Cammon.

THE DESCENDANTS OF DORCAS, NO.

Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, son of Ephraim, son of Thomas, exchanged lands in Gorham for land at Falmouth, where he was a shipwright. He was born February, 1717, married 1738, Sarah, daughter Jonathan Cobb. Settled in Falmouth but removed to Gorham in 1775. He built the great, rambling two-storied house in 1760, which he sold to Parson Jewett, with 60 acres of land, Aug. 16, 1784, since occupied by Henry Broad, grandson of the parson, and still known as "the Broad place". Situated on Main street and removed some distance from the highway and approached by a circular driveway this example of colonial dwellings lifts its bold gables and the foliage of stately old elms, and its great chimney is suggestive of the old-time fireplaces and wide hearth stones; of burning forelogs and sputtering apples.

He had lived on the corner of Middle and Plum streets. He married secondly Mrs. Priscilla Cushman, daughter John Sweet of Falmouth. She died March 7, 1763, and he married, June 10, 1763, Mrs. Mary, widow of Abel Whitney of Gorham. He was of Falmouth in 1764, and in Gorham, 1765. See picture. He died

December 19, 1798, aged 82. Wife Mary died 1794. They were buried in the old cemetery at Gorham village. By first wife he had Sarah, Betsey, and Susanna; by second wife, Samuel, Martha A., Docas, and Abigail. See History of Gorham.

Peletiah Crockett of Stratham, N. H., bought half of a hundred acre lot in Gorham, Me., then Narragansett No. 7, May 31, 1762. He also purchased in 1764 five acres of land on the northerly side of Crockett's land. He married Mary ----- and had issue, Susanna, Phebe, Rebecca, and John. Mary died Sept. 25, 1791, and he married, second, Mrs. Lucy Seiver, daughter of Joshua Roberts, by whom Eunice and Caroline. He lived on the "old Malloy place" near a brook. Numerous descendants.

Andrew Crockett, brother of Peletiah, purchased Oct. 19, 1764, the eastern half of the lot of one hundred acres, No. 26.

James Crockett of the Gorham family, descended from Richard of Stratham, N. H., built the old brick house on High street near York street in this city. He ~~married~~ married Sarah Poor and their son, the late Leonard Crockett, born Aug. 4, 1816, was a draughtsman and well known coppersmith, who carried on an extensive business in Portland for many years, building the old fashioned fire engines worked by hand and furnished the brass work for locomotives, steamships and lighthouses, being one of the two persons in New England at the time who took orders for the manufacture of this class of metal work.

Leonard Crockett was fond of home and a great reader of good literature, invariably rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to feast his eager mind on the works of Scott and Dickens. He was a man of great dignity but modest, shrinking from public notice; reserved but a loyal friend.

NEW ENGLAND SURNAME INDEX AT ABINGDON

December 12, 1798, aged 88. Wife Mary died 1794. They were buried in the old cemetery at Gorham village. By first wife he had Sarah, Betsey, and Susanna; by second wife, Samuel, Martha A., Jonas, and Abigail. See History of Gorham.

Malachiah Crockett of Stratham, b. 1., bought half of a hundred acre lot in Gorham, No., from Sarragansett No. 7, May 31, 1762. He also purchased in 1764 five acres of land on the northerly side of Crockett's land. He married Mary ----- and had issue, Susanna, Phebe, Jebecca, and John. Mary died Sept. 25, 1791, and he married, second, Mrs. Lucy Seiver, daughter of Joshua Roberts, by whom Junice and Caroline. He lived on the "old Malloy place" near a brook. Numerous descendants.

Andrew Crockett, brother of Malachiah, purchased lot. 12, 1764, the eastern half of the lot of one hundred acres, No. 26.

Isaac Crockett of the Gorham family, descended from Richard of Stratham, N. H., built the old brick house on High street near York street in this city. Married Sarah Moor and their son, the late Leonard Crockett, born Aug. 4, 1816, was a draughtsman and well known coppersmith, who carried on an extensive business in Portland for many years, building the old fashioned fire engines worked by hand and furnished the brass work for locomotives, steamships and lighthouses, being one of the two persons in New England at the time who took orders for the manufacture of this class of metal work.

Leonard Crockett was fond of boys and a great reader of good literature, invariably rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to feast his eager mind on the works of Scott and Dickens. He was a man of great dignity but modest, shrinking from public notice; reserved but a loyal friend.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

When settling his estate an out-lawed account of several thousand dollars against a responsible firm was found and so soon as a demand for payment was made it was honored. The members of the business house reposed such confidence in his honesty that they did not question the accuracy of his books.

Mr. Crockett married in 1835, Frances E. Talbot, and had issue James and Ellen, now Mrs. Manning, who resides on High street. We present a portrait of Leonard Crockett which will be recognized as a true likeness by many old Portlanders who knew him.

THE CROCKETTS OF DEER ISLE

Josiah Crockett, descended from Thomas of Kittery, was an early resident of Falmouth, now Portland. He removed to Deer Isle in 1768, and settled at a place since known as Crocketts Cove. He had 112 acres assigned to him and claimed other lots that were not surveyed and laid out for him. He was called "a queer man", but his peculiarities were not described. Time of his death unknown. Age not given. He had issue, Nathan, Ephraim and Sarah, and the first succeeded to his estate.

Captain Robinson Crockett, brother of the preceding, and a native of Falmouth, settled at Deer Isle in 1785, with a family, and remained till his death. Coming so late he was styled "a new settler", and was not entitled to grant of land. He had been a master mariner, sailing from Falmouth. Time of death unknown. Children: 1. Samuel, who lived in Prospect, Me. 2. Robinson, Jr., who lived on Stinsons Neck and tended a saw-mill of which he was part owner, but later removed to Little Deer Isle, thence to Brooksville, where he died about 1830(?FEK)

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

When settling his estate an out-lawed account of several thousand dollars against a responsible firm was found and so soon as a demand for payment was made it was honored. The members of the business house replied such confidence in his honesty that they did not question the accuracy of his books.

Mr. Crockett married in 1835, Vrancea E. Talbot, and had issue James and Milan, now Mrs. Lambing, who resides on High street. We present a portrait of Leonard Crockett which will be recognized as a true likeness by many old Portlanders who knew him.

THE GENEALOGY OF LEONARD CRO

Josiah Crockett, descended from Thomas of Kittery, was an early resident of Falmouth, now Portland. He removed to Deer Isle in 1768, and settled at a place since known as Crockette Cove. He had 132 acres assigned to him and claimed other lots that were not surveyed and laid out for him. He was called "a queer man", but his peculiarities were not described. Time of his death unknown. Age not given. He had issue, William, Phineas and Sarah, and the first succeeded to his estate.

Captain Robinson Crockett, brother of the preceding, and a native of Falmouth, settled at Deer Isle in 1765, with a family and remained till his death. During so late he was styled "a new settler", and was not entitled to grant of land. He had been a master mariner, sailing from Falmouth. Time of death unknown. Children: 1. Samuel, who lived in Prospect. 2. Robinson, Jr., who lived on Stinson Neck and tended a saw-mill of which he was part owner, but later removed to Little Deer Isle, thence to Brooksville, where he died about 1830(?)

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

rising 80 years of age. His wife was a daughter of Thomas Conaway. 3. Joseph, removed to St. Andrews, N. B. 4. Richard, who was father of Captain Levi B. Crockett of Stonington, Me., and for many years owned a sawmill, and 5. Ephraim, who moved to Rockport, Me. There were four daughters of Captain Robinson Crockett but their names have not reached me.

The sons of Richard were Richard, Jr., of Bath, Me., Rufus, of Augusta, and later of Bath, a Captain in the Civil War, Levi B., selectman of Stonington, Me., 1859 and 1860, 1874 and 1875; was representative in legislature 1866. A master mariner and and merchant. A Baptist and a Democrat. He died in 1898, aged 84 years, 6 months. Sons of Levi B. Crockett, Courtney B., a master mariner and merchant, 12 years member of the firm of L. B. Crockett & Son. A Democrat, deacon of Baptist Church, lost at sea 1884, from schooner J. H. Miller, between Deer Isle and Boston, aged 45 years, Gideon H., son of Levi B., drummer boy in Civil War, since a mariner, living in Stonington, Me., Willie H., son of Levi B., carpenter in Portland, Richard H., son of Levi B., yachtsman and captain in Searsport, Me. Daughters, Mrs. Elie Milan, Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. R. K. Knowlton, Vinal Haven, Me., Mrs. Frank L. Colomy, Stonington, Me., Mrs. Minor Cleveland, New London, N. H., and Mrs. W. M. Hatch, Malden, Mass.

Elmer E. Crockett, of Stonington, Me., son of Courtney B., has been selectman for Deer Isle, 1891, of Stonington, 1899 and 1904, and town clerk since 1907, special deputy collector of customs district of Castine, 1894-8. His sister is Mrs. William A. Buckminster, of Walcott, N. Y.

Ralph H. Crockett, son of Gideon, before named, is a time-

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM, AUTUMN

rising 80 years of age. His wife was a daughter of Thomas Conway. 3. Joseph, removed to St. Andrews, N. B. 4. Richard, who was father of Captain Levi B. Crockett of Stonington, Me., and for many years owned a sawmill, and 5. Ephraim, who moved to Rockport, Me. There were four daughters of Captain Robinson Crockett but their names have not reached me.

The sons of Richard were Richard, Jr., of Bath, Me., Rufus, of Augusta, and later of Bath, a Captain in the Civil War, Levi E., selectman of Stonington, Me., 1889 and 1890, 1894 and 1895; was representative in legislature 1896. A master mariner and merchant. A Baptist and a Democrat. He died in 1899, aged 84 years, 6 months. Sons of Levi B. Crockett, Courtney P., a master mariner and merchant, 12 years member of the firm of I. B. Crockett & Son. A Democrat, deacon of Baptist Church, lost at sea 1884, from schooner T. H. Miller, between Deer Isle and Boston, aged 45 years. Gideon H., son of Levi B., drummer boy in Civil War, since a mariner, living in Stonington, Me., Willis H., son of Levi B., carpenter in Portland. Richard H., son of Levi B., yachtsman and captain in Searsport, Me. Daughters, Mrs. Ella Allen, Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. E. V. Knowlton, Vinal Haven, Me., Mrs. Frank L. Colony, Stonington, Me., Mrs. Minor Cleveland, New London, N. H., and Mrs. W. L. Patch, Malden, Mass.

Oliver E. Crockett, of Stonington, Me., son of Courtney B., has been selectman for Deer Isle, 1891, of Stonington, 1899 and 1904, and town clerk since 1907, special deputy collector of customs district of Castine, 1894-8. His sister is Mrs. William A. Buckminster, of Walcott, N. Y.

Ralph E. Crockett, son of Gideon, before named, is a time-

keeper for the John Pierce Company, Mt. Waldo. His sister, Mrs. Lettie Greenlaw, of Stonington, Me.

CROCKETTS IN ROCKLAND AND THOMASTON

Jonathan Crockett, born in Falmouth, now Portland, July 2, 1741, married Elionai Robbins, January 18, 1763, one of the early settlers of Rockland, died April 20, 1829, aged 88 years. These had eight children, named as follows:

1. John, born October 28, 1765; married Rebecca Blackington, January 31, 1789; died in Rockland, 1807.
2. Jonathan, born August 24, 1768; died October 6, 1775.
3. Benjamin A., born April 26, 1771; married Eunice Crockett, December 23, 1793;; died in Rockland, Me., March 3, 1813.
4. Enos, born November 6, 1773; died October 11, 1775.
5. Otis, born July 21, 1776; died May 7, 1777.
6. William, born February 23, 1778; died April 24, 1798.
7. Deacon David, born March 13, 1780; married Abigail Crockett January 26, 1804; master mariner; died in Rockland, Me., June 13, 1854.
8. Robert, born December 3, 1782; married Dorcas Holmes, July 23, 1805; died in Rockland, August 31, 1849.
9. George, born July 6, 1785; died at sea.
10. Elionai, born November 9, 1788; died September 25, 1800.

Nathaniel Crockett, brother of Jonathan, went from Falmouth to Vinal Haven and thence to Ash Point, South Thomaston, where he was one of the first settlers. He afterwards removed to Ohio where he died. He married Eunice Cooper and had issue as follows:

George Iangtry Crockett, M. D., of Thomaston, Me., who has

THE PORTLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, ARTICLE

Keeper for the John Pierce Company, St. Waldo. The disaster,
Mrs. Lottie Freeman, of Stonington, Me.

DESCENDANTS IN NORTHAMPTON

Jonathan Crockett, born in Plymouth, now Portland, July 2, 1741, married Hannah Noble, January 18, 1763, one of the early settlers of Rockland, died April 23, 1829, aged 88 years. These had eight children, named as follows:

1. John, born October 24, 1765; married Rebecca Blackington, January 21, 1789; died in Rockland, 1827.
2. Jonathan, born August 24, 1771; died October 6, 1775.
3. Benjamin A., born April 16, 1771; married Purice Crockett, December 28, 1795; died in Rockland, Me., March 3, 1813.
4. Rhoda, born November 4, 1773; died October 11, 1775.
5. Otis, born July 21, 1776; died May 7, 1777.
6. William, born February 22, 1778; died April 24, 1798.
7. Deacon David, born April 13, 1780; married Abigail Crockett January 26, 1804; master mariner; died in Rockland, Me., June 18, 1854.
8. Robert, born December 3, 1782; married Persis Olmen, July 28, 1808; died in Rockland, August 31, 1849.
9. Jeremy, born July 6, 1785; died at sea.
10. Elisha, born November 2, 1787; died September 4b, 1829.

Nathaniel Crockett, brother of Jonathan, went from Falmouth to Wind Haven and thence to Ash Point, North Thomaston, where he was one of the first settlers. He afterwards removed to Ohio where he died. He married Julia Cooper and had issue as follows:

George Tempty Crockett, . ., of Thomaston, Me., who had

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

figured somewhat prominently in political affairs and has published a book titled (titled) The Plunderer, is supposed to be a descendant of the Mount Desert or Rockland family.

1. Lucy, b. Aug. 3, 1772; m. Nathaniel Emery, and d. in Unity.

2. Eunice, b. Feb. 17, 1775; m. Benjamin Crockett, and died in Ohio.

3. Margaret, b. in Vinal Haven; m. Thomas Rendall, and d. in Ohio.

4. Capt. David, b. -------; m. Sarah Heard Dec. 29, 1800, and d. in New York.

5. Thomas, m. Sally Godding Oct. 10, 1805; d. in Rockland May 18, 1816.

6. Lydia, m. David Woorster of New Hampshire.

7. Capt. Jonathan, b. 1780; m. Catherine Ulmer Mar. 3, 1803; d. in Rockland, June 12, 1851.

8. Jane, b. June 15, 1786; m. Benjamin Packard, and d. at Ash Point, South Thomaston.

9. Nathaniel, b. Dec. 26, 1787; d. at sea.

10. Asa, b. Feb. 15, 1790; m. Miriam Keating Jan. 1, 1817, and d. in Ohio.

11. Enos, b. Apr. 16, 1793; m. Lydia Malcon, Aug. 30, 1818; 2d 2nd, Mrs. Leadbetter; removed to Lincolnville.

12. Mary, b. 1795. d. young.

13. Capt. James, b. Apr. 9, 1798; m. Mary Haskell, Jan. 10, 1822; removed to Ohio.

George W. Crockett removed from Vinal Haven to Thomaston, m. Ann Lindsey of Fox Islands, removed to Rockland and d. at sea. Issue: Capt. Augustine W., b. 1828; m. Harriet L. Hall

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

figured somewhat prominently in political affairs and has published a book titled (titled) The Plunderer, is supposed to be a descendant of the Count Desert of Rockland family.

1. Lucy, b. Aug. 3, 1772; m. Nathaniel Perry, and d. in Unity.
2. Angice, b. Feb. 17, 1775; m. Benjamin Crockett, and died in Ohio.
3. Margaret, b. in Vinal Haven; m. Thomas Kendall, and d. in Ohio.
4. Hugh, David, b. ------; m. Sarah Ward Dec. 22, 1808, and d. in New York.
5. Thomas, m. Polly Hodding Oct. 11, 1808; d. in Rockland by 1816, 1816.
6. Lydia, m. David Porter of New Hampshire.
7. Capt. Jonathan, b. 1780; m. Catherine Tuner Nov. 3, 1803; d. in Rockland, June 12, 1851.
8. Jane, b. June 15, 1786; m. Benjamin Rockard, and d. at Nash Point, North Thomaston.
9. Nathaniel, b. Dec. 22, 1787; d. at sea.
10. Asa, b. Feb. 15, 1790; m. William Keating Jan. 1, 1812, and d. in Ohio.
11. Rhoe, b. Apr. 16, 1793; m. Lydia Falcon, Aug. 30, 1816; 2nd, Mrs. Readbetter; removed to Lincolnville.
12. Mary, b. 1795, d. young.
13. Capt. James, b. Apr. 9, 1798; m. Mary Rankell, Jan. 10, 1822; removed to Ohio.

George W. Crockett was from Vinal Haven to Thomaston, m. Ann Lindsey of Fox Islands, removed to Rockland and d. at sea. Issue: Capt. Augustine W., b. 1838; m. Harriet L. Hall

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Aug. 10, 1849, and moved to Rockland. George H.,b. Mar. 13, d. Aug. 19, 1834. Mary E., b. June 18, 1836. George H., b. Jan. 30, 1838, d. at Newburn, N. C. , Apr. 20, 1862. A corporal much esteemed by his company. James A., b. Nov. 18, 1841.

CROCKETTS OF SANBORNTON, N. H.

John Crockett and David Crockett, brothers, from Stratham, N. H., removed to Sanbornton, where they settled permanently and raised families. John was born June 28, 1739; married Mary Lane, daughter of Samuel and Mary of Hampton, N. H., and died March 15, 1817. She died Sept. 18, 1792. Children: Mary, John, George, Samuel, Elizabeth, Ephraim and James.

Rev. John Crockett, son of John, was a Baptist minister in Sanbornton from 1794 to 1833; a man of great usefulness, highly esteemed. His children were George W., John, Hezekiah J., Joseph, Samuel B., William E., Beniah S., Beniah S.2nd, Betsey J., and Mary L.

Dr. Ephraim Crockett, brother of the preceding, became a clergyman and was ordained in Grafton, N. H. Member of legislature two years. He died June 10, 1842. Six children, three sons.

Hon. George W. Crockett, son of Rev. John, became a distinguished man. He was a merchant in Boston from 1820 till his death Aug. 14, 1859, in his 70th year. He was a member of the city government as common councillor in 1843-4; member House Representatives, 1847-1848; senator, 1849-1850; commissioner on banks and banking, member of convention to revise Constitution of Massachusetts, 1853; first president Bank of North America, 1850 till his death; one of the trustees of Mt.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Aug. 10, 1849, and moved to Rockland. George W., b. Apr. 13, d. Aug. 19, 1834. Mary E., b. June 18, 1838. George W., b. Jan. 30, 1838, d. at Newburn, N. C., Apr. 20, 1862. A corporal wounded by his company. James A., b. Nov. 18, 1841.

DESCENDTS OF JAMESBURY, J. C.

John Crockett and David Crockett, brothers, from Stratham, N. H., removed to Sandbornton, where they settled permanently and raised families. John was born June 28, 1759; married Mary Lane, daughter of Samuel and Mary of Hampton, N. H., and died March 15, 1817. He died Sept. 18, 1792. Children: Mary, John, George, Samuel, Elizabeth, Ephraim and James.

Rev. John Crockett, son of John, was a Baptist minister in Sandbornton from 1794 to 1835; a man of great usefulness, highly esteemed. His children were George W., John, Zekekiah T., Joseph, Samuel P., William H., Daniah S., Daniah S.2nd, Betsey T., and Mary I.

Dr. Ephraim Crockett, brother of the preceding, became a clergyman and was ordained in Gratton, N. H. Member of legislature two years. He died June 10, 1842. Six children, three sons.

Hon. George W. Crockett, son of Rev. John, became a distinguished man. He was a merchant in Boston from 1820 till his death Aug. 14, 1889, in his 70th year. He was a member of the city government as common councilor in 1843-4; member House Representatives, 1847-1848; senator, 1849-1850; commissioner on banks and banking, member of convention to revise Constitution of Massachusetts, 1853; first president Bank of North America, 1850 till his death; one of the trustees of Mt.

Auburn Cemetery several years; one of the founders of Boston Academy of Music, organized in his house. See Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 15, 1859.

David Crockett moved from Stratham to Sanbornton, N. H. He married Sarah Thompson, who died June 14, 1801. These had eight children, whose names and births appear in the History of Sanbornton.

Mehitable Crockett, probably a sister of John and David, born Jan. 23, 1757, married Moses Thompson.

Dea. George B. Crockett of South Paris, Me., the well known manufacturer of small wooden wares such as step-ladders, sleds, children's wagons, etc., informs me that his grandfather, John Crockett, was a resident of Sumner and Hartford and was a soldier in the war of 1812, while his great grandfather, also named John, was a soldier of the Revolution, being accredited to the town of Buckfield, Me. Further than this he is not informed concerning his family. A John Crockett from Casco Bay served in the Revolution.

Linwood F. Crockett, Esq., the young lawyer of this city, is a descendant of the same family, through David Crockett, a mariner, who married an aunt of the late Hon. Nelson Dingley and after his retirement from the sea settled in Danville, Me. His son, Nelson Crockett, born May 25, 1811, married Lucy Dolley who was born July 6, 1813, by whom there were ten children, and one of them, Oscar Crockett, born Jan. 26, 1853, now living in Westbrook, married Flora Merrill (born May 6, 1855) and is the father of Linwood Crockett, Esq., of Portland. Of this branch of the family we have particular information but, as in the case of others, our limited space will not admit of personal treat-

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY THIS MAY ARTICLE

Auburn Cemetery several years; one of the founders of Boston Academy of Music, organized in his house. See Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 15, 1859.

David Crockett moved from Stratham to Sandbornton, N. H. He married Sarah Thompson, who died June 14, 1801. These had eight children, whose names and births appear in the History of Sandbornton.

Mehitable Crockett, probably a sister of John and David, born Jan. 23, 1757, married Moses Thompson.

Gen. George L. Crockett of South Paris, Me., the well known manufacturer of small wooden wares such as step-ladders, sleds, children's wagons, etc., informs me that his grandfather, John Crockett, was a resident of Sumner and Hartford and was a soldier in the war of 1812, while his great grandfather, also named John, was a soldier of the Revolution, being accredited to the town of Duxbury, Me. Further than this he is not informed concerning his family. A John Crockett from Essex Bay served in the Revolution.

Linwood C. Crockett, Esq., the young lawyer of this city, is a descendant of the same family, through David Crockett, a mariner, who married an aunt of the late Gen. Nelson Dingley and after his retirement from the sea settled in Danville, Me. His son, Nelson Crockett, born May 28, 1811, married Lucy Tolle who was born July 6, 1813, by whom there were ten children, and one of them, Oscar Crockett, born Jan. 26, 1855, now living in Westbrook, married Flora Merrill (born May 6, 1855) and is the father of Linwood Crockett, Esq., of Portland. Of this branch of the family we have particular information but, as in the case of others, our limited space will not admit of personal treat-

ment.

Old Captain Crockett of Gorham was very austere in his observance of the Sabbath and could scarcely endure any of his townsmen who were not equally abstemious from secular employment, but at one time he neglected to consult his almanac, lost his reckoning, yoked his oxen and drove afield to plow; but when he discovered his mistake hastened to cover, while reproaching himself unmercifully for his profanation of the sacred day. It is pertinent to say that he did not fall into the error a second time.

This hero of the Revolution was a man of the genuine old stamp and continued to wear his Colonial costume of knee breeches and long hose, broad waistcoat and ruffled shirt, as long as he could go from home. He was a man of concrete speech, who, when he answered "yes" or "no", did so with an emphasis that left no doubt of his meaning and prevented any repetition of the question.

DANIEL CROCKETT, THE CHAIRMAKER

We remember him well. He was one of the Gorham or Cape Elizabeth Crocketts, born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Feb. 13, 1782, died Sept. 24, 1851. His wife born Aug. 4, 1785, died Oct. 6, 1861. Eight children; married Olive Smith, daughter of Daniel Smith, 1st, of Phillipsburg, now Hollis, and lived in the Saco Valley, but it was said his wife moved so often that he did not know where to go when his day's work was done. He was one of the old-time chairmakers, known in early days as a "chairwright" and his wares did not wear out---in a lifetime. His lathe with

THE PORTRAIT, SUNDAY MORNING AFTERNOON

ment.

Old Lorenzo Crockett of Durham was very austere in his observance of the Sabbath and could scarcely endure any of his townsmen who were not equally abstemious from secular employment, but at one time he neglected to consult his almanac, lost his reckoning, yoked his oxen and drove afield to plow; but when he discovered his mistake hastened to cover, while repronouncing himself unmercifully for his profanation of the sacred day. It is pertinent to say that he did not fall into the error a second time.

This hero of the Revolution was a man of the genuine old stamp and continued to wear his Colonial costume of knee breeches and long hose, broad waistcoat and ruffled shirt, as long as he could go from home. He was a man of concrete speech, who, when he answered "yes" or "no", did so with an emphasis that left no doubt of his meaning and prevented any repetition of the question.

DANIEL CROCKETT, THE CLOCKMAKER

We remember him well. He was one of the Durham or Cape Elizabeth Crockettes, born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Feb. 12, 1782; died Sept. 24, 1851. His wife born Aug. 4, 1788, died Oct. 6, 1861. Eight children; married Olive Smith, daughter of Daniel Smith, Esq., of Phillipsburg, now Lolle, and lived in the Saco Valley, but it was said his wife moved so often that he did not know where to go when his day's work was done. He was one of the old-time clockmakers, known in early days as a "clockwright" and his wares did not wear out in a lifetime. His lathe wit

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

which he turned his chair stock, the posts and rungs, was a very primitive and simple machine or device; it had neither shaft or wheel. There was a spring-pole overhead, from which a leather strap, connected with a treadle upon the shop floor, acting on the "fiddle-drill" principle, caused the piece of chair stock to revolve---hardly! But it turned toward and from the sun---and Daniel Crockett, and holding his turning gouge ready he caught the stick when it revolved that way and so cut away the corners; but up went the spring-pole and away went the chair post from the would-be artizan.

Col. Seldon Crockett, the famous landlord of the old Bromfield Tavern in Boston, was of this family. His wife was an expert in the culinary art and many distinguished men were guests at her table. Her baked beans were so much admired that a party of Bostonians required the proprietor of a popular New York hotel to order a supply by express for their breakfast on a Sunday. At one time some of Madam Crockett's guests declined to eat her bread puddings, but when she had assured them that they were always made from fresh loaves, they were delighted with its excellence and always called for it when dining at the Bromfield Tavern. She was a beautiful and brilliant woman, well adapted to preside at the table of such a house. Colonel Crockett came to Boston in 1844, and with his sons carried on the hotel business for many years. He was a genial, polite and entertaining gentleman of the old school fashion and manners and very popular with those who tarried at his hostelry. He died at Laconia, N. H., in 1898, leaving issue. See portrait."

Thus ends the article---except that I failed to include at its beginning a sub-heading reading:- "Mariners and Makers of Musical Instruments---'The Stiff Knee for the Steek Brae'."

THE JOURNAL SUNDAY MORNING ARTICLE

which he turned his chair stock, the pots and pans, was a very primitive and simple machine or device; it had neither shaft or wheel. There was a spring-pole overhead, from which a leather strap, connected with a treadle upon the shop floor, acting on the "fiddle-drill" principle, caused the piece of chair stock to revolve---handily! But it turned toward and from the sun--- and Daniel Crockett, and holding his burning glass ready he caught the stick when it revolved that way and so cut away the corners: but up went the spring-pole and away went the chair part from the would-be artisan.

Col. Golden Crockett, the famous landlord of the old Brownfield Tavern in Dover, was of this family. His wife was an expert in the culinary art and many distinguished men were guests at her table. Her baked beans were so much admired that a party of "gentlemen required the proprietor of a popular New York hotel to order a supply by express for their breakfast on a Sunday. At one time some of Aaron Crockett's guests decided to get her bread pudding, but when she had measured them the they were always made from fresh loaves, they were delighted with its excellence and always called for it when dining at the Brownfield Tavern. She was a beautiful and brilliant woman, and adapted it pr ide at the table of such a house. Colonel Crockett came to Boston in 1844, and with his sons carried on the hotel business for many years. He was a genial, polite and entertaining gentleman of the old school fashion and manner and very popular with those who frequented his hostelry. He died at Laconia, N. H., in 1890, leaving issue. For contrast,

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Thus ends the article--- except that I failed to include at its beginning a sub-heading reading:- "Furniture and Wares of Musical Instruments---'The Stiff Knee for the Stock Brace'."

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of

THE UNITED STATES

of

AMERICA

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

While digging for information regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family in November, 1916, John H. Sullivan, Judge of the Searsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and allaround authority on local matters, loaned me a printed copy of the "First Census of the United States---1790---Maine" as published by the "Department of Commerce and Labor---Bureau of the Census---S. N. D. North, Director", and printed at the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1908, in which are given the "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States taken in the year 1790---Maine"! In it are tabulated, under the towns and counties of their residence, the names of all Heads of Families living in what is now the State of Maine in 1790, the only additional details afforded being the numbers of members which their families contained, divided into four classes and arranged in four columns opposite the name of the family's head under the four general headings of "Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families"--- "Free White Males under 16 years"---"Free White Females, including Heads of Families"--- and "Slaves" ----of which last there were none within the limits of the present State of Maine at that time! In 1790, the present towns of Hampden, Winterport, Frankfort, Prospect, Stockton Springs and Searsport were all included in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", which had been incorporated as the 70th town on June 25, 1789, and extended from the present Bangor to Belfast!

The following extracts from the First Census are set down here for future reference:-

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

While digging for information regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family in Waynesboro, Miss. John F. Sullivan, Judge of the Gearsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and nationwide authority on local matters, loaned me a printed copy of the "First Census of the United States---1790---Maine" as published by the "Department of Commerce and Labor - Bureau of the Census--- J. E. Porth, Director", and printed at the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1908, in which are given the "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States taken in the year 1790---Maine"! In it are tabulated, under the towns and counties of their residence, the names of all Heads of Families living in what is now the State of Maine in 1790, the only additional details afforded being the number of members which their families contained, divided into four classes and arranged in four columns opposite the name of the family's head under the four general headings of "Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families"--- "Free White Males under 16 years"--- "Free White Females, including Heads of Families"--- and "Slaves" ---- of which last there were none within the limits of the present State of Maine at that time! In 1790, the present towns of Bangor, Winterport, Frankfort, Prospect, Stockton Springs and Searsport were all included in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", which had been incorporated as the 7th town on June 25, 1789, and extended from the present Bangor to Belfast!

The following extracts from the First Census are set down here for future reference:-

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

There were in 1790,24 heads of families in the present State of Maine named Crocket, Crockett, and Crockit, the division being 14 Crockets, 6 Crocketts, and 4 Crockits. They were distributed as follows:-

Benjamin Crocket,	Shapleigh Town, York County,	"1"	"1"	"3"
Daniel Crocket,	Bucktown Plantation, Cumb'd Co.	1	2	2
Ephraim Crocket,	Gorham and Scarborough Towns, "	1	1	1
James Crocket,	" " Cumberland Co.,	1	1	1
Jonathan Crocket,	" " "	1	3	5
Joshua Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	1	1	-
Joshua Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	3	2	4
Joshua Crocket, Senior,	" " "	1	-	1
Palatiah Crocket,	" " "	1	1	1
Peter Crocket,	" " "	1	3	3
Samuel Crocket,	" " "	1	-	1
Samuel Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	1	5	4
Richard Crocket,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'bd Co.,	1	1	5
Simon Crocket,	Falmouth Town, Cumberland Co.,	1	-	2
DANIEL CROCKETT,	WINDHAM TOWN, CUMBERLAND CO.,	1	1	3
George Crockett,	" "	1	3	7
Isaac Crockett,	Vinalhaven Town, Hancock Co.,	2	5	2
Josiah Crockett,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County	2	2	2
Robinson Crockett,	" "	1	3	3
Samuel Crockett,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'bd Co.,	1	-	2
John Crockit,	Thomaston Town, Lincoln County	1	-	2
Jonathan Crockit,	" "	2	3	3
Nathaniel Crockit,	" "	1	-	1
Nathaniel Crockit, Jr.,	" "	2	4	7

I have assumed that the Daniel Crockett of Windham whose family consisted of "1", "1", and "3" was my great-great-grandfather, and that the "1 free white male under 16 years" included therein was my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett---whom the Trevett Family Record shows to have been born in Windham in July, 1775, who married Anna Trundy for his first wife and the widow Sarah (Staples) Trevett for his second, who used to visit Grandfather Crockett's and spin his "V'y'ge to the North" yarn when Mother was a girl, who died at George Crockett's December 6, 1869, and who rests beside his first wife in the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village! The George Crockett of Windham is evidently the one whom A. J. Huston, the bookseller of Portland,

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY ENGINE

There were in 1771, 84 heads of families in the present State of Maine named Crockett, Crockett, and Crockett, the division being 14 Crocketts, 8 Crockettes, and 4 Crocketts. They were distributed as follows:-

				"I"	"I"	"3"
Benjamin Crockett,	The Lodge Town, York County,			I		
Daniel Crockett,	Southwest Plantation, Hancock Co.,			I	2	2
Benjamin Crockett,	Bowdoin and Deerborough Towns,	"		I	I	I
Abner Crockett,	"	"	Lumberland Co.,	I	I	I
Jonathan Crockett,	"	"	"	I	3	3
Joshua Crockett, Jr.,	"	"	"	I	I	-
Joshua Crockett, Jr.,	"	"	"	3	2	4
Joshua Crockett, Senior,	"	"	"	I	-	I
Matthias Crockett,	"	"	"	I	I	I
Peter Crockett,	"	"	"	I	3	3
Samuel Crockett,	"	"	"	I	-	I
Samuel Crockett, Jr.,	"	"	"	I	3	4
Richard Crockett,	Cape Elizabeth Town, Cumberland Co.,			I	1	3
Simon Crockett,	Falmouth Town, Cumberland Co.,			I	-	2
DAVID CROCKETT,	[illegible], CUMBERLAND CO.,			I		2
George Crockett,	"	"		I	3	2
Isaac Crockett,	Kinsbaven Town, Lincoln Co.,			2	3	2
Josiah Crockett,	Deer Isle Town, Lincoln County				2	2
Nathaniel Crockett,	"	"		I	2	2
Samuel Crockett,	Cape Elizabeth Town, Cumberland Co.,			I	-	2
John Crockett,	Thomaston Town, Lincoln County				-	2
Jonathan Crockett,	"	"		2	2	3
Nathaniel Crockett,	"	"		I	-	I
Nathaniel Crockett, Jr.,	"	"		2	4	2

I have assumed that the Daniel Crockett of Windham whose family consisted of "I", "I", and "3" was my great-great-grandfather, and that the "I free white male under 16 years" included therein was my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett--when the Revolutionary Family Record shows to have been born in Windham in July, 1775, who married Anna Grundy for his first wife and the widow Sarah (Staples) Merrett for his second, who used to visit Grandfather Crockett's and spin his "Ma'ge to the North" part when Father was a girl, who died at George Crockett's December 6, 1869, and who rests beside his first wife in the old cemetery at Prospect Harbor Village. The George Crockett of Windham is evidently the one whom J. T. Hanson, the bookseller of Portland,

recently wrote me was mentioned in the History of Windham.

Elmer E. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Deer Isle, with whom I have been in correspondence, is a great-great-grandson of the Captain Robinson Crockett who was living at Deer Isle in 1790, having come there from Falmouth, now Portland, five years before, his brother Josiah having made a similar migration in 1768, and both remaining residents of Deer Isle up to the times of their deaths!

In 1790, there were but three heads of families named Trundy in all of what now constitutes the State of Maine and no one of those lived in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" or "Isleborough Town, Hancock County" --- although there were four heads of families named Dodge in the last-mentioned town, one of whom, Rathburn Dodge, was probably the one referred to as "Rethman" on page 144 and had a family at that time of "1", "1", and "1". As previously stated, the three Trundys were:-

Samuel Trundy,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County	"3"	"1"	"7"
Jno. Trundy,	Buxton Town, York County,	"1"	---	"1"
George Trundy,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'bd Co.,	"3"	"1"	"3"

I have already, on page 144, expressed the opinion that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was one of the numerous daughters of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, an opinion which is seemingly strengthened by the extract from Mrs. Littlefield's letter quoted on page 304!

Although Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living at Cape Jellison in what was then "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" as a protege of Honorable Captain Robert Hichborn in the year when the First Census was taken, I cannot locate him therein unless he may have been living with William Hichborn, whose family con-

DESCENDANTS FROM THE THREE BROTHERS

recently wrote he was mentioned in the "Letter" of "Ludlam.

Elmer T. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Deer Isle, with whom I have been in correspondence, is a great great-grandson of the Captain Robinson Crockett who was living at Deer Isle in 1790, having come there from Falmouth, now Portland, five years before, his brother Josiah having made a similar migration in 1785, and both remaining residents of Deer Isle to the times of their death!

In 1790, there were two three heads of families named Trundy in all of what now constitutes the State of Maine and no one of these lived in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County," or "Islesborough Town, Hancock County" --- although there were four heads of families named Dodge in the last-mentioned town, one of whom, Nathaniel Dodge, was probably the one referred to as "Nathan" on page 144 and had a family at that time of "1", "1" and "1". As previously stated, the three Trundys were:-

Samuel Trundy,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County,	"3" "1"	"
Jno. Trundy,	Buxton Town, York County,	"1" ---	"
George Trundy,	Cape Elizabeth Town, Cu'ld Co.,	"3" "1"	"

I have already, on page 141, expressed the opinion that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was one of the number; one daughter of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, an opinion which is seemingly strengthened by the extract from Mr. Littlefield's letter quoted on page 0041

Although Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living at Cape Jellison in what was then "Frankfort Town, Hancock County," as a protege of Captain Robert Hickborn in the year when the First Census was taken, I cannot locate his therein unless he may have been living with "Miller Hickborn, whose family con-

sisted solely of "2 Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families" --- from which I infer that he was either a widower with one son over sixteen years of age or that possibly he was a brother of Hon. Robert Hichborn with whom Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living and that the latter, being in his sixteenth year and probably more mured (matured) by experience than most boys at that age, had been enrolled as already sixteen! Hon. Robert Hichborn was a man of importance in the City of Boston and that he had not yet taken up his official residence at Cape Jellison in 1790 is shown by the fact that he does not appear as a resident of "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in the First Census --- although he died and was buried in the Cape Jellison Cemetery as "A Member of the Boston Tea Party" one or two decades later as related on page 161 and referred to again on page 207!

Besides the William Hichborn above mentioned, the only person named Hichborn shown by the First Census to have been living within the confines of the present State of Maine in 1790 was Robert Hichborn, Junior, who appears as a resident of "Conduskeeg Plantation, Hancock County" and whose "family" consisted of himself alone, the description being "1", "--", and "--"! "Conduskeeg Plantation" was of course the present Bangor which, although given its present name for the music bearing the same appellation by the Reverend Seth Noble when it was incorporated as the 73rd town on February 25, 1791, still preserves the name "Kenduskeag" with great care! A study of History might show that this Robert Hichborn, Jr., was a son of the Hon. Robert Hichborn who brought Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston in (about) the year 1785, who was a member

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST GENEVE

dated solely of "2 Tres Tale dates of 16 years and upward, in
cluding Heads of Families" --- from which I infer that he was
either a widower with one son over sixteen years of age or bach
possibly he was a brother of Jon. Robert Holbourn with whom
Great-Grandfather Edward Woodland was living and that the lat-
ter, being in his sixteenth year and probably more matured (ma-
tured) by experience than most boys of that age, had been en-
rolled as already sixteen! Jon. Robert Holbourn was a man of
importance in the City of Boston and that he had not yet taken
up his official residence at Cape Ellison in 1790 is shown by
the fact that he does not appear as a resident of "Falmouth
Town, Barnock County" in the First Census --- although he died
and was buried in the Cape Ellison Cemetery as "A Leader of the
Boston Tea Party" one or two decades later as related on page
181 and referred to again on page 209!

Besides the William Holbourn above mentioned, the only Hol
bourn named Holbourn shown by the First Census to have been livin
within the confines of the present State of Maine in 1790 was
Robert Holbourn, Junior, who appears as a resident of "Sandwi-
hegg Plantation, Hancock County" and whose "family" consisted
of himself alone, the description being "1", "--", and "--"!
"Sandwichegg Plantation" was of course the present Sullivan, o
although given the present name for the music boosting the same
appellation by the Governor, Julia Mobia when it was incorporated
as the 72nd town on February 25, 1789, which preserves the name
"Sandwichegg" with great ease. A study of Holbourn genealogy show
that this Robert Holbourn, Jr., was a son of the Jon. Robert
Holbourn who brought Great-Grandfather Edward Woodland to Cape
Ellison from Boston in (about) the year 1768, who was a relative

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of "The Boston Tea Party", who rests in the old cemetery on "The Cape" -(as do Great-Grandfather and Grandfather Kneeland and many other members of our family)-, and whose name seemed to them so good a one to "tie to" that her father and mother, aided and abetted by her Grandma, bestowed it upon Miss Frances Hichborn Kneeland, a young lady not yet old enough to appreciate the responsibilities which it entails!

The only head of a family named Kneeland shown by the First Census to have been living within the present State of Maine in 1790 was David Kneeland of Otisfield Plantation, Cumberland County, with a family consisting of "2", "3", and "2"!

The First Census does not show a single head of family*** as living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790, from which I gather that Grandmother Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland's father, Thomas Rendell, did not move to Cape Jellison from Thomaston until after that date! Grandmother Kneeland's grandfather, John Rendell, lived at Owl's Head, near Rockland, which latter city The Maine Register says was "Originally a part of Thomaston. Set off and incorporated July 28, 1848, under the name of East Thomaston. Name changed, 1850." John Rendell had come to the American Colonies from a small town near London, England, in (about) 1750, "settling first in Salem, then in Bristol, Mass., and later, after losing most of his property through the medium of "accommodation" paper (all of which he redeemed, however), on what is known as Owl's Head, near Rockland, Me., where he purchased a 400 acre tract of land. During the

---

***named Rendell, Randell, or Randall

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of "The Boston Tea Party", who rests in the old cemetery on "The Cape" - (as do Great-Grandfather and Grandfather Kneeland and many other members of our family)-, and whose name seemed to them so good a one to "tie to" that her father and mother, aided and abetted by her Grandma, bestowed it upon Miss Therese Hinkhorn Kneeland, a young lady not yet old enough to appreciate the responsibilities which it entailed!

The only head of a family named Kneeland shown by the First Census to have been living within the present State of Maine in 1790 was David Kneeland of Gilsfield Plantation, Cumberland County, with a family consisting of "2", "3", and "2"!

***

The First Census does not show a single head of family as living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790, from which I gather that Grandmother Harriet Hinkhorn (Randall) Kneeland's father, Thomas Randall, did not move to Cape Jellison from Thomaston until after that date! Grandmother Kneeland's grandfather, John Randall, lived at Owl's Head, near Rockland, which last for city The Maine Register says was "originally a part of Thomaston. Set off and incorporated July 28, 1848, under the name of East Thomaston. Name changed, 1850." John Randall had come to the American Colonies from a small town near London, England, in (about) 1750, "settling first in Salem, then in Bristol, Mass., and later, after losing most of his property through the medium of "accommodation"paper (all of which he redeemed, however), on what is known as Owl's Head, near Rockland Me., where he purchased a 400 acre tract of land. During the

---

***named Randall, Randell, or Randell

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

Revolution he was taken from his bed at night by an English press-gang and taken on board a British man-of-war to act as pilot, he being well acquainted with the adjacent waters. He never returned. The British claimed that he was lost overboard off Monhegan and drowned. It was the general belief, however, that upon his refusing to take the vessel where the English commander wished most to intimidate the inhabitants, he was thrown overboard. His granddaughter, although a mere child at the time well remembered the visit of the "redcoats" to Castine and Cape Jellison during the war of 1812-14, and took great delight in relating the circumstances to her grandchildren up to the time of her death on April 10, 1896."

The preceding quotation from Paragraph 508, Page 120, of "Seven Centuries in the Kneeland Family" (The Kneeland Genealogy), the author of which said of me on Page 125 while I was still a resident of Boston that he "has rendered most efficient work there for this book" scarcely needed to be enclosed in quotation marks as I wrote the original myself. What is more to the point is that the facts contained therein, to which reference is also made on Page 193, were related to me by Grandmother Kneeland herself---I can remember now how her eyes used to twinkle during the recital of these and other items of family history of which she was proud!

According to the First Census, there were two heads of families named Rendell living in "Thomaston Town, Lincoln County" in 1790, the latter of whom was (presumably) my Great-Grandfather Thomas Rendell:-

James Rendell,	Thomaston Town, Lincoln County	"1"	"1"	"3"
Thomas Rendell,	" "	"2"	---	"4"

As Grandmother Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland was born

EXCERPT FROM MR. FRENCH'S DIARY

Revolution he was taken from his bed at night by an English press-gang and taken on board a British man-of-war to serve pilot. He being well acquainted with the adjacent waters. He never returned. The British claimed that he was lost overboard off Lerhogan and drowned. He was the general belief, however, that upon his returning to take the vessel where the English commander wished such to indicate the inhabitants, he was thrown overboard. His grandmother, although a very child at the time well remembered the visit of the "Cadenette" to Nantes and Cap Tiffiken during the war of 1812-14, and took great delight in relating the circumstances to her grandchildren up to the time of her death on April 10, 1856."

The preceding quotation from Paragraph 608, Page 120, of "Seven Centuries in the Ancient Duchy" (The Rhodland Chronicle), the author of which said of me on Page 123 while I was still a resident of London that he "has rendered very efficient work there for this town" accuracy needed to be checked in quotation marks as I wrote the original myself. That is more to the point is that the facts contained therein, to which reference is also made on Page 123, were related to me by Jeanne-Mother Kreeland herself--I can remember how her eyes used to twinkle during the recital of these and other items of family history of which she was proud!

According to the Tiant Genoa, there were the deaths of three men named Sandoll living in "Thomaston Town, Lincoln County" in 1910, the father of whom was "pure Indian" by a French-mulatto or Thomas Sandoll:-

James Sandoll, Thomaston Town, Lincoln County, "1" "1" "2"
Thomas Sandoll, " " "3" --- "4"

As grandmother Harriet Lightfoot (Sandoll) Rhodland was born

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

on May 18, 1807, it is evident that her father removed from Thomaston to Cape Jellison at some time during the preceding seventeen years! If, however, Thomas Rendell already had one son over sixteen years of age in 1790, it becomes apparent that Grandmother Kneeland must have been a daughter by a second wife and as Mother does not think such was the case it would seem that the "Free White Male of 16 years and upward" included in Thomas Rendell's family in addition to himself was some relative or other outsider and not a son! Apparently he already had three young daughters!

There were no heads of families named Heagan or Jellison living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! There were no Heagans in the State for that matter---although there were several Jellisons!

There were in the present State of Maine in 1790, twelve heads of families named Junkins, as follows:-

Robert Junkins,	Berwick Town, York County	"2"	"2"	"3"
Sarah Junkins,	Pepperellborough Town, York County,	3	1	6
William Junkins,	Waterborough Town, York County,	1	1	1
Eunice Junkins,	York Town, York County,	1	2	4
Alexander Junkins,	" "	2	2	6
Hepsibath Junkins,	" "	2	---	3
James Junkins,	" "	2	3	4
Joseph Junkins,	" "	1	---	1
Daniel Junkins,	" "	1	---	2
Daniel Junkins, Jr.,	" "	2	1	6
Jonathan Junkins,	" "	1	1	2
Eliphalet Junkins,	" "	1	1	6

The Daniel Junkins, Jr., who resided at York, was probably Bertha's (my wife's) great-grandfather---her Grandfather was Daniel Junkins of South Berwick and later, East Lebanon, Maine, ---but the data prepared by her mother on the subject is locked up in Brooklyn! In addition to the members of the families

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEMO. BOOKS

on July 16, 1807, it is evident that her father removed from Thomaston to Cape Elizabeth at some time during the preceding seventeen years! If, however, Thomas Randall already had one son over sixteen years of age in 1790, it becomes apparent that Grandfather Moseland must have been a daughter by a second wife and as Father does not think such was the case it would seem that the "three Girls" aged of 16 years and upward" included in Thomas Randall's family in addition to Elizabeth was some relative or other outsider and not a son! Conservatively he already had three young daughters!

There were no heads of families named Langer or Zellisen living in "Frankfort Town, Lincoln County" in 1790! There were no Langers in the State for that matter---although there were several Zellisens!

There were in the present State of Maine in 1790, twelve heads of families named Junkins, as follows:-

		"J"	"B"	"A"
Robert Junkins,	Berwick Town, York County			
Sarah Junkins,	Pepperellborough Town, York County,	S	1	6
William Junkins,	Waterborough Town, York County,	1	1	1
Thurlee Junkins,	York Town, York County,	1	2	4
Alexander Junkins,	" "	2	2	2
Hepsibeth Junkins,	" "	1	---	3
James Junkins,	" "	4	3	4
Joseph Junkins,	" "	1	---	1
Daniel Junkins,	" "	1	---	2
Daniel Junkins, Jr.,	" "	2	1	2
Jeremiah Junkins,	" "	1	1	2
Philbeloit Junkins,	" "	1	1	6

The Daniel Junkins, Jr., who resided at York, was probably Bertha's (my wife's) great-grandfather---for Grandfather was Daniel Junkins of South Berwick and later, East Lebanon, Maine, ---but the data prepared by her mother on the subject is locked up in Brooklyn! In addition to the members of the families

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of the above "Heads of Families" there was living in the family of Robert Junkins of Berwick someone who was not a member of his family but who is described only by the figure "1" under the heading "All other free persons" which should be added to the "four general headings" described on Page 342 and somewhat upsets my hypothesis regarding Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland and William Hichborn as outlined on Pages 344-5----I am writing this from notes made from the First Census and not from the copy of the Census itself, which explains how I have overlooked the fact that there were five ruled columns opposite the names of the Heads of Families until now!

There were living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", when the First Census was taken in 1790 four heads of families named Staples, viz:- John, Miles, William, and Jotham Staples!

John Staples's	family	consisted	of	"1", "4",	and	"3".
Miles Staples's	"	"	"	"3", "-",	"	"3".
William Staples's	"	"	"	"1", "3",	"	"1".
Jotham Staples's	"	"	"	"1", "2",	"	"5".

Chever Kendall of "Barrettstown Town, Hancock County" was the only head of family of that name within the limits of the present State of Maine in 1790 who spelled his name with two "l's" but there were three others who spelled it with only one "l"---according to the enumerators! Chever Kendall's family consisted of "1", "1", and "3"!

There was but one Porter living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", in 1790---or rather but one head of family of that name! That was Robert Porter who, rightly or wrongly, I have assumed was the father of the Robert and Ephraim Porter who liv-

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRIT OPINION

of the above "Heads of Families" there was living in the family of Robert Junkins of Berwick someone who was not a member of the family but who is described only by the figure "1" under the heading "All other free persons" which should be added to the "four general headings" described on Page 348 and somewhat upsets my hypothesis regarding Great-Grandfather Edward Knowlton and William Hightorn as outlined on Pages 341-3---- I am writing this from notes made from the First Census and not from the copy of the Census itself, which explains how I have overlooked the fact that there were five ruled columns opposite the names of the Heads of Families until now!

There were living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", when the First Census was taken in 1790 four heads of families named Staples, viz:- John, Miles, William, and Jotham Staples!

John Staples's family consisted of "1", "1", and "3".
Miles Staples's " " " "3", "-", " "3".
William Staples's " " " "2", "3", " "1".
Jotham Staples's " " " "1", "2", " "3".

Observe Kendall of "Farmington Town, Hancock County" was the only head of family of that name within the limits of the present "Date of Taking in 1790 who spelled his name with two "l's" but there were three others who spelled it with only one "l"---according to the enumeration! Observe "Kendall's family consisted of "1", "1", and "3"!

There was but one Porter living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", in 1790---or rather in the head of family of that name! That was Robert Porter who, "guilty or innocent", I have assumed was the father of the Robert and Ephraim Porter who have

ed on the Felker place and the home place here, respectively---People married young in those days! Of course it may be that the Robert Porter mentioned in this First Census was Ephraim's brother Robert (Hira's father) but as Hira Porter probably was not born until the first or second decade of the nineteenth century and as the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census already had a family of "1", "4", and "2" in 1790, it seems more likely that he was the father of Ephraim Porter and his brother Robert and that they were included in the figure "4" as given in the census enumeration! Fred Porter told Mother and myself on June 16, 1907, that his grandfather Ephraim Porter and Ephraim's brother Robert were the original Porters in the "Porter District"! If he was right, then the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census (assuming him to have been the father of these two) evidently did not live on either the Felker or the home place here on "The Pinnacle", but did live in some other part of the old Town of Frankfort---which was long in Hancock County! Fred may have been wrong at that and the Robert Porter of the First Census, taken 127 years ago, may have lived right here on "The Pinnacle"! Who knows?

There was no one named Smart living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! The present William Dana Smart (the W. D. Jr. of my boyhood) informs me that his grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Knights Smart, came here from New Hampshire shortly after they were married and that, as his grandmother was born in 1791 (?), the date of their arrival here was probably around 1810! Ephraim Knights Smart was killed at his sawmill in back of what is now the Allan Colcord place in

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

ed on the Walker place and the Home place here, respectively---
People married young in those days! Of course it may be that
the Robert Porter mentioned in this First Census was Epheral's
brother Robert (Mina's father) but as Mina Porter probably was
not born until the first or second decade of the nineteenth cen-
tury and as the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census al-
ready had a family of "1", "4", and "2" in 1850, it seems more
likely that he was the father of Epheralm Porter and his brother
Robert and that they were indicated in the figure "4" as given
in the census enumeration! Fred Porter told Esther and myself
on June 12, 1907, that his grandfather Epheralm Porter and Epha-
lm's brother Robert were the original Porters in the "Porter
District"! If he was right, then the Robert Porter mentioned
in the First Census (assuming him to have been the father of
these two) evidently did not live on either the Walker or the
home place here on "The Pinnacle", but in a little in some other
part of the old Town of Frankfort--which was long in Hancock
County! Fred may have been wrong as that and the Robert Porter
of the First Census, taken 127 years ago, may have lived right
here on "The Pinnacle"! Who knows?

There was no one named Grant living in "Frankfort Town,
Hancock County" in 1850! The parents William Henry Grant (the
W. D. Jr. of my teaching) informs me that his grandfather and
grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Knights Grant, came here from
New Hampshire shortly after they were married and that, as his
grandmother was born in 1821 (?), the date of their arrival here
was probably around 1840! Ephraim Knights Grant was killed at
the sawmill in back of what is now the Allen Colored place in

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

(about) 1832. His large family, which then lived in a house well in from the Mount Ephraim road and near the mill in which he met his death, later resided in the house now owned and occupied by Timothy Porter---about half-way from here to the village! William Dana Smart, Senior, the present William D's father, who died of pneumonia in 1896, bought the place where Mr. Smart now lives in (about) 1845, having been aided in doing so by money loaned by his brother Ephraim,and himself erected the buildings which now stand thereon!

In 1790, there was but one head of family named Carr in all"Frankfort Town, Hancock County"! His family was composed of "1", "2", and "1", and his name was William Carr! I have assumed that this was the Carr who formerly lived where Webster K. Staples does now---before the place became the home of Job Larrabee and famous to succeeding generations as the scene of "Job's Serenade"!

There were in "Isleborough Town, Hancock County" six heads of families named Coombs, one of whom was Fields Coombs---for whom Fields S. Pendleton's father evidently was named---and also twelve heads of families named Pendleton! I am still speaking of the First Census of 1790!

Returning to the "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", of 1790, there was no one in town named Bowen at that time but there were a half dozen heads of families named Grant, among them Gooding and Andrew---names which appear to have been handed down to their descendants as Aunt Ruth Crockett married an Andrew Grant

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

(about) 1828. His large family, which then lived in a house well in from the Kennet Hybrain road and near the mill in which he met his death, later resided in the house now owned and occupied by Timothy Perkins---about half-way from here to the village! William Dean Howells, Senior, the present William Dean Howells's father, who died of pneumonia in 1896, bought the house where Mr. C Bert now lives in (about) 1862, having been added to during so by owners formed by his brother Hybrain, and himself created the buildings which now stand thereon!

In 1790, there was but one head of in-law-related Dean in all "Frankfort Town, Hancock County"! Her family was composed of "1", "2", and "1", and his name was William Dean! I have assumed that this was the Dean who formerly lived where Walter K. Stapler does now--before the place became the home of Tom Lawrence and famous so successfully remunerations as the scene of "Job's Dream"!

There were in "Kaighroyd Town, Hancock County" six heads of families named Dean, one of whom was Field Crowns---for whom Field C. Pendleton's father evidently was named---and six twelve heads of families named Pendleton! I am still speaking of the First Census of 1790!

Returning to the "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", of 1790 there was no one in town named Bacon at that time but there was a half dozen heads of families named Crouch, among them Caddie and Andrew---names which appear to have been handed down to their descendants as Aunt Kate Crouch---married an A Bacon Brook

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

who was the son of an Andrew Grant---the present City Treasurer of Lowell, Mass., still bears the name as Andrew Grant Stiles! Mother also used to know a Gooding Grant---he had a store at Prospect Marsh Villgge for many years---who was probably the son or grandson of the one given in the First Census!

Pendletons, Nichols's, and Nickersons were not as numerous in 1790 as they have since become --- In that year there were but two heads of families of each of these names within the far-flung boundaries of "Frankfort Town" although, among the 169 families comprising its population, there were represented practically all the names which we look upon as those of old-time families hereabouts today!

Searsport,
Maine,
4/1/1917.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

"The Pinnacle",

Searsport, 6/16/07.

Fred W. Porter called here this afternoon, and in response to inquiries from Mother and myself, gave us the following facts

The original Porters in the "Porter District" were---

Robert Porter, whose house stood on the cliff-like ledge in what we now call the "Pelker Pasture", and some two hundred yards south of the NO. 7 -(Porter District)- Schoolhouse,

and

Ephraim Porter, whose house stood on the site of the one in which Father and Mother have lived since we moved here on November 1st, 1876, when I was just past six years of age.

The "ell" of the house in which we now live -(when the rest of the "we" are here)- was, or is supposed to have been, Ephraim Porter's original house, though it has been renovated on sundry occasions. The old "main house" occupied the site of the present one and is supposed to have been of the same dimensions.

Ephraim Porter, Sr., had five children, viz:- Ephraim, Jr., Wilmoth, Ira, Miriam and Sarah Jane. I don't know the order of their birth. Fred W. Porter -(our informant)- was the son of Wilmoth Porter and was born in the old "main house" alluded to above in November, 1839, and lived there until he was four years of age, up to which time his father -(Wilmoth)- occupied the old "main house" and his Uncle Ira -(Wilmoth's brother)- the "ell".

At about this time Ephraim Porter and his sons -(Ephraim, Junior, Wilmoth, and Ira)- bought an additional one hundred acres of land lying in the valley and on the slope to the west,

south-west and northwest of Ephraim's (original) holdings, this new acquisition being covered with the primeval forest. Ephraim, Sr., -(and Ephraim, Jr., (?)-)- built a house where Nathaniel Larrabee was twice burned out and where Fred Small now lives in buildings erected -(about 1896)- by Gove Hammons or his sons. Here Ephraim, Junior, went to live. Wilmoth built the house in which he lived for many years before moving to the village and which is now occupied by Edmund Kennard Blake and family----the house in the valley, nearly west of ours and on the knoll some one hundred and fifty yards north-east of the "Big Rock" in the brook (where I learned to swim) just below the confluence of the brooks from McClure's Pond and Bowen's Pond, or swamp, the latter having its source somewhere to the north-west of the Pike Hill on land formerly belonging to either the Cunningham or West place but now owned and occupied by the Ames brothers, William and Edmund. -(Note:- This is an error. This brook has its source on either the old Towle or Albert Matthews place, both of which are now owned by Captain Charles Gilkey. F.E.K. 9/5/16)-

Ira remained on what to them was the "old place" and on which Father and Mother now live. Ira continued to live here until Father bought the place from his (Ira's) son-in-law, Melvin M. Whittum, in 1876, but in the meantime -(probably prior to 1850)- he had sold the old "main house" to "old man" Wallace -(father of the John and Isaac of my day)- and replaced it with the "main house" of my time, in which Father and Mother live at this writing. This house is often laughingly said to be made of "the best lumber which the State of Maine afforded", the inference being that because of his -(Ira's)- connection with the

saw-mills owned by his father, brothers and himself,and which were located in the valley to the west, he did not fail to avail himself of the opportunities which he enjoyed of selecting the best from large quantities of lumber, all of which was good.

"Old man" Wallace moved the old "main house" to the village and located it at a spot near the shore and just west of what is now called "Mosman's Field", now used as a ball-ground, etc., Here it stood for some years until, one Fourth of July, the boys burned it up.

To go back to the Porters:-

Ephraim Porter, Sr., and his three sons, built two saw-mills---one on the big brook -(Note:- In the old days this stream was called "Half-way Creek", presumably because of its being half-way ~~from~~ between Prospect Marsh Village and Belfast when they were adjoining towns. It is so referred to in Whittum's deed to Father for his present farm. F. E. K. 9/5/16)- almost directly west of Small's and under which I have often fished as a very small boy, and the other on the McClure Brook, about a quarter of a mile above the "Big Rock", the wooden work of the dam of which and whose flume I also remember to have seen. -(Note:- It was in order to insure a sufficient flow of water for this latter mill (or both of them) during dry weather that the Porters built the dam which remains at the foot of McClure's Pond to this day, and by means of which the surface of the pond could be raised several feet. When it was necessary to use this additional supply of water it was Fred Porter's duty to go up through the woods, morning and night, to open and close the gate which regulated the flow. On these occasions he took his gun, thereby making a partial diversion,

at least, of one of the labors of the day. The privilege at this point now belongs to the Merrills---or Trundys (?)--- who own the mill on Opeechee Stream at Searsport Village, now being operated by "Ferd" Trundy and his son Storey---Mother tells me that "Ferd's" real name is Alfred Emery Trundy, that he was named for his cousin, Alfred Emery Nickerson, the latter's mother-old Emery's wife-having been Abigail Eames, a sister to the "old Jake" Eames of my boyhood and of Levi Trundy's wife--"Ferd's" mother. F. E. K. 9/5/16)-

In these two mills they (the Porters) proceeded to manufacture not only the lumber cut from the one hundred acre tract referred to above, but that of others. At this time there were six saw-mills on the brook between McClure's Pond and the Bay---the two above mentioned; one on the Mark Colcord place (where Colcord's son was killed and from grief over which Mark, Senior, became insane); one in back of the old Mahoney (Ashley Mitchell) place; the one now standing where Main Street crosses Opeechee Stream and owned by the Merrills -- or Trundy's (?); and one which stood near Steamboat Avenue and just above the old breakwater. This last is the one in which Hira Porter became interested after trading places with Michael Felker and the remains of which were sent up in smoke by "the boys" one "Night before the Fourth" some ten years since.

When Ephraim, Sr., (or Jr.?) built the house on the spot where Small lives now there was no road up through the valley and he had to come up the Mount Ephraim Road -(which Father tells me was laid out about one hundred and ten years ago)- . Job Larrabee doesn't seem to have been particularly obliging as a neighbor and on one occasion bought a strip of land west of

the Mount Ephraim Road and built a fence from the road to the brook and across the road used by Ephraim. "One cold, dark night", a gang of men tore down the fence and threw every individual piece thereof into the stream, so the effect of Job's labors was lost.

At another time the men in the district were at work on the road. Job and Wilmoth Porter got into a row. Wilmoth was sitting astride of Job when the latter managed to pull Wilmoth's head down and bit a hole through his ear. Ira came up and batted Job over the head. When Job got up he went home, saying there were "too many Porters for him". Fred W. says this is one of his earliest recollections, seeing his father come to the house where we now live to doctor his ear, the sight of the blood having impressed it upon his youthful mind.

Robert Porter had a son named Hira who was a cousin to Wilmoth, therefore Robert and Ephraim, Sr., were brothers. Hira had his father's place, evidently, and erected the buildings which were burned in April, 1899, just before Father bought what we call the "Felker Farm", and which adjoins the place bought of Whittum (in two parcels) on the north. Sometime in the early fifties (probably about 1854) Hira Porter "swapped" places with Michel Felker, who at that time was livingon what is now known as Steamboat Avenue at Searsport Village and working at his trade as a ship-carpenter. After moving to the village Hira Porter became interested in the saw-mill next the Bay, as before mentioned, while Mr. Felker took up his residence on what we now call the"Felker Place" and continued to reside there until the time of his death in 1897. Some few years previous he had, however, deeded the place to his son,

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

Herbert H., by whom the deed to Father was made, though the transaction really was Felker to George A. Bowen, and Bowen to Kneeland.

THE STAPLES PLACE. As far as I can learn, the first settler on what is now known as the Staples Place was a man named Carr---father of "old" Henry Carr who lived at the village the latter part of the last century (say in 1890, about) and who was reared there. Carr seems to have sold direct to Job Larrabee, who lived there many years and reared a large family. Somewhat late in life Job took unto himself a second wife (this marriage furnished the theme for Jim Blake's "Job's Serenade") but the venture not proving a success and having cost Job a pretty penny financially,*** the place passed in to the hands of Job's brother-in-law, Levi Trundy, ("Ferd's"father") by whom it was deeded to my uncle, Nelson Panno Staples, when he bought it about (or just prior to) the year 1875. Mother says they -(the Staples's)- moved over here in May, 1875, just after Kitty was born. I know Uncle Nelson was living there when we moved from Grandfather Kneeland's old place -(now owned by Levi George)- to what was known as the Piper Place, and later as the Steele Place, in December, 1875, as I remember his driving us across the Gould Meadow in the old green pung. Uncle Nelson died in June, 1905, a short time after I got home from Mexico that year, but it is still the "Staples Place", as his son, Webster K., lives there at this writing.

F. E. K. 6/16/07

The above (or the original thereof) with the exception of the remarks inserted as "Notes", and a few immaterial words which I have added in making this copy was written on

***Did it? W.D.Smart told me in February, 1917, that Job's 2nd wife had more property than he did---in Lowell, Mass.! F.E.K.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

June 16, 1907, the day on which Fred Porter gave Mother and myself the information regarding the Porters, etc. The "Note" at the bottom of Page 3 referring to the dam at the foot of McClure's Pond, as well as the addition which I am going to copy below on this page, was written in November, 1915, while I was in Searsport,and was sent to Kit to copy in time for her to incorporate it in the copies which she made last Fall.

F. E. K. 9/5/16.

THE STAPLES PLACE --- (continued)

One of the many evidences of Job's handiwork which may still be seen on the Staples Place are the remains of the dam which he built at the foot of his meadow for the purpose of "devilling" his great and good friend, Gilman Piper, who lived on what during the last generation has been known as the Steele Place, where he carried on the business of manufacturing various articles of furniture, such as tables, bed-steads, and cabinets; also steering-gear and tree-nail-plugs used in the ship-building of that day, in the old mill which still stands, and on the surface of whose mill-pond Fred Whittum and I used to put to sea on a raft in the summer of 1876---always taking care, however, not to drift into the range of vision commanded by Mother from the pantry window.

It was Job's custom when he felt particularly well-disposed towards his friend Gilman, to hie himself at the beginning of a busy day to the dam at the foot of his meadow and close the gate. This done, the flow of water would be shut off for hours, until the entire basin now represented by the meadow, had been overflown. As it is not only true that "the mill will never grind again with the water that has passed" but that it can't grind (or turn) with the water that doesn't come, it

is presumed that on such occasions Gilman ground his teeth in more or less impotent rage. It must have been pleasant to have a kind-hearted neighbor shut off one's water supply in the morning, not forgetting to re-open the sluice-gate at night so as to be ready to repeat the process next day. Whether these performances of Job's had anything to do with "Uncle" Gilman's occasional sprees I know not, but it does not seem unlikely. With the exception of the gate, the woodwork of this dam was still intact when I was a small boy. The foot-log still remains (1915).

Local tradition says that in an effort to prove to Job that "one good turn deserves another", Gilman arranged to buy from Ira Porter a triangular piece of land across which Job was accustomed to drive to the Mount Ephraim Road, in order to prevent his crossing it, but the transfer never was completed.

As I write this last (in November, 1915) Mother informs me that the legs of the extension dining-table, standing under the looking-glass in the kitchen, were turned by Gilman Piper in his mill, and that the table was made, or put together, by Tyler Crockett, from whom Father bought it in 1869. Mother also has a small stand which was made in Gilman Piper's mill.

-(This is the end of the addition referred to at the top of)-
(the previous page. FEK 9/5/16)

While I am on the general subject of the Staples Place, with its reference to Job Larrabee, I am going to include so much of "Job's Serenade" as the present William D. Smart could remember when he tried to recall it for me in either the Spring or Fall of 1915. Under date of March 16, 1874, Father's Diary

says:- "Serenaders met at Job Larrabee's tonight---Met with cool reception, with costs of about $100.00". I assume that Father probably wrote this on the evening of the next day, after the Justice of the Peace whom the boys used to irreverently refer to as "Fish-belly" Sawyer had "taxed" Mark Ward and the other prime movers in the festivities what he considered a fair price for their sport. Both James Blake and "Old Man" Wallace burst into song over the event. George Bowen says that of the two efforts Wallace's carried the more "punch". I have tried to obtain Wallace's version for the purpose of preserving it for an admiring posterity, but without success. I remember hearing Jim Felker recite it and that one verse ended with --- "Job thought Hell loose had broken!" Blake's effusion, or as much of it as Mr. Smart could remember, was as follows:-

JOB LARRABEE'S SERENADE

By James Blake

Job Larrabee was a widower
But tired of single life
Married life he did prefer
And sought again another wife

Sought, and seeking he did find
A woman pleasing to his mind
She gave to him her heart and hand
And has become his wife
Bound are they fast in wedlock's bands
To journey on through life

Some youths they heard
The trick that he had played---
Together they did congregate
Him for to serenade

With thundering trumpet and tooting horns
The music to his ear was borne
It seemed as if the Demon's legions
Had burst the very gates of hell
And left the sulphurous regions

-(See next page)-

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

JOB LARRABEE'S SERENADE--cont'd

Job heard the noise and saw the crowd
And wildly gazed about

-(Mr. Smart couldn't remember the
balance of this verse)-

Next day Job sought the aid
Of both constable and lawyer
And all who did him serenade
Were brought before Judge Sawyer
And each condemned was by the Court
Dearly to pay for that night's sport

-(When Mr. Smart dictated the above to me he mentioned the)-
(fact that Mark Ward, at least, who then answered to the gen-)
(eral description of"a gay young blade", was wholly unabash-)
(ed when haled to Court and, expecting to be fined, exhibit-)
(ed the "roll" with which he had provided himself for the)
(purpose of satisfying the anticipated decree of the Court.)
(It was probably due to this circumstance that Judge Sawyer)
("taxed" those who were found guilty of participating in the)
("send-off" to Job and his bride somewhat heavily---when the)
(character of their offense is considered. P.E.K. 9/5/16.)

-(Two verses of "old Man" Wallace's version appear below. {)-
(P.E.K.4/1/1917.)

Come all ye wild raiders
And bold serenaders
And list to the story I tell
How twenty-two in number
Woke Job from his slumber---
His thoughts to the regions of hell

But one wretch more vile
Than the rest
With power and vengeance swore
The words of damnation
Brought each to his station
In front of Job Larrabee's door

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

"The Pinnacle",

Searsport, Sept/3,1916.

The following information regarding the Kane's Pond - West Neighborhood section of Porter District was furnished me today by George Andrew Bowen, while he was calling on us.

George's great-grandfather, Samuel Cunningham, used to live at Searsport village on or near the site where now stands what is known as the Mosman House -(formerly the property of James Mosman)- which has in recent years been occupied by F. A. Nye, the undertaker, but is now vacant. He ran a cobbler's shop. A man named Kane lived a little above the head of Kane's Pond, just beyond the bottom of the gully and near the old and unused road by which we boys used to "cut across" when we went to Maple Grove Campground on foot. His farm comprised -(probably)- about one hundred acres,as it extended from the "West" Hill on the east to what in my day was Ben. Nickerson's on the west, and north to and including what was later Eleazer (?) Nickerson's---Del's father's---place. This man Kane and Samuel Cunningham swapped places in the same manner as they might have swapped horses---no writings having been given. At the time of the trade George's grandfather, William Cunningham, was probably a very small boy, and as he bought a farm of his own in about 1831, before he had reached his majority, the date of the exchange between Kane and Cunningham was probably about an even hundred years ago, or in 1816.

Samuel Cunningham spent the balance of his life on what had formerly been the Kane but had now become <u>his</u> farm, having erected thereon a new and better set of buildings near the orchard several remaining trees of which may yet be seen. The

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

cellars of both the Kane and Cunningham houses ~~may yet be seen~~ are still visible. Here Samuel Cunningham reared his family, consisting of two boys, William and James, and two daughters, Nancy and Eliza, who married James Harriman and David Colcord respectively. The "boys" were the "Uncle" William and "Uncle" Jim of my boyhood, while Nancy is remembered as "Aunt Nancy" Harriman, who spent all of her married life where Horace Robbins now lives. David Colcord and his wife lived at Bog Hill.

After Samuel Cunningham died his widow married Peter West ---therefore Peter's son, Alvin West, was a half-brother to William and James Cunningham. Samuel Cunningham's heirs sold what had been his farm to Jonathan Ames, father of "Bob" and John Ames who later lived at Searsport village, and also of three daughters, Ann, Eliz-a, and Sarah, the last of ~~whom~~ whom is now the wife of Mial Sargent. The place passed from Ames to Clark Nichols and still remains in the family, it now being owned by his two sons, Captain Daniel Nichols and Captain Mel. Nichols, retired ship-captains of Searsport, Me., and Seattle, Washington, respectively. It was bought by Clark Nichols to serve as a wood-lot at about the same time that he, in company with Stephen and Henry Pike, bought for the timber thereon what was called the Houston Lot, which included what we now call Father's and George Bowen's "Bog Lot",and the Joshua Nickerson or Charles Curtis Lot next to it, these last two comprising a hundred acres and having been divided in the late "seventies", at the time when they were purchased by Father and George,and "Uncle Jim" Cunningham, respectively. Stephen -(Ed's father)- and Henry Pike were brothers. George thinks they were born on the old Pike place about a mile above here---that their

father lived there before them he is certain as he remembers seeing "Uncle Henry" Pike's mother---a little, dried-up old woman---when he was a small boy. It would seem probable, therefore, that "Uncle Henry" and Stephen Pike's father was the original settler on what we now call the Stickney place, it now being owned by "Uncle Henry's" nephew, Edward S. Stickney.

Shortly before Samuel Cunningham's son William -(George's grandfather)- became of age he bought of a Mrs. Blaisdell, who George says owned a considerable tract of land extending up through this section, the fifty acres of land which from that time was known as the William Cunningham farm. Because of his still being a minor he had to have the deed made to his father. Here he built a barn in 1832 and a house in 1833. That he built well is attested by the fact that now, eighty-odd years after, the buildings still stand and afford a very comfortable home to Herbert H. Felker and his family, the present owners of the place, Herbert having bought it of George Bowen shortly after the buildings on the old Felker farm were burned in April, 1899. On this farm William Cunningham spent the whole of his mature life, devoting much of his time to ship-carpentering, however. Here he reared his family and here he died in the late "seventies", his widow, "Aunt Mary" Cunningham, whom I remember as a very earnest Spiritualist, having survived him about ten or a dozen years.

It was on the William Cunningham farm that George Bowen spent nearly forty of the first years of his life, until he bought the Amos Ellis place and moved to the village in 1896(?) George had been born in the house belonging to his grandmother Bowen for so many years, at the village, but his father dying

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

when he was six months old and his mother going to Massachusetts to work while he was yet a small boy, he was brought up by his grand-parents, for whom he in his turn cared in their declining years. His father, William, and his uncle, Andrew Bowen, for the last of whom George was named, were lost at sea from the Barque "David Nickels" on September 17 (?), 1857, when they were aged 22 and 20 years respectively. William was captain and his brother Andrew his first mate. The crew afterward said that both captain and mate fell from the bow-sprit while spearing porpoises but this explanation was looked upon as a lie-kely story, the general assumption being that there was a mutiny on board and that both captain and mate had been its victims.

The West Neighborhood was so-called for its first settler-probably the father of Enos, Joshua and Samuel West, who are the first Wests that George remembers. In addition to these three brothers there was a Peter West who lived on the place now owned and occupied by Alvin and Sarah (Porter) West's son-in-law, Warren Nickerson, who had married Samuel Cunningham's widow, and who was probably a cousin of Enos, Joshua and Samuel. Enos West lived on the place now owned and occupied by Edmund Ames; Joshua on the place across the old road from Edmund's and which is now owned by "Del" Nickerson -(David's brother--not Red-headed "Del")-; while Samuel lived on the place now owned by Will Ames.

William Cunningham's younger brother James -("Uncle Jim")- lived for a time at Searsport village on the place now owned by Storey Trundy, but while yet a young man, bought the "Sam" West place from Samuel West. The only road into the West Neighborhood had been one leading across what is now Will Ames's pas-

ture -(some of the old "corduroy" may still be seen where it crossed the swampy land by the brook)- xx and up through the lands of Joram Nichols -(the present Daniel M.-"Mel's"--father) to the Mount Ephraim road but the present highway which leads past Herbert Felker's and -(at that time)- up over the West Hill having been opened, and "Uncle Jim" wishing to erect his dwelling near the main road---which the "Sam" West place did not now touch---he arranged an exchange with Enos West under which he received some seven and a half acres from the southern end of Enos's farm -("Uncle Jim's" "jib piece")- which bordered on the new road, transferring to him in payment therefor some fifteen acres from the northern end of his own farm---the "Sam" West place. George remembers particularly that the exchange was on a two for one basis. The new road mentioned ran straight up over the West -(now the Ames)- hill from Herbert Felker's, etc., past "Uncle Jim" Cunningham's and between the Enos and Joshua West places until it joined the east and west road which now runs from the Nickerson hill east to the four corners on the Mount Ephraim road near the site of the old Benjamin Merrithew homestead, the buildings of which were torn down a few years since. The present road in past the old Mark Ward place, where Augustus Nickerson now lives, and along the bank of Kane's Pond was built in the late "seventies" as a means of enabling the "Swanville-ites" and others visiting that benighted burg to avoid the West Hill. Although that part of the old road leading from the Enos West to the Josiah Larrabee place has been closed approximately forty years it remained in a sufficiently good state of repair so that Father has driven over it many times with the heavy cart which he used on the

road, since coming to live here on "The Pinnacle". My recollection is that he discontinued using it as a route home from Josiah Larrabee's because of the bridge over the "sucker" brook getting into an unsafe condition.

In conversing with us today, George said that he recently ran across the charter of the Barque "David Nickels" for the voyage on which his father and uncle lost their lives, while looking over some old papers. Among them he also found a description of Samuel Cunningham in connection with his enlistment for some military service or other---probably in the War of 1812. According to this description, Cunningham was five feet, eleven 1/2 inches in height, was red-headed, and had a cast or other defect in one eye. -(Later: See page 15. F. E. K.)-

In connection with the name of Kane's Pond, George tells us that McClure's Pond was named for a man of that name who lived on the farm now owned by George Closson---just below Joseph Brock's. Upon my asking him how he spelled his name---if he supposed it was the man whose grave I have noticed in the Sargent Cemetery whose tombstone bears the name of McLuer--- George said it was undoubtedly the same man as that was the manner in which his name was written.

While I am on the subject of the Sargent Cemetery I am going to mention the fact that I never knew that the farm formerly belonging to Hartshorn Hames and now the property of his son Charles, used to be known as the Shirley Farm. One Thanksgiving -(in 1910)-"Webbie"and I went out gunning and among other things visited the spot in what used to be William Smart's pasture -(south of "Well" Wentworth's field)- where there used to be an old cemetery, but from which most, if not

all, of the bodies have been removed---principally to the Sargent Cemetery, which is of more recent date. The opened graves of the old cemetery may be plainly seen. From the old we drifted over to the new or Sargent Cemetery and among the names on the stones which we did not recognize was that of Shirley---Neither did we know the name of McLuer, spelled in that fashion. When we came home we asked Father if he ever knew anyone named Shirley. "Why", said he, "the Hartshorn Eames place used to be the Shirley Farm!"

F. E. K. 9/4/16.

As "Webbie" and I came down through the woods from the Brock and Closson places on the day above mentioned, following roughly but at some distance the brook from McClure's Pond, we came across on what I should think was Clif. Ward's land but may have been Joe Brock's the clearly defined foundations of what had evidently been a lumberman's camp with its attendant horse-hovel. As a tree which we roughly estimated as being from forty to seventy years old was growing in the center of the place ~~of the~~ where the camp had stood we assumed that it had probably been used by the men who cut off the original growth---the primeval forest.

F. E. K. 9/4/16

I should have dated the above 9/3/16 as all but this last page was written yesterday afternoon---after George Bowen had gone home. When I had finished Page Number 12 and started this one I left the sheet in the machine so that I could today add anything I had over-looked. Don't think of anything more that George told me, however.

F. E. K. 9/4/16

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

As stated on Page 8, Samuel Cunningham's daughter Eliza married David Colcord of Bog Hill. They had (at least) four daughters but only one son. The daughters were Maria, Sarah, Aurilla and Flavilla, the last two being twins. Maria married Henry Woods of Belfast. Their son, Charles D. Woods, is at the present time the head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University of Maine, Orono.

The only son of David and Eliza (Cunningham) Colcord was Roswell R. Colcord, who migrated to Nevada sixty years ago, and of which state he has been Governor for several years --- some years ago. The following item regarding him appeared in the Searsport Locals column of yesterday's "Republican Journal" -(the issue of Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1916)-:----

"Ex-Gov. Roswell R. Colcord of Carson City, Nevada, was in "town Friday, his first visit for 60 years to the scenes of his "boyhood days. Since leaving Searsport in 1856 he has been a "resident of Nevada and was governor of the State for 8 years. He is now connected with the U. S. Mint in Carson City. He "met here but few people of those he knew in the town when he "left for the west".

F. E. K. 9/8/16

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The following is a copy of a clipping from the Republican Journal which was among several which Mother had handed me to look over. It is evidently in reference to the same paper to which allusion is made on page (368 12---from which it appears that either I didn't "get" George correctly or that his memory was at fault. The clipping is as follows:-

OLD-TIME PICTURE AND DOCUMENT

-(From Our Searsport Correspondent)-

We were loaned recently by George A. Bowen an old-time picture of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813, and a copy of the seaman's protection papers which Mr. Bowen found among the effects of his grandmother, Mrs. Huldah Bowen, the daughter of Jeremiah Stimpson and the granddaughter of Richard Stimpson, who was born in Peterboro, N. H., and who surveyed the first road from Belfast to Fort Pownal. Both are in a good state of preservation and had been in the possession of Mrs. Bowen for a great many years. Following is a copy of a seaman's protection papers issued at the port of Boston by Benjamin Lincoln, collector of customs in 1807:

> No. 9538. I Benjamin Lincoln, Collector for the District of Boston and Charlestown, do hereby certify that Samuel Cunningham, an American Seaman, aged Twenty-seven years or thereabouts, of the Height of five Feet eleven 1/2 inches, light Complexion, Reddish Hair, dark Eyes, has a scar on his right arm, one on his right shoulder, has this day produced of me Proof, in the Manner directed by the Act, entitled, "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen" and pursuant to the said Act, I do hereby certify that the said Samuel Cunningham is a Citizen of the United States of America.
>
> In Witness thereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal of Office, this 29th Day of June in the Year of our Lord 1807.
>
> B. Lincoln, Collector.

Mr. Cunningham came to Belfast, now Searsport, where he took up a farm on the north side of Kane's pond, there he raised a large family, and where he resided until his death. Many of

his descendants are now living in town.

Thus ends the clipping. Father did not note the date on it. There is no question about Samuel Cunningham having first lived at Searsport Village before he swapped places with Kane nor as to its having been this man Kane for whom the pond was named. As to John Sullivan's -(the Searsport correspondent's)- reference to "Belfast, now Searsport", it must not be forgotten that the present town of Searsport is composed of what used to be parts of Prospect and Belfast, having been set off and incorporated Feb. 13, 1845, and having been named in honor of David Sears of Boston, one of the "original proprietors" of the lands in this section, deeds signed by whom -(running to his father)- are still in Father's possession, and the former owner of Sears Island, which has passed out of the Sears family only during the past ten or fifteen years. While I do not claim to know, it has always been my understanding that what is now called Searsport ~~xxxxx~~ village was formerly known as West Prospect--- I do know that among the inhabitants of Belfast it was referred to as "Sodom". Where the dividing line was between Prospect and Belfast I have never known but it does not seem unlikely that it may have been what was then called "Half-way Creek", -(the present Opeechee Stream)-, and assuming that it still served the purposes of division to its source above McClure's and Kane's ponds, the Cunningham house above Kane's Pond would have been in Belfast.

The sites of the present towns of Searsport, Stockton Springs and Prospect are said to have been the last great battle-ground of certain tribes of Eastern Indians.

F. E. K.
9/19/16.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The Historical Notes regarding Porter District which go to make up the twenty preceding pages consist of memoranda jotted down at various times during a period extending over ten years! With respect to the references on Pages 355, 363, 371, and 372 to Half-way Creek, now more often termed Opeechee Stream from its supposed or authoritative (?) Indian name, it is pertinent to add that a reproduction of a map of the State of Maine in 1843 which has been hanging in Myron Parker's barber shop during the past winter shows that in that year the dividing line between Prospect and Belfast was this same Half-way Creek or Opeechee Stream---extending up through McClure's and Kane's ponds---the corner line of Swanville appearing to be about where are now located the "Four Corners" under the Nickerson Hill---so that, up to 1845, Samuel Cunningham's farm was in Belfast---apparently, at any rate!

I am going to note here that the so-called "Leach Field", lying to the west of the Mount Ephraim road as it passes up over Pike's Hill and now the property of Charles Curtis, receives its name from the fact that it at one time belonged to "Squire (and Deacon) Leach, a member of the first Board of Selectmen of Searsport, who for so many years distributed pretty much everything from groceries to rum to all comers at his store on the corner which still bears his name at Searsport Village and regarding whom so many entertaining stories are still told!

My impression is that the " 'Squire " died in the early "seventies"!

Searsport,
Maine,
4/1/1917.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The Historical Notes regarding Porter District which go to make up the twenty preceding pages consist of memoranda jotted down at various times during a period extending over ten years. With respect to the references on Pages 288, 365, 371, and 372 to Half-way Creek, now more often termed Opeodhe Stream from its supposed or authoritative (?) Indian name, it is pertinent to add that a reproduction of a map of the State of Maine in 1843 which has been hanging in Byron Porter's barber shop during the past winter shows that in that year the dividing line between Prospect and Belfast was this same Half-way Creek or Opeodhe Stream---extending up through Pollard's and Vane's ponds---the corner line of Swanville appearing to be about where are now located the "Four Corners" under the Wldemeen Hill---as it is, up to 1845, Samuel Cunningham's farm was in Belfast---apparently, at any rate!

I am going to note here that the so-called "Jacob Field", lying to the west of the Mount Ephraim road as it passes up over Pike's Hill and now the property of Charles Swift, receives its name from the fact that it at one time belonged to "Squire (and Deacon) Jacob, a member of the first Board of Selectmen of Searsport, who for so many years distributed pretty much everything from groceries to rum to all comers at his store on the corner which still bears his name at Searsport Village and regarding whom so many entertaining stories are still told!

My impression is that the " Squire " died in the early "seventies"!

Searsport,
Maine,
April 1917.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

DREAMS OF HOME

-(The following poem was of interest---particularly to Father)-
(and Mother---as being descriptive of the old "Steve" George)
(place---Mother says he was a brother of Obadiah George and)
(was known as "Stephen D., the Highlander"! He lived on the)
road which runs under Hedgehog Hill and out to the one which)
(still bears the name of "Jim" Brown---about half way from)
(the Lyman Partridge place to the "Jim" Brown Hill! "The lit)
(tle old red school house" is the one which used to stand on)
(the site of the new one in the George Settlement and was the)
(one in which I first attended school---as aboy of five!)
(Some years before their deaths, Stephen George and his wife)
(sold their farm and moved to Winterport, where their daugh-)
(ter Emma married the Captain Charles A. Crockett regarding)
(whom an article signed by John H. Eagleston of Winterport un)
(der date of March 14, 1917, recently appeared in both the)
(Bangor Daily News and the Republican Journal under the cap-)
(tion "THE CROCKETTS OF WINTERPORT"! It is Emma(George))
(Crockett who is supposed to be speaking in the poem---which)
(was written by her daughter, Caddie E. (Crockett) Carlton)
(from the many descriptions which she had heard her mother)
(give of her childhood's home! Mrs. Carlton has died since)
(the poem was written. Wilbur Crockett, who runs picture)
(shows at Brooks and Stockton Springs (he lives at Sandypoint)
(is a son of Emma(George)Crockett and a brother of Mrs. Carlton

As the twilight shadows deepen
  And the fire is burning low
Flames are dying, pictures kindling
  In the golden afterglow
Pictures of a dear old homestead
  Where my eyes first saw the day
Pictures of the dear old couple
  Who have journeyed far away

There are happy-hearted brothers
  Brothers ever kind to me
There the great gray rock I played on
  In my childhood days so free
Nothing whispers of a parting
  Nothing dims the sunny hours
In the little brook no shadow
  Save the shade of summer flowers

O'er blue skies the clouds are floating
  In a veil of silver fleece
Round the mountain top a silence
  Resting like a crown of peace
On the green hills, white lambs wander
  Through the dreamy afternoon
Like a strange caprice of nature--
  Snow-flakes in the heart of June

ENCOUNTERS

THEME OF HOPE

(The following poem was of interest--particularly to "Esther (and "Esther--as being descriptive of the old "Steve" George (place--Esther says he was a brother of "Sadhan George and (was known as "Tarkeen T., the Highlander"! He lived on the (road which runs under Hodgkins Hill and out to the one which (still bears the name of "Tim" Brown--about half way from (the Town Bridge place to the "Tim" Brown Hill! "He lived (in old red school house" is the one which used to stand on (the site of the non one in the Corner "Settlement and was the (one in which "Tim" attended school--as boy of five!

(Some years before their death, Stephen George and his wife (said their farm and moved to Hingham, where their daug- (ter was married to Stephen Harlee. Theodoit regarding (whom an article signed by John . Sullaston of "Hingham" un- (der date of March 14, 1917, recently appeared in both the (Ranger Daily News and the Republican Journal under the cap- (tion "TWO CONTRITES OR MYSTERY"! It is Mrs.(George) (Brookett who is supposed to be speaking in the poem--which (was written by her daughter, Laddie . (Brookett) Lanston (from the many descriptions which she had heard her mother (also of her childhood's home! Mrs. Lanston has died since (the poem was written. "Hilar Brookett", who runs photure (shows at Brooks and "Stockton "purchase the lines at Sandypoint) (is a son of Mrs.("George)Brookett and a brother of Mrs. Lanston

In the twilight shadows deeper
And the fire is burning low
Flames are dying, pictures kindling
In the golden allegiance
Pictures of a dear old homestead
"Here my eyes first saw the day
Pictures of the dear old couple
"Ye have journeyed far away

"There are happy-hearted brothers
Brothers ever kind to me
"Here the great may room I ponder on
In my childhood days so free
Listening whispers of a parting
Joining dire the sunny home
"n the little trash no shadow
"Save the shade of summer flowers

O'er blue skies the clouds are floating
In a veil of silver floccc
Round the mountain top, a pillow
Resting like a crown of peace
On the green hills, white lambs sander
"Through the sunny afternoon
Like a strange caprice of nature--
Snow-flakes in the heart of June

MISCELLANEOUS

DREAMS OF HOME-c'l'd

Ah, the stretch of wind-swept meadows
  Dotted by the clover bloom
Where the golden bees seem drinking
  In the wild and sweet perfume
Round the barn a flight of swallows
  Swiftly darting to and fro
By the bars the meek eyed cattle
  Wait as in the long ago

But the hands that cleared those meadows
  Lie upon a pulseless breast
Past the sowing and the reaping
  Folded in their last long rest
Mother, too, is calmly sleeping
  All life's storms for them are o'er
But the twilight shades and embers
  Bring them back to me once more

There's the little old red school house
  Glowing neath the summer skies
Fancy turns the sun-lit windows
  Into twinkling, kindly eyes
I can hear the beeches sighing
  For life's springtime, past recall
Fragrant as the sweet wild roses
  Growing on the eastern wall

Now the golden glow is fading
  And the embers turning gray
Like a blessing on my dreaming
  Falls a moon-beam's silver ray
Softly as that bright gleam entered
  Lo, a mist of tear-drops start--
It was just a firelight picture
  But it passed into my heart

Caddie E. Carlton.

Winterport, Nov., 1905.

SIGNIFICATION

THEME OF DIRIGO'D

Ah, the stretch of wind-swept meadows
Dotted by the clover fleur
Where the golden been been drinkin'
In the wild and sweet perfume
Round the barn a flight of swallows
Swiftly darting to and fro
Or the lazy the weak eyed cattle
Will be in the long ago

And the hands that cleared these meadows
Lie upon a pillowed bound
But the sowing and the reaping
Loaded in their last home rest
Rather, too, is calmly sleeping
All life's stress far behind are
But the twilight smoke and odors
Bring them back to me once more

Here's the little old red school house
Standing north the sunset side
Lazy turns the sun-lit window
Into twinkling, kindly eyes
I can hear the bees stirring
Or little sprinkling, peat roofs
Peasant as the sweet old roses
Drowing on the eastern wall

Now the golden glow is fading
And the embers burning gray
Like a blessing on my dreaming
Falls a moon-beam's silver ray
Softly as that twilight sheer entered
To, a rift of rear-drops start--
It was that a firelight flicker
And it passed into my heart

Gaddis . Tuttle.

Kingsport, Tenn., 1906.

MISCELLANEOUS

LA PALOMA

-(This most popular song in Mexico, La Paloma-(The Dove), to-)-
(gether with the nightmare beginning "I was standing on the)
(corner--didn't mean no harm" and the "shy" at the speed with)
(which the average Englishman is supposed to see the point of)
(a joke which follow, are (to me) reminiscent of Orizaba,)
(Torreon, and Guadalajara, Mexico, where I first learned them)

Cuando sali de la Habana, Valgame Dios
  Nadie me vio salir, si no fui yo
Una hermosa Huauchinanga, que si señor
  Que se vino tras de mi, alla voy yo

  Coro---
Si a tu ventana llega una paloma
  Tratala con cariño, que es mi persona
Tratala con amores, bien de mi vida
  Y coronemela con flores, que es cosa mia
!Ay! Chinita que si! !Ay! Chinita que no! !Ay!
  Vente conmigo, Chinita, adonde vivo yo

Cuando el curita nos echa la bendicion
  En la Iglesia Catedral, alla voy yo
Yo te dare la manita, con mucho amor
  Ante el altar de la Iglesia, que si señor
---Coro:-

No te han contado, no te han contado
  El "cuadrilatero" tan "de contado"
Que los Austriacos han regalado
  Un "papelitico" certificado
Al amo mio, con cuatro obleas
  Muy bien pegado, pegado!

The above are the verses as usually sung but the following is also a popular version:-

Yo soy la paloma errante, que venga aqui
  Buscando el hermoso nido donde naci
Cruze muchas tierras con esquivez
  Pero mi hermosa Tlalpam mas linda es
Si tu no hubieras querido que yo viniera
  Me hubieras hecho tiempo, tu prisionera
Pass por muchos paises "Nadamirita"
  Pero mas me gusta a mi, mi paisanita!

INTERLUDE

LA PALOMA

(This most popular song in Mexico, La Paloma-(The Dove), to-
(gether with the nightmare beginning "I was standing on the
(corner--didn't mean no harm" and the "sky" at the speed with)
(which the average Englishman is supposed to see the point of)
(a joke which follows, are (to me) reminiscent of Triana,
("Cormon, and Guadalajara, Mexico, where I first learned them)

Mando salí de la Habana, "Alfonso Ocho
"Adiós mi vida querida, si no fui yo
Una hermosa Guantanamera, que al sonar
Que se vino tras de mí, ella voy yo

Coro---

Si a tu ventana llega una paloma
"Trátala con cariño, que es el primero
Trátala con amores, bien de mi vida
Y acomódala con flores, que es esa mia
¡Ay! Dinnita que sí! ¡Ay! Dinnita, que no! ¡Ay!
"Ante camino, Dinnita, adonde vivo yo

Cuando el cuerito nos coma la bandolina
"A la Iglesia Catedral, allí voy yo
Yo le doy la mantilla, con mucho amor
Arte al altar de la Iglesia, que al señor
---Coro:-

Yo le pan comiado, no le han comiado
"El "cuadrilatero" con "de comiado"
Que los Americanos han regalado
Un "pupelitico" certificado
Si aro mio, con cuatro ojitos
Muy bien pegado, pegado!

The above are the verses as usually sung but the following
is also a popular version:-

Yo soy la paloma errante, que vuelve aquí
Buscando el hermoso rido donde nací
Tiene muchos bienes con seguridad
Pero el hermoso Tapiam sea libre es
Si en no hubieres querido que yo viviere
Yo hubieran hecho llorar, la pelaiñere
Pues por vosotros raíces "Madrilita"
Pero mas me gusta a mí, si pelaiñiel

MISCELLANEOUS

I WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER--DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM

"Ah was standin' on de corner
  Didn't mean no harm---dis a-mawnin'
When along come a p'liceman
  An' he grabbed me by de arm---dis a-mawnin'
He took me down to de jail-house do'
  To a place what Ah neber had-a-ben befo'---dis a-mawnin'

  Chorus---
No mo' will Ah buy my sweet thing poke chops
  For to hear her lily lips go flip-flop
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing
  Was because to me dese words she did sing
Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home
  Yo's ben a good wagon but yo done broke down---dis a-mawnin'!

Said de Jedge to me
  What hev you-a-done?---dis a-mawnin'
Ben settin' in a crap game
  A-losin' mah mon'---dis a-mawnin'
De Jedge an' de jury den a-said to me
  But you killed free niggers in de first degree---
                ---An' dere's no bail

  Chorus---
No mo' will Ah buy mah sweet thing poke chops
  For to hear her lily lips go flip-flop
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing
  Was because to me dese words she did sing
Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
  Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home
  Yo's ben a good wagon but de paint's all gone--dis a-mawnin'!"

-(The above always reminds me of Torreon, Mexico, where it was)-
(first "sprung" on me on a burning July day on which I chanc-)
(ed to be celebrating (?) the completion of my 34th year!)

MISCELLANEOUS

I WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER--DIDN'T HAVE NO WEF

"Ah was standin' on de corner
Didn't mean no harm---dis a-mawnin'
Then along come a p'liceman
An' he grabbed me by de arm---dis a-mawnin'
"a took me down to de jail-house de'
To a place what Ah never had-a-been befo'---dis a-mawnin'

Chorus---
"o me' will Ah buy my sweet thing pole chope
"or to hear her lily lips go flip-flop
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing
"a because to me dese words she did sing
Ryel Ryel mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
Ryel Ryel mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home
"o's ben a good wagon but de jailh's all gone--dis a-mawnin'!

Said de Judge to me
That how you-a-done?---dis a-mawnin'
Then sittin' in a crap game
A-lisin' mah son'---dis a-mawnin'
"o Judge an' de jury den a-said to me
"at you killed free niggers in de first degree---
---An' dere's no bail

Chorus---
"o me' will Ah buy mah sweet thing pole chope
"or to hear her lily lips go flip-flop
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing
"a because to me dese words she did sing
Ryel Ryel mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
Ryel Ryel mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home
"o's ben a good wagon but de jailh's all gone--dis a-mawnin'!

-(The above always reminds me of Torreon, Mexico, where it was
(first "sprung" on me on a burning July day on which I chance-
(ed to be celebrating (?) the completion of my 24th year!

MISCELLANEOUS

WHERE'S THE POINT?

Once on a time it so befell
  Or so it is averred
That in the utmost depths of hell
  A merry laugh was heard

Thereat the ghostly crew
  Forgot their teeth to gnash
And, trembling, asked each other who
  In hell could be so rash

Up rose The Prince with dark'ning brow
  And pointing with his staff
Bade one stand forth and tell him how
  In hell he came to laugh

Then from that silent, ghostly throng
  A voice was heard to break
It had a British accent strong
  And there was no mistake

"Ow, come, I say, for doncher-know
  I 'ad to lauhf", he cried
"For I just caught the point of a joke I 'eard
  Ten years before I died!"

Guadalajara, Mexico.

WHIMPY

-(Bertha's mother used to hold up "Whimpy" to her as a horri-)-
(ble example! Now she is passing it along to her own kids!)

Whimpy! poor little Whimpy
  Cried so hard one day
That his mother couldn't stand it
  And his "nanna" ran away
His sister climbed the hay-mow
  And his daddy went to town
And cook flew to the neighbors
  In her shabby kitchen gown

Whimpy! poor little Whimpy
  Never'll forget the day
He cried so hard his mother couldn't stand it
  And his "nanna" ran away
He stood by the window watching
  Till they all came home to tea
And a gladder boy than Whimpy was
  You never need hope to see!

"SECONDLAYTONE"

WHERE'S THE PRETTY

Once on a time it so betell
Or so it is averred
That in the utmost depths of hell
A merry laugh was heard

Throughout the ghoulish crew
Caught their hearts to freeze
And, trembling, asked each other who
In hell could be so pleased

Up rose The Prince with scowling brow
And pointing with his sword
Made one stand forth and tell him how
In hell he came to laugh

Then from that silent, ghoulish throng
A voice was heard to speak
It had a British accent strong
And there was no mistake

"Oh, come, I say, for Gunpowder-Knox
I had to laugh", he cried
"For I just caught the point of a joke I heard
Ten years before I died!"

Guadalajara, Mexico.

WHINNY

-(Bertha's mother used to hold up "Whinny" to her as a horrible example! Now she is passing it along to her own Model.)-

Whinny! poor little Whinny
Cried so hard one day
That his mother couldn't stand it
And his "mamma" ran away
His stepfather climbed the hay-mow
And his daddy went to town
And cook flew to the neighbors
In her shabby kitchen gown

Whinny! poor little Whinny
"Ever'll forget the day
He cried so hard his mother couldn't stand it
And his "mamma" ran away
He stood by the window watching
Till they all came home to see
And a gladder boy than "Whinny" was
You never need hope to see!

MISCELLANEOUS

ARIZONA---4000 B. C.!

The Devil was given permission one day
  To select a land for his own special sway
So he hunted around for a month or more
  And fussed and fumed and terribly swore
But at last was delighted a country to view
  Where the prickly pear and the cat-claw grew
With a brief survey and without further excuse
  He stood on the banks of the Santa Cruz!

He saw there were still improvements to make
  For he felt his own reputation at stake
An idea struck him; he swore by his horns
  To make a complete vegetation of thorns
He studded the land with the prickly pear
  And scattered the cacti everywhere
The Spanish dagger, pointed and tall
  And last, the cholla, to out-stick them all!

He imported the Apache direct from hell
  The size of his sweet scented ranks to swell
And a legion of skunks whose loud, loud smell
  Was to perfume the country he loved so well
And then for his life he could not see why
  The rivers should any more water supply
And he swore if they furnished another drop
  You might take his head and horns for a mop!

He sanded the rivers till almost dry
  And poisoned them all with alkali
And promised himself on their slimy brink
  The control of all who from them should drink
He saw there was one more improvement to make
  So imported the scorpion and rattlesnake
That all who came to this country to dwell
  Would be sure to think it almost a hell!

He fixed the heat at one hundred and eleven
  And banished forever the moisture of heaven
And remarked as he heard his furnace roar
  The heat might reach five hundred or more
After fixing these things so thorny and well
  He said "I'll be d----d if this don't beat h--l"
Then he flopped his wings and away he flew
  And vanished forever in a blaze of blue!

And now, no doubt, in some corner of hell
  He gloats o'er the work he has done so well
And vows that Arizona cannot be beat
  For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat
For with his plans fulfilled so well
  He feels assured it surpasses hell!

ARIZONA---1898 A. D.!

Now the land of the Orange, Fig, Pomegranate
  Peach, Apricot, Apple, Nectarine and Pear!
Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables and Sunshine on all
  Days and months of the year!

MISCELLANEOUS

ARIZONA---4000 B. C.!

The Devil was given permission one day
To select a land for his own special away
So he hunted around for a month or more
And tussed and tumed and terribly swore
But at last was delighted a country to view
Where the prickly pear and the cat-claw grew
With a brief survey and without further excuse
He stood on the banks of the Santa Cruz!

He saw there were still improvements to make
For he felt his own reputation at stake
An idea struck him; he swore by his horns
To make a complete vegetation of thorns
He studded the land with the prickly pear
And scattered the cacti everywhere
The Spanish dagger, pointed and tall
And last, the cholla, to out-stick them all!

He imported the Apache direct from hell
The size of his sweet scented ranks to swell
And a legion of skunks whose loud, loud smell
Was to perfume the country he loved so well
And then for his life he could not see why
The rivers should any more water supply
And he swore if they turnished another drop
You might take his head and horns for a mop!

He sanded the rivers till almost dry
And poisoned them all with alkali
And promised himself on their slimy brink
The control of all who from them should drink
He saw there was one more improvement to make
So imported the scorpion and rattlesnake
That all who came to this country to dwell
Would be sure to think it almost a hell!

He fixed the heat at one hundred and eleven
And banished forever the moisture of heaven
And remarked as he heard his furnace roar
The heat might reach five hundred or more
After fixing these things so thorny and well
He said "I'll be d----d if this don't beat h--l"
Then he flopped his wings and away he flew
And vanished forever in a blaze of blue!

And now, no doubt, in some corner of hell
He gloats o'er the work he has done so well
And vows that Arizona cannot be beat
Or thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat
For with his plans fulfilled so well
He feels assured it surpasses hell!

ARIZONA---1898 A. D.!

Now the land of the Cranks, the Cactus, the Cocoanuts
Peach, Apricot, Apple, Nectarine and Pear!
Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables and Sunshine or all
Days and months of the year!

MISCELLANEOUS

-(The description of Arizona on the preceding page is accord-)-
(ing to a version put out by The H. H. McNeil Company of)
(Phoenix in 1898! Two years later, the last two verses had)
(been revised so as to read as follows:-

And then, no doubt, in some corner of hell
He gloated o'er work he had done so well
And vowed that Arizona couldn't be beat
For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat
For with all his plans fulfilled so well
He felt assured that it simply beat hell

ARIZONA---1900 A. D.!

How time now has altered the Devil's great scheme
For the olden conditions have gone like a dream
Rich mines in the mountain, rich farms on the plain
Fine fruits in the orchard, in the field golden grain
Where the Devil's waste acres existed one day
The flowers and shade-trees are holding their sway--
And the healthiest, happiest folks on the sphere
The best of God's sunshine receive all the year!

THE CREATION OF NEW MEXICO

The Devil in Hell they say were chained
And there a thousand years remained
He never complained nor did he groan
But decided to start a little Hell of his own
So he asked the Lord if he had any on hand
Left over when He made this land
The Lord said "Yes, I've plenty handy
But I left it all down on the Rio Grande
In fact, Old Boy, the truck is so poor
I don't think it could be used as a hell any more"!

The Devil examined it closely and well
And concluded the country was too dry for a hell
But the Lord to get it off his hands
Promised the Devil He'd water the lands
As He had some water that were of no use
Regular bog-holes and stunk like the deuce
So the trade were made and the deed were given
And the Lord went back to His Home in Heaven
And the Devil said it was all he needed
To start a new Hell, and then he proceeded!

He scattered tarantulas along the roads
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads
He mixed up the sand with millions of ants
So those who sat down needed half-soles on their pants
He lengthened the horn of the Texas steer
And put an addition on the jack-rabbit's ear
He quickened the step of the bronco steed
And poisoned the feet of the centipede
He put Juajalota in all the lakes
And under the rocks hid rattlesnakes
The wild boar roams through the chapparell (sic)
And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!

INTRODUCTORY

The description of Arizona on the preceding page is according to a version put out by the . . Hotell Company of Phoenix in 1928! Two years later, the last two verses had been revised so as to read as follows:-

And then, no doubt, in some corner of hell
He plodded o'er work he had done so well
And vowed that Arizona couldn't be beat
For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat
For with all his plans fulfilled so well
He felt assured that it simply beat hell

ARIZONA--FROM 1928 TO 1930

For time now has altered the Devil's great domain
For the golden conditions have gone like a dream
High mines in the mountain, rich farms on the plain
Fine fruits in the orchard, in the field golden grain
Where the Devil's waste dares once existed one day
The flowers and shade-trees are holding their sway--
And the healthiest, happiest folks on the sphere
The best of God's sunshine receive all the year!

THE DEBATE OF NEW MEXICO

The Devil in Hell they say were chained
And there a thousand years remained
He never complained nor did he groan
But decided to start a little hell of his own
So he asked the Lord if he had any on hand
Left over when He made this land
The Lord said "Yes, I've plenty handy
But I left it all down on the Rio Grande
In fact, Old Boy, the brush is so poor
I don't think it could be used as a Hell any more"!

The Devil examined it closely and well
And concluded the country was too dry for a hell
But the Lord to get it off his hands
Promised the Devil He'd water the lands
As He had some water that were of no use
Regular bog-holes and stunk like the deuce
So the trade were made and the deed were given
And the Lord went back to His home in Heaven
And the Devil said it was all he needed
To start a new Hell, and then he proceeded!

He scattered tarantulas along the roads
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads
He mixed up the sand with millions of ants
To those who got down needed half-soles on their pants
He lengthened the horn of the lexas steer
And put an addition on the jack-rabbit's ear
He quickened the step of the broncho steed
And poisoned the feet of the centipede
He put malpiloto in all the lakes
And under the rocks hid rattlesnakes
The wild boar roams through the chaparrell (etc)
And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!

MISCELLANEOUS

-("The Creation of New Mexico" as given on the preceding page)-
(appeared in "Pearson's Magazine" for January, 1903 or 1904)
(while I was a resident of Silver City, New Mexico, and af-)
(forded a great deal of amusement to old resident and visitor)
(alike! I would like to know how many people besides myself)
(sent a copy of it to Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana)
(who, at that time, was leading the opposition to the admis-)
(sion of New Mexico, with its 60 to 70% Mexican population,)
(to the Union as a Sovereign State---an opposition which was)
(successful although the Territory became a State later! The)
(Senator evidently politely acknowledged each individual con-)
(tribution of what in the aggregate must have been adeluge!)

ADIOS A LA GUAIRA!

-(While about it I am going to include here another effusion)-
(which has in the past appealed to me as a clever and pat)
("take-off" on the country of which it was written---or per-)
(haps I should say on the general locality and its character-)
(istics! H. H. Callen, private secretary to the British Min-)
(ister to Colombia, and myself picked up "Adios à La Guaira".)
(in Bogota fifteen years ago! It was said to have been writ-)
(ten by United States Consul Bird as he was departing from)
(La Guaira on leave of absence! Yo no se!)

Adios to thee, La Guaira! city of the dark-eyed gente
  Land of mucho calor and dolce far niente
Home of the wailing donkey and the all-abounding flea
  Manana! Gracias! Adios! I say adieu to thee!

Farewell! ye gloomy casas, mejor dicho, prison cells
  Ye dirty, crooked calles, reeking with assorted smells
Ye dirty little coffee-shops and filthy pulperias
  Stinking stables, dingy patios and fetid canerias-

Where beggars ride on horseback like Spanish cavaliers
  And vagabonds perambulate like jolly gamboliers
Where the lavanderas wash your ropa when they feel inclined
  And hotel waiters strut about with their shirt-tails out behind!

Good-bye! ye Latin Greasers! Su atento servidor!
  Que le vaya bien pues, Adios! My boat is on the shore
Oh, dirty people! dirty houses! despicable spot-
  Departing I salute you in your filthiness and rot!

Steaming and streaming with boiling perspiration-
  Seething and breathing with hurried respiration-
La Guaira! Adios forever! Tierra tan caliente!
  Infernal clime of vicious rum and fiery aguardiente!

-(These last three pages call to mind a description of Texas)-
(along similar lines (which I have not at hand) and also the)
(incident told of General "Phil" Sheridan who, ordered to Tex)
(as on strenuous duty many years ago and interviewed by an)
(over-zealous newspaper man just as he had returned from a)
(long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum-)

SUPPLEMENTARY

("The Creation of New Mexico" as given on the preceding page appeared in "Pearson's Magazine" for January, 1904 or 1904 while I was a resident of Silver City, New Mexico, and afforded a great deal of amusement to old resident and visitor alike! I would like to know how many people besides myself sent a copy of it to Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana who, at that time, was leading the opposition to the admission of New Mexico, with its 60 to 70% Mexican population, to the Union as a Sovereign State---an opposition which was successful although the Territory became a State later! The Senator evidently politely acknowledged each individual contribution of what in the aggregate must have been adulge!

ADIOS A LA CHARRA

("While about it I am going to include here another situation which has in the past appealed to me as a clever and pat "take-off" on the country of which it was written---or perhaps I should say on the general locality and its characteristic! W. H. Dallam, private secretary to the British Minister to Colombia, and myself picked up "Adios a la Charra" in Bogota fifteen years ago! It was said to have been written by "Mated Stabes Consul Bird as he was departing from la Charra on leave of absence! Yo no sé!

Adios to thee, la Charra! city of the dark-eyed senta
Land of mucho calor and dolce far niente
Home of the wallow donkey and the all-absorbing flea
Thanks! Gracias! Adios! I say adios to thee!

Farewell! ye gloomy casas, major domo, prison calls
Ye dirty, crooked calles, reeking with saccharine smells
Ye dirty little coffee-shops and filthy pulperias
Thinking stables, dingy patios and fetid cantarias-

There beggars ride on horseback like Spanish cavaliers
And vagabonds perambulate like jolly gamblers
There the lavanderas wash your rags when they feel inclined
And hotel waiters strut about with their shirt-tails out behind

Good-bye! ye latin Croesers! in atomic servidors!
Now le vaya bien pues, Adios! My boat is on the shore
Oh, dirty people! dirty houses! despicable poor-
Departing I salute you in your filthiness and rot!

Touring and streaming with boiling perspiration-
Sweating and breathing with hurried respiration-
La Charra! Adios forever! Tierra tan caliente!
Infernal clime of vicious rum and fiery aguardiente!

("These last three pages call to mind a description of "Texas along similar lines (which I have not at hand) and also the incident told of General "Phil" Sheridan who, ordered to Texas on strenuous duty many years ago and interviewed by an over-zealous newspaper man just as he had returned from a long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum-

MISCELLANEOUS

-(mer day, is reported to have replied to the inquiry:- "How)-
(do you like Texas?" with the savage assertion that:- "If I)
(owned both hell and Texas, I would live in hell and rent)
(Texas!")
( )
(Note that the last lines of pages 380 and 381, which did)
(not come out on some of the carbon copies, are as follows:-)
("And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!")
(and)
("long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum"))

The following is a copy of part of a letter written to Mother by Aunt Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews-Gray from Mannie Eames's home in Allston, Mass., on November 9, 1909,---(the month before Aunt Ruth Grant died under an operation in Lowell, Mass.)---and which did not come to light until after I had written the section on The Crockett Family! Note particularly what she says about Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett and his children! All authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, it becomes more and more evident to me that Great-Grandfather Crockett did at one time live at Cape Rosier and that several of his children were born there---and that Grandfather Crockett intended me to take him literally when he told me that he "was born down at Cape Rose-you-a"! Paris is 46 miles N. N. W. of Portland---or thirty-odd from Windham! Aunt Mary's letter follows

"Poor Ruth! She is having a hard time and I fear she has not seen the worst of it. I am afraid she will have to have an operation and you know that is very uncertain at her time of life. I had a letter from her today and she said she could not eat anything but liquid and but little of that and had lost 20 lbs. in the last four weeks. I want to go and see her so much before I go home but I can't. I am not able. If I get home I shall do pretty well.

Now about grandfather! I am pretty sure that he was born in Paris, Maine; went to Cape Rosier when a young man and married Annie Trundy, and several of their children were born there. I think Mother said five. Aunt Ann was the oldest, then Sam, Daniel, Jonathan, Olive, Simon, Mary, David, Martha, and Jeremiah"!

Mother tells me that the Townhouse of Prospect -(and possibly(?) of Frankfort)- formerly stood on the road leading to Dogtown, Pout-town, or The Dirty Settlement, as it was variously designated, something like a quarter of a mile from the point where it leaves the road which ran past her father's house up over the Heagan Hill and down to the Turner Schoolhouse----but that it was moved to a location near "Billy" Smith's before she can remember!

MISCELLANEOUS

(-(mor day, is reported to have replied to the inquiry:- " ow
(do you like Texas?" with the savage assertion that:- "If I
(owned both hell and Texas, I would live in hell and rent
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(the month before Aunt Ruth Grant died under an operation in
Lowell, Mass.)---and which did not come to light until after I
had written the section on "The Brockett Family". Note particu-
larly what she says about Great-Grandfather Daniel Brockett and
his children! All authorities to the contrary notwithstanding
it becomes more and more evident to me that Great-Grandfather
Brockett did at one time live at Cape Ann and that several
of his children were born there---and that Grandfather Brockett
intended me to take him literally when he told me that he "was
born down at Cape Ann-you-a"! Paris is 40 miles N. N. W. of
Portland---or thirty-odd from Windham! Aunt Mary's letter follo
"Poor Ruth! She is having a hard time and I fear she has
not seen the worst of it. I am afraid she will have to have
an operation and you know that is very uncertain at her time of
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eat anything but liquid and but little of that and had lost 20
lbs. in the last four weeks. I want to go and see her so much
before I go home but I can't. I am not able. If I get home I
shall do pretty well.

"Now about grandfather! I am pretty sure that he was born
in Paris, Maine; went to Cape Ann when a young man and mar-
ried Annie Trundy, and several of their children were born there
I think Father said five. Aunt Ann was the oldest, then Nan,
Daniel, Jonathan, Olive, Simon, Mary, David, Martha, and Jere-
miah"!

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sibly(?) of Frankfort)- formerly stood on the road leading to
Dogtown, Port-town, or The Dirty Settlement, as it was various-
ly designated, something like a quarter of a mile from the point
where it leaves the road which run past Father's house up
over the Beagan Hill and down to the Turner Schoolhouse---but
that it was moved to a location near "Billy" Smith's before she
was married!

New York, Sept. 7th, 1896.

Frank E. Kneeland, Esq.,
246 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

My dear sir:-

I called on you some years ago, while looking up the Kneeland family in Boston and you then gave me much of the data now sent me by you, but I was never able to place your branch of the family until you spoke in your letter of your great grandfather having a sister Sarah and possibly brothers, Richard & John. The moment I saw that, it occurred to me that John Kneeland the Boston Printer had such a family. I turned to the records of his family and found his children to be (1) John b: June 10, 1758, (2) Mary b. Dec. 8th, 1760, (3) Samuel b. Aug. 11th, 1762 (4) Richard b. Jan. 10, 1765, (5) Henry b. Apr. 16th, 1768, (6) Sarah b. March 7th, 1773, (7) Edward b. Feb. 2nd, 1775. This comes within one day of your record and is doubtless the name of your great grandfather. He became an orphan the next year (1776.) His father had been wealthy. He was Chairman of the Board of Assessors of Boston in 1771-2-3- and a member of the board for many years previous, but they (the firm was D. & J. Kneeland) were crippled financially by the publication of the first bible published in this country which had been begun by their father Samuel Kneeland, the celebrated Government Printer of Boston. At his death, (John) did not have sufficient property for administration. That is probably why the minor children were practically farmed out. If I was to select out of the entire clan an ancestor to spring from, I would select this John Kneeland or one of his brothers. They were the children of Samuel Kneeland and Mary Alden, and she was the great grand-daughter of "John Alden and Priscilla". This means that you are descendants of the "Mayflower" through its fairest flowers. So far as I have present knowledge you are the only Bostonian Kneeland that belongs to the original Boston family of Kneelands. Kneeland street was named for John Kneeland the builder, a brother of Samuel and great Uncle of your great grandfather, Edward, the last of the direct line of John Kneelands (there were seven of them in succession) resided in Andover where Sarah (Edward's sister) lived. The beginning of the John Kneelands you will see in the sample leaves sent herewith.

This information makes it important to run your branch of the family down carefully, as some of the descendants in the fourth or fifth generation from Edward Kneeland will want to prove their ancestry back to the "Mayflower" as it entitles them to membership in practically all the ancestral societies. For this reason, I have given in the book, Samuel Kneeland's history in full and put in the official proofs connecting his wife with the original Aldens. The Clerk's records or the church records of the old town of Prospect, Me., ought to give the date of the birth and marriages of all of Edward's children. You can get some one to look that up. I wish you would take charge of getting the data of all the descendants of Edward Kneeland.

Very resp. yours,
(Signed) S. F. Kneeland.

-(This copy of a letter of more than twenty years ago is included here merely for the condensed information which it contains! F. E. K.)-

New York, Sept. 7th, 1896.

Frank E. Kneeland, Esq.,
248 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

My dear sir:-

I called on you some years ago, while looking up the Kneeland family in Boston and you then gave me much of the data now sent me by you, but I was never able to place your branch of the family until you spoke in your letter of your great grandfather having a sister Sarah and possibly brothers, Edward & John. The moment I saw that, it occurred to me that John Kneeland the Boston Printer had such a family. I turned to the records of his family and found his children to be (1) John b. June 13, 1758, (2) Mary b. Dec. 8th, 1760, (3) Samuel b. Dec. 11th, 1762, (4) Edward b. Jan. 10, 1765, (5) Mary b. Apr. 14th, 1768, (6) Sarah b. March 7th, 1772, (7) Edward b. Sept. 1772.

This comes within one day of your record and is doubtless the name of your great grandfather. He became an orphan the next year (1773.) His father had been wealthy. He was chairman of the board of Assessors of Boston in 1771-2-3- and a member of the board for many years previous, but they (the firm was D. & J. Kneeland) were crippled financially by the publication of the first bible published in this country which had been begun by their father Samuel Kneeland, the celebrated Government Printer of Boston. At his death, (John) did not have sufficient property for administration. That is probably why the minor children were practically turned out. If I was to select out of the entire clan an ancestor to spring from, I would select this John Kneeland or one of his brothers. They were the children of Samuel Kneeland and Jane Alden, and she was the great great-daughter of "John Alden and Priscilla". This means that you are descendants of the "Mayflower" through its famous passengers. So far as I have present knowledge you are the only descendant Kneeland that belongs to the original Boston family of Kneelands. Kneeland street was named for John Kneeland the printer, a brother of Samuel and great Uncle of your great grandfather, Edward, the last of the direct line of John Kneelands (there were seven of them in succession) resided in Andover where Sarah (Edward's sister) lived. The beginning of the John Kneelands you will see in the enclosed leaves sent herewith.

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Very truly yours,
(Signed) E. M. Kneeland.

(This copy of a letter of more than twenty years ago is inclosed here merely for the genealogical information which it contains! M. M. V.)

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WIND-UP!

Just because I cannot seem to stop talking---and incidentally because I wish to record them for reference---as a final "send-off" I am going to add the following items!

According to Father's Diary------

There was Ice-Boating on the Bay on April 6, 1874!

Ames Staples and Annie Marden visited Father and Mother on May 24, 1874! Therefore they were married subsequent to that date!

Father used his mowing-machine for the first time July 14, 1874!

Harry Randell died at Seattle, Washington, August 13, 1900!

Martha J. Bowen came to live with Father and Mother June 7,1874!

According to Father and Mother---

John Brown Smart and his sister (the latter being William Kendall's mother and therefore Fred's grandmother-)lived in houses which formerly stood between the Gray farm and the Jacob Eames place! Some of Smart's children were Almony, Mary, Abigail, and Amy! They were no connection of William D. Smart!

Ira Porter's father and mother and also his first wife died here where we now live! Both Wilmoth and Ira Porter had excellent voices and were long members of the choir of the Congregational Church at the village!

According to Mother---

Ella Peaslee was the daughter of Miles Peaslee!

Luella Whitehouse was the daughter of Joel Whitehouse!

In January, 1917, Bert, Hal and I found among Mother's papers an Account Book which had belonged to our Grandfather Henry Hichborn Kneeland---I am quite sure that I had never before seen his handwriting! Further remarks are indefinitely postponed!!!

April 9, 1917

ALGONQUIANISMS

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According to Father's Diary-----

There was Ice-Boating on the bay on April 6, 1874!
Anne Staples and Annie Marden visited Father and Mother on May 24, 1874! Therefore they were married subsequent to that date. Father used the mowing-machine for the first time July 24, 1874!
Henry Sandell died at Seattle, Washington, August 18, 1900!
Martha J. Bowen came to live with Father and Mother June 7,1874!

According to Father and Mother---

John Brown Smart and his sister (the latter being William Kendall's mother and therefore Fred's grandmother-)lived in house which formerly stood between the Gray farm and the Jacob Dawes place! Some of Smart's children were Albert, Mary, Abigail, and Amy! They were no connection of William L. Smart!
Ira Porter's father and mother and also his first wife died here where we now live! Both Wilmot and Ira Porter had excellent voices and were long members of the choir of the Congregational Church at the village!

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Nile Peaslee was the daughter of Miles Peaslee!
Luella Whitelaw was the daughter of Joel Whitehouse!

In January, 1917, Bert, Hal and I found among Father's papers an Account Book which had belonged to our Grandfather Kendall Bishop Kneeland---I am quite sure that I had never before seen this handwriting! Further remarks are indefinitely postponed!!

April 2, 1917

GENERAL INDEX

A Page

Amesbury----------142
Ames, Mrs. Grace----148-309-313
Abaco, The----------201
Adios A La Guaira----------381
Adventists, The Second Day--211
Alden, Mary----------192
Allan (or Allen?), Robert---213
Arizona----------379-80
Austins, The----------299-305

B

Bachelder, Freeman----------167
" , Nelson Edward----167
" , Ruth (Staples) 167
" , Samuel----------261
Bangor Daily News----------271
Bannockburn, Battle of------192
Barque "Evelyn", The--------199
" "L. W. Rich", The199-201
Bennett, H. Madison----------189
Berry Hiram----------198
Birthday Parties--------158,289
Big Wind, The Night of------210
Blacks, The----------191
Black, Herbert-191,205,209, 212
288.
Black Road, The----------191
Blanket Lane----------261
Blind Harry, The Minstrel---192
Bowden, Frank----------253
Bowen, Carrie (Gray)--------173
" , Elroy----------223
" , Gertrude E.----------173
" , George A.,173, 223,229,
" , 290,292,365, 371
" , Joseph----------223,229
" , Martha J.138,211,217 229
" , Mildred E., ---------174
Bowens in First Census (No)-351
Boston, My First Trip to----228
Boston Tea Party, The, 160,
207, 345
Bowerbank, 148,304,314,-----324
Boyne, Battle of the--------234
Brashear City, La.,---------301
Brethericks, The--------170,268
Brig "Charles Wesley", The--204

C

Cape Cod----------295
Carlton, Caddie E.,---------374
Carlo----------229
Carr of the First Census351,358
Carter, Lemuel----------197
Center Girls, The Four------188
Center Schoolhouse, The Old-188
Chessman, Otis----------230
Cholera, Asiatic----------156

C Page

Clifford, Lincoln----------273
Closson, Mrs. Isaac C.,----157
Coat of Arms----------322
Cobb, Thomas----------195
Colcord, Albion--------205,211
" , Allan----------166
" , "Aunt Kathie"-----205
" , John----------211
" , Gov. Roswell R.,--370
" , Sally (Ames)------160
" , Captain William---
-162,267
Collins, Patience----------237
Coombs of the First Census-351
Copperheads, The----------273
Cousins, Mrs. Susie E.-----189
Crosby, William----------300
Cunningham, Orren----------245
Cunninghams of Searsport,--363
Crockett Family, The---140-232
Crockett, Addie B.----------183
" , Capt. Allard--
" 262,263,306
" , Ammon----------306
" , Amanda H.-----187-201
" , Amanda (Ford)----188
" , Mrs. A. M.--------146
" , Ann----------150
" , Anna (Trundy)143,268
" , Adelbert-157,183,267
" , Almina (Ausplund)-
" , -298,316
" , Beverly----------317
" , Caroline----------170
" , Capt. Charles----374
" , Charles Robinson-146
" , Clara P.----------185
" , Daniel of Windham-
" , -142,343
" , Daniel, Senior,143,
" , 148,149,244,250,
" , 268,295,307,309,
" , 343,382
" , Daniel, Junior, 146
" , 150,154,228, 244,
" , 267,288,316,382.
" , Daniel, 3rd,-176,267
" , David----151,262,289
" , Colonel David----328
" , Elijah----------306
" , Eliza Ann--------306
" , Ellis R.-153,313,318
" , Elmer E.----------145
" , Elsa (Fowler)----189
" , Emma----------299
" , Ephraim----------189
" , Esther (Twiss)---181
" , Frank Fenno------183

GENERAL INDEX

Page

A

Ansbury----------142
Ames, Mrs. Grace---142-309-313
Ancor, The----------201
Adios A la Guaira----------381
Adventists, The Second Day--311
Alden, Mary----------192
Allen (or Allen?), Robert---213
Aliens----------379-80
Martins, The----------299-303

B

Bachelder, Freeman----------167
" , Elson Edward----167
" , Ruth (Staples) 167
" , Samuel----------261
Banner Daily News----------271
Bunnockburn, Battle of------192
Barque "Evelyn", The--------192
" "L. T. Wion", The129-201
Bennett, W. Ludlow----------189
Berry Hiram----------192
Birthday Parties----------188,289
Big Wind, The Night of------210
Bisbee, The----------191
Black, Herbert-191,205,209, 212
286.
Black Road, The----------191
Blanket Lane----------261
Blind Harry, The Minstrel---192
Bowden, Frank----------283
Bowen, Carrie (Gray)--------173
" , Elroy----------213
" , Gertrude M.----------173
" , George A.,173, 285,289.
" 290,292,305, 371
" , Joseph----------222,285
" , Martha J.130,211,217 229
" , Mildred M. ----------174
Bowens in First Donnue (Co)-381
Boston, "A First Trip to----228
Boston Tea Party, The, 180,
207, 345
Bowerbank, 145,304,314,-----324
Burns, Battle of the--------324
Brewster City, Ia.----------301
Brotherhoods, The----------179,288
Brig "Charles Wesley", The--324

C

Cape Cod----------298
Carlton, Caddie A.,----------374
Carlo----------329
Carr of the First Tenement,288
Carter, Lemuel----------167
Center Girls, The Four------188
Center Schoolhouse, The Old-188
Chesman, Otis----------230
Chelsea, Asiatic----------188

C

Clifford, Lincoln----------27
Clisson, Mrs. Jesse C.,----18
Coat of Arms----------32
Cobb, Thomas----------19
Colcord, Albion--------278,21
" , Allen----------16
" , "Aunt Nothie"-----23
" , John----------21
" , Cov. Roswell R.,--37
" , Sally (Ames)------16
" , Zebulon Allison---
-162,26
Collins, Patience----------23
Combs of the First Senate-23
Copperheads, The----------27
Cousins, Mrs. Susie B.------19
Crosby, William----------30
Cunningham, Green----------24
Cunningham of Bangport,--38
Crockett Family, The---140-23
Crockett, Addie B.----------18
" , Capt. Allard--

" 262,263,30
" , Amron----------30
" , Amanda M.----187-20
" , Amanda (Ford)----18
" , Mrs. A. M.--------14
" , Ann----------18
" , Anna (Trundy)143,26
" , Abelbert-187,182,26
" , Alminia (Angelund)-
" 288,31
" , Bowerly----------31
" , Carolina----------17
" , Capt. Charles-----27
" , Charles "Johnson-14
" , Clara T.----------18
" , Daniel of Windham-
-142,34
" , Daniel, Senior,143,
" 148,149,244,280,
" 286,295,307,309,
" 343,355
" , Junior, 14
" 180,182,328, 341,
" 287,288,316,382,
" , Daniel, 3rd,-176,26
" , David----181,262,28
" , Colonel David----32
" , Elijah----------30
" , Elize Ann----------32
" , Ella M.-182,312,31
" , Elmer "----------14
" , Ella (Towler)----18
" , Emma----------29
" , Ephraim----------18
" , Esther (Wales)---18
" , Frank Monroe------18

GENERAL INDEX

C Page

Crockett Family, The----140-232
Crockett Families in Maine--328
Crockett, George of Windham-142
" , George W. of Prospect,149,153,, 288, 313,318
" , George Langtry,M.D., 283,298,316,323
" , Hannah Jane-------306
" , Heman N.--153,313,317
" , Henry Trevett-294,306
" , Hiram H.----------215
" , Horace----------299
" , James H.------181,267
" , Jane (Heagan)-- --159,244,267
" , Jennie H.---------183
" , Jeremiah------152,297
" , Jonathan- -150,288,289,295,305
" , Jonathan, Jr.-----305
" , Joshua- -145,290,299,316
" , Josiah of Deer Is.145
" , Kingsbury B.------305
" , Leander-------182,267
" , Lucy Ann----------160
" , Luella--------153,297
" , Luther298,299,306,316
" , Maria----------306
" , Martha----------152
" , Mary----------151,288
" , Mary----------170
" , Mary----------306
" , Mehitabel(Bachelder) --150,261
" , Melvina (Whitten)-183
" , Olive-146,147,150,302
" , Orren C.----------160
" , Orren----------306
" , Paul----------188
" , Phebe----------189
" , Captain Robinson--145
" , Ruth R.----------177
" , Samuel- -150,261,262,276,287
" , Samuel, 2nd-------305
" , Sarah Ann-----299,305
" , Sarah J.----------173
" , Sarah(Parsons)309,318
" , Simeon----------189
" , Simon---------151,297
" , Thomas of "Old Kitterie"-325,329
Crocketts of Deer Isle, The-333
" of Gorham, The----331
Crockett, the Chairmaker,- --Daniel,-339

C Page

Crocketts in Rockland and
" --Thomaston------335
" of Sanbornton,N.H337
" of First Census--343

D

Dark Day of 1881, The------228
Deer Isle----------145,300
Devereaux, Captain Ralph---235
Dinah----------216
Dockham, George L.-- --147,249,257,309
" , Daniel--------250,256
Dodge, Rathburn----------144
Don----------229
Dover----------304
Dreams of Home----------374-5

E

Eaton, Virgil------269,270,272
Ellis, "Josh"----------260
Eustis, W. Tracy----------242

F

Farr, Henry Earle----------187
" , Henry H.----------187
" , Jennie (Griffin)-----187
" " , Ruth A.----------187
Farwell, Henry---------240,241
Father's Songs----------1-133
First Census, Extracts from341
Ford, Mrs. Henry----------190
Four Center Girls, The-----188
Foxcroft----------304
Francis, Minot St. Clair---320
Frankfort Town----------342
Freeman, Augusta--------245,314
" , Peletiah----------244
French, Ann (Crockett)-- " , --150,277,278,284,297
" , Captain Jeremiah-- --150,277,285,298

G

Gaidmore, Dominick---------255
Gamble, ----------256
George, Delia----------222
" , Emma----------374
" , Stephen D.---------374
Ginn, Harrison----------273
Gorie Brothers, The--------228
Granite Grange----------135-6
Grant, "Old" Andrew----274,275
" , Andrew------177,274,352
" , Elisha------247,264,265
" , Mary J.----------179
" , Ruth (Crockett)-- --177,228,382

GENERAL INDEX

Page

C

Crockett Family, The----140-232
Crockett families in Maine--328
Crockett, George of Wind Ridge-142
" , " George , of Pres-
ccot,140,152,, 255,
" , " 313,315
" , " George Langford, M.,
" , " 223,228,316,325
" , " Hannah Jane-------306
" , " Karen K.--152,313,317
" , " Mary Prescott-294,306
" , " Miriam ,----------315
" , " Grace----------299
" , " James F.-------181,257
" , " Jane (Keagan)--
" , " --159,244,257
" , " Jennie W.---------183
" , " Jeremiah------150,297
" , " Jonathan--
" , " -150,298,299,305
" , " Jonathan, Jr.------305
" , " Joshua--
" , " -145,290,299,316
" , " Joseph of Deer Isle,145
" , " Kingsbury S.-------305
" , " Leander--------152,257
" , " Lucy Ann----------160
" , " Lucille--------153,297
" , " Luther298,299,306,316
" , " Maria----------306
" , " Martha----------152
" , " Mary----------181,288
" , " Mary----------170
" , " Mary----------306
" , " Mehitabel(Bachelder)
" , " --150,261
" , " Olivia (Whitten)-152
" , " Olive-146,147,150,305
" , " Orren S.----------160
" , " Orren----------306
" , " Paul----------188
" , " Phebe----------159
" , " Captain Robinson--145
" , " Ruth E.----------177
" , " Samuel--
" , " -150,261,302,276,257
" , " Samuel, 2nd-------305
" , " Sarah Ann-----299,305
" , " Sarah T.----------173
" , " Sarah(Parsons)302,318
" , " Simeon----------159
" , " Simon----------151,297
" , " Thomas of "Old
" , " Hitchcock"-303,329
Crockett of Deer Isle, The-332
" of Norham, The----331
Crockett, the Shatterer,--
--Daniel,-329

D

Dark Day of 1821, The------228
Deer Isle----------146,306
Devereaux, Captain Ralph---328
Dinah----------213
Dodkin, George I.--
" --147,249,287,306
" , Daniel--------290,328
Dodge, Hathburn----------148
Don----------328
Dover----------306
Dreams of Home----------274-

E

Eaton, Virginia------269,272,275
Ellis, "Joan"----------298
Estella, " Nancy----------283

F

Farr, Henry Earle----------167
" , Henry H.----------178
" , Jennie (Griffith)----178
" " , Ruth A.----------178
Farwell, Henry----------240,254
Father's Songs----------1-152
First Dreams, extracts from
Ford, Jr., Henry----------190
Four Quarter Girls, The-----188
Fragment----------306
Francis, Pinot St. Clair---230
Frankfort Town----------243
Freeman, Augusta----------245,316
" , Helen----------246
French, Ann (Crockett)--
" , --150,277,278,284,297
" , Captain Jeremiah--
" , --150,277,285,297

G

Gaidmore, Dominick----------258
Gamble, ---------- ----------258
George, Della----------228
" , Emma----------272
" , Stephen J.----------272
Gilman, Harrison----------272
Great Brothers, The----------228
Great Triangle----------135-0
Grant, "Old" Andrew---274,272,
" , Andrew------177,274,258
" , Hilda------247,264,258
" , Mary J.----------172
" , Ruth (Crockett)--
--177,228,258

GENERAL INDEX

G — Page

Grant, Ruth A.----------178
Grants of the First Census--351
Gray, Caroline----------173
" , Daniel C.----------173
" , Fred W.----------173,175
" , Fred A.----------173
" , Glen Th Latto---------173
" , Jane (McLean)---------173
" , Jessie M.----------173
" , Mary (Crockett)---172,382
" , Rachael----------173
" , Robert McLean---------173
" , Sarah J.(Crockett)173,203
" , Sarah----------174
" , William Austin--
" , -157,172,173,175,203
" , William----------174
Griffin, Clara(Crockett)----185
" , Captain Dennis-----204
" , Jennie H.----------187
" , Joseph York--------185
Griffin's Sleighride, Jos.'-139

H

Hare, Dennis----------214,227
Half-Way Creek------355,372,373
Hamlin, General Cyrus---270,3,5
" , Hon. Hannibal-------270
Harborside, Me.----------146
Harmon, Luella----------153,297
" , Pearl----------297
Harriman, "Joe"---------223,225
Harris, Lyman----------217
Heagan Family, The------233-247
Heagan, Ann----------238
" , Catherine----------244
" , David----------236,238
" , Ellen E.---------244,235,244
" , Emily----------243
" , Emily (Ginn)---------242
" Family, The-----233-247
" , Hannah----------238
" , Hannah K.----------243
" , James---147,236,238,244
" , 246,250,256
" , Jane----------159,244
" , John---------236,238,242
" , Kate----------238
" , Lucinda----------245
" , Lucy Ann (Staples)244,7
" , Mary Ann----------243
" , Mary (Polly)---------244
" Mountain, The-------252
" , "Peggy"---------236,238
" , "Polly"---------236,238
" , "Polly" (Holland)---238
" , "Uncle Tom"-235,242,243
" , "General Sam"---234,236

H — Page

Heagan, Richard--------236,238
" , Ruby----------243
" , Samuel---------236,238
" , Samuel S.----------234
" , "Sally"--------237,238
" , Sarah----------245
" , Thomas---------235,238
" , Wellman----------243
Heagans of the First Census348
Henry the Minstrel---------192
Hichborn, Captain Harry F.-183
" , Capt. Henry Albt.199
" , Hon. Robert--
" , --160,193,207,344
" , Robert, Junior---345
" , William----------344
Holmes, Philip S.----------184
Hopkins of Troy, Me., Mr.--
" --153,297
Hosmer's History of Deer
" Isle-----189,299,325
Houston's Falls----------288
Houstons, The----------288
Hunt, Mrs. Everett---------212

I

Infantile Paralysis--------207

J

Jamieson, Katie----------213
Job's Serenade----------361
"John Paging It"----------229
Jones, Amos----------241
Junkins, Bertha L.----------205
Junkins of the First Census348

K

Kane's Pond----------363
Kazick, Charles----147,251,256
Kendall, Fred--218,224,226,230
" , Mary--203,204,205,223
Kendalls of First Census---349
Killman, William S.---------250
Kneeland, Amanda (Crockett)-
" , --187,244
" , Annie P.----------208
" , Bertha(Junkins)--205
" , Edward, Senior,--
" , -161,193,207,344,383
" , Edward, Junior,--191
" , Frances Hichborn-
" , --207,346
" , Frank E.----------204
" , Frank Elmer--
" , --204,205,229,288
" , Harriet Hichborn
" , (Rendell)193,207,214
" , Helen Crockett---206

GENERAL INDEX

Page

G

Grant, Ruth A.----------178
Grants of the First Census--381
Gray, Caroline----------172
" , Daniel C.----------172
" , Fred T.----------172,178
" , Fred A.----------172
" , Glen Ta Datto---------172
" , Jane (Holden)---------172
" , Josie L.----------172
" , Mary (Crockett)---172,182
" , Rachel----------172
" , Robert Holden---------172
" , Sarah T. (Crockett)172,203
" , Sarah----------174
" , William Austin--
" , William----------174
Griffin, Clara (Crockett)---185
" , Captain Dennis----204
" , Jennie E.----------187
" , Joseph York---------185
Griffin's Daighride, Ga.,-185

H

Hare, Dennis----------214,227
Half-Way Creek------385,372,373
Hamlin, General Cyrus---270,3,5
" , Son, Hannibal-----270
Harbordsville, Ia.----------146
Harmon, Julia-------185,287
" , Ferrl----------297
Harriman, "Joe"----------292,288
Harris, Lyman----------217
Hagan Family, The-------288-247
Hagan, Ann----------238
" , Catherine----------244
" , David----------238,238
" , Allen A.----------238,238
" , Emily----------243
" , Emily (Finn)---------242
" , Family, The-----288-247
" , Hannah----------238
" , Hannah K.----------243
" , Jerome---147,236,238,244
146,280,286
" , Jerre----------185,244
" , John----------236,308,242
" , Kate----------238
" , Lucinda----------242
" , Lucy Ann (Stogles)144,7
" , Mary Ann----------242
" , Mary (Polly)---------244
" , Samantha, The--------238
" , "Sego"----------236,238
" , "Polly"----------238
" , "Polly" (Pilland)---238
" , "Nole Joe"-238, 244,
" , "General Sam"---234,238

H

Hagman, Richard----------238,23
" , Ruby----------24
" , Samuel----------238,23
" , Samuel S.----------23
" , "Sally"---------237,23
" , Sarah----------24
" , Thomas----------238,23
" , William----------24
Hagman of the First Census24
Henry the Tinsted----------19
Hobbard, Captain Henry R.-18
" , Capt. Henry Alex.19
" , Jon. Robert--
" , ---185,183,207,24
" , Robert, Junior---24
" , William----------23
Holmes, Philip S.----------18
Virginia of Troy, Ia., In.--
--183,89
Homer's History of Deer
" , Isla----185,299,32
Houston's Ralin----------28
Houston, The----------28
Hunt, Ira, Harvard----------21

I

Intangible Paralysis---------20

J

Jackson, Nettie----------21
Jeff's Serenade----------32
"John Paging It"----------23
Jones, Amos----------24
Junkins, Martha I.---------20
Junkins of the First Census24

K

Kane's Pond----------32,244
Kendal, Charles----147,281,23
Kendall, Fred--219,244,288,23
" , Harry--208,206,288,23
Kendall of First Census---24
Kellogg, William S.---------32
Kneeland, Agnes (Crockett)-
" , ---187
" , Annie P.----------20
" , Martha (Junkins)--20
" , Richard, Senior,--
" , ---111,102,207,244,32
" , Edward, Junior,--19
" , Frances Hubbard-
" , ---207,24
" , Frank T.----------20
" , Frank Elmer--
" , ---204,263,245,28
" , Harriet Hubbard
" , (Randall)182,207,21
" , Helen Crockett---20

GENERAL INDEX

K Page

Kneeland, Henry Hichborn--
" , --191,193,207,266
" , Henry Wilton--
" , --205,208,228,230
" , Herbert Albion--
" , --204,208,230
" , James----------192
" , James Henry---190-232
" , Jane (Curtis)-----208
" , Captain John------192
" , Josiah----------217
" , Katherine May--
" , --204, 208,230
" , Lindley----------209
" , Mary (Staples)----193
" , Milton196,214,215,275
" , Nellie--------218,224
" , Orrie Ellen---218,224
" , Phyllis Amanda----208
" , Sarah (Hamilton)--217
" , Eugene Milton-----230
Kneelands of First Census---346
Kneeland, Viola Beatrice----208
Kneland, James(of Scotland)192
Kneeland, General S.F.------383

L

Labrador, The Voyage to-----143
Larrabee, Augustus----------226
" , Job-144,224,356,9,361
" , Stephen----------222
Leach, 'Squire Andrew-------373
Linen, Brine----------235
", Sally----------235
Littlefield, Minnie E.(Warren)-
" , --147,278,302
" , Captain Simon--201
Longone, Paolo----------246

M

McCarty, Collins----------235
McCaslin, Henry----------234
McClure's Pond----------368
McLellan, William H.--------219
Mackenzie, Lydia--146,244,246,7
Maddocks, Elden B.----------184
Maine Genealogical Society--142
Maple Grove Campground------229
Marden, Annie----------166
Marr, Harold E.----------174
" , " , Junior-----174
Matthews, Amanda K.---------171
" , Amos--171,227,228,269
" , Donald----------172
" , Frank H.------171,269
" , George Amos-------171
" , George Ashley-----172
" , Leon Elmer--------172

M Page

Matthews, Mary (Crockett)--
" , Bretherick--171,269
" , Nellie Kelley172,269
" , Ruth Grant---171,269
Max----------229
Mayflower, The---------192,383
Morton, Selden----------226
Miscellaneous----------374
Mother's Poems---------134-139
Mosquito Mountain----------252
Mount Waldo----------252
Muscongus Patent, The------154

N

New Mexico, The Creation of380
New York Settlement, The--
" " --296,301,306
Ney, Marshal----------300
Nichols, Jane (Kneeland)---224
" , Nettie----------224
" , Captain Peleg-----226
Nichols's of First Census--352
Nickerson, Alfred Emery----227
" , David----------138
Nickersons of First Census-352
Norris, Mrs. John----------188
" , Sanford----------188
Northport Campground-------229
Noyes, Dr. B. Lake---------145
Nutter, Charles----------245
" , Western B. ----245,270

O

Odom, Captain----------317
"Old Charlie"----------209,223
"Old Nell"----------229,252
"One Hoss Shay", The-------265
Opeechee Stream----355,372,373
Original Proprietors, The--
" "--154,191,204,372
Our Peddler----------138

P

Paddy Hollow----------253,300
Parker, Myron----------373
Partridge, Elva--------197,198
" , Mrs. Freeman----138
" , Captain Henry---177
" , Hervey----------163
" , Percy----------158
Peaslee, Ella----------188
Pennie, Alec----------216
" , "Wallie"----------216
" , John---214,215,217,222
Penney, Ann (Crockett)Fre'h150
" , Herbert C.-278,284,302
Pendletons of First Census-351
Perkins, Mary Kendall------204

CONTINUAL INDEX

K

Kneeland, Henry Hitchcock--
" , --181,182,209,266
" , Henry Milton--
" , --206,208,228,230
" , Herbert Albion--
" , --207,208,230
" , James--------192
" , James Henry---180-232
" , Jane (Curtis)-----208
" , Martin John------192
" , Postal----------217
" , Katherine Lay--
" , --204, 208,230
" , Lindley----------209
" , Mary (Tupper)----192
" , Milton:,214,216,275
" , Nellie---------216,224
" , Orrie Allen---216,224
" , Phyllis Amanda----208
" , Sarah (Wadleigh)--217
" , Eugene Milton----230
Kneeland of First Genera---246
Kneeland, Viola Josephine---208
Kneeland, James (of Tooklin)192
Kneeland, General "."-------283

L

Labrador, The Voyage to------182
Larrabee, Augusta----------208
" , Job-144,214,256,9,261
" , Stephen----------222
Lason, Squire Andrew--------273
Linen, Brine----------258
" , Sally----------258
Littlefield, Minnie L.(Warren)-
" , --147,279,302
" , Captain Elton--201
Longone, Pedro----------246

M

Mooney, Collins----------258
McCallin, Henry----------234
McClure's Pond----------268
McLellan, William T.--------219
Mechanic, Lydia--146,244,246,7
Maddocks, Elden E.----------184
Maine Genealogical Society--142
Maple Grove Cemetery--------222
Marden, Annie----------186
Mann, Leroia M.----------174
" , " , Tunis ------174
Mar'Hers, Amanda K.---------171
" , Alice--171,172,272,274
" , Donald----------174
" , Frank H.----------172
" , George Amos--------174
" , George Ashley-----172
" , Jason Tilmer--------172

GENERAL INDEX

P Page

Petty, Benjamin----------237
" , Patience----------239
" , Peter----------237
Pierce, Hayward----------252
Pierce Company, The John----252
Pierces, The----150,278,303,304
Pinnacle, The----------220
Piper, Etta----------137
" , Gilman----------224,359
Piper Place, The--------217,219
Porter Dist. Historical Not-353
Porter, Ephraim----------353
" , Ira---------220,224,225
" , Nettie----------224
" , Rilla----------224
" , Robert----------349
" , Robert----------353
Porters in First Census-----349
Portland Sunday Telegram Article
" " " ---321
Powers, Captain---------143,295
Pout-Town----------382
Prentiss, Leslie----------166
Presque Isle----------228
Prospect Marsh Cemetery-266,310
Prospect Town Records--------312

R

Randell, Alice----------229
" , Harry----------229
" , Captain Wilton T.--228
Rearden, ----------235
"Redcoats", The----------193
Reed, Abijah--------147,246,258
" , Lucy (Staples) Heagan-246
" , Samuel----------257,258
Re-imbursed, When We Got----231
Rendell, Harriet Hichborn--
" , " " -193,346
" , John-------193,346,347
" , Thomas---------346,347
Rendells of First Census----347
Ridlon, G. T., Senior---142,324
Robertson, Daniel----------245
Robert The Bruce----------192
Rosier, Cape----------146,149

S

Sanborn, Annette--------245,276
" , Deborah--------245,276
" , Ellen----------245,271
" , Henry True--
" , --236,244,245,246,269
" , Henry T.----------276
" , Sarah------245,270,276
" , Sarah(Heagan)245,6,317
" , True-------245,269,276
Savage, Reverend Dr. Minot J237

S Page

Savery, Fred----------137,212
" , Jonathan-------211,219
Searsport (when incorpora'd191
Sears-Thorndike-Prescott---
" " --154,191,204,372
Seavey, Eben----------264, 265
" , John----------163
Shaw, Florence C.----------207
Sheridan, General "Phil"---381
Ship "R.R.Thomas", The-----226
Shirley Farm, The----------368
Smart, William Dana----242,350
Smith, Isaac----------273
"Sodom"----------372
Solomon Da-vid----------138
Songs, Index to (Follows this)
Spout Hill-----143,147,249,252
" " , My V'y'ge to---248
" " Spring----------257
Staples, Mrs. Allard--------188
" , Amasa Foss--------168
" " , Ames Colcord--166,167
" , Amy Colcord-------167
" , Alfred Nelson-----169
" , Bertha Amanda-----169
" , Daniel----------161
" , Daniel Crockett---169
" , Della----------167
" , Delphine (Vassar)-168
" , Edna Young--------168
" , Elmer Forest------169
" , Elsie Chase-------168
" , Emma----------169
" , Emma Francis------169
" , Esther Katherine--168
" , Eugenia Mabel-----169
" , Forest Treat------169
" , Fred Kendall------168
" , George Nelson-----168
" , Georgia-------166,218
" , Georgia Isabelle--169
" , Grace Marion------168
" , Haskell Page------168
" , Helen Valentine---168
" , Isabelle E. (Card)169
" , Janie Evelyn------169
" , Jessie (Bancroft)-169
" , Jotham--------160,166
" , Lilla (Millay)---169
" , Lucy Ann (Crockett)-
" , " " --160,267
" , Lucy A.----------167
" , Lucy Augusta------169
" , Malcolm Lewis-----169
" , Marcia Louise-----169
" , Marion----------198
" , Nelson Panno--135,160
--217,226,267,358

Page

B

Barry, Fred ---- " ---- 181,
" , Tumbleton ---- 211, 212
Bassport (when Incorper 'Giri
Bare-Bernadine-Prescott---
" ---- 164, 181, 274, 275
Bevey, Sean ---- 264,
" , Tom ---- 165
Haw, Horace C. ---- 207
Hardon, General "Bill" ---- 251
Ship "A", Thomas", The ----
Hurley, Arm, The ----
Hart, William Pro ---- 242,
Hath, Frank ----
"Hodge" ----
Holcom Re-vid ----
Home, Under to (follows this)
Hunt Hill ---- 146, 147, 249,
" , " " to ----
" , Hurling ----
Stapler, Jra. Allard ----
" , Agnes Jane ----
" , Agnes Dolcord ---- 166,
" , Amy Dolcord ----
" , Alfred Dolcom ----
" , Erwin Amanda ----
" , Daniel ----
" , Ethel Crockett ----
" , Jill ----
" , Delphine ("Queen") ----
" , John Young ----
" , Lizzie Ernest ----
" , Lizzie Bess ----
" , Emma ----
" , Emma Cornelia ----
" , Esther Witherington ----
" , Eugenia Adel ----
" , Forest West ----
" , Fred Endhill ----
" , George Elder ----
" , George ----
" , Georgia Isabelle ----
" , Grace Lincoln ----
" , Hazell Page ----
" , Helen Elsbetino ---
" , Isabelle E. (Ford)
" , Jane Holing ----
" , Janet (Lancroft) ---
" , Jeffrey ----
" , Lilla (Hilary) ---
" , Lucy Ann (Crockett) -
" , " " ----
" , Lucy A. ----
" , Lucy Margaret ----
" , Malcolm Howard ----
" , Marcia Louise ----
" , Martin ----
" , Nelson Lamo ----
--217, 256, 267, 258

Page

C

Cotty, Longfrank ----
" , Catherine ----
" , Peter ----
Carroll, Howard ----
Carroll, Margaret, The Tom ----
Charles, The ----
" , The ----
Chase, Jr. ----
" , William ----
" , Jr. Thomas, The ----
Carter, Jim. Historical Dot ---
Carter, Lucrecia ----
" , Jim ----
" , Lettie ----
" , Rilla ----
" , Robert ----
" , Cyber ----
Carlene in Vivat Dermne ----
Certified Cards, Telegram Article
" " "
Coyers, Martin ----
Coleman ----
Cornelius, Julie ----
Cragus Cole ----
Crosbert Earth Demetery ---
Crosbert Town Record ----

D

Dandel, Alice ----
" , Mary ----
" , Judith Milton T. ---
Dearden, ----
" Adorata", The ----
Dud, Allish ----
" , Lucy ("Tapice") Dawson ---
" , Samuel ----
De-Ishurned, When We Not ---
Dandell, Invented Hidhcorn ---
" , " " ----
" , Ohm ----
" , Thomas ----
Dermalle of Ulvet Demeve ---
Didier, " , Senior ----
Dierterm, Dorial ----
Dobert, The Prince ----
Dolcer, Age ----

E

Earlier, Annette ----
" , Deborah ----
" , Elier ----
" , Henry Thomas ----
" , " ----
" , Henry T. ----
" , Hurd ----
" , Hurd (Roger) ---
" , Rue ----
Average, Everend Mr. Hunt

Page

F

Fairbanks, Ann ----
" , Mattence ----
" , Peter ----
Farrow, Howard ----
Farrow, Margaret, The Tom ----
Florence, The ----
" , The ----
Fields, The ----
Fuller, Jr. ----
" , William ----
" , Jr. Thomas, The ----
Fuller, Jim. Historical Dot ---
Fuller, Lucrecia ----
" , Jim ----
" , Lettie ----
" , Rilla ----
" , Robert ----
" , Cyber ----
Fortune in Vivat Dermne ----
Certified Cards, Telegram Article
" " "
Foyers, Martin ----
Folcom ----
Fremtles, Julie ----
Fragus Cole ----
Fragbert Earth Demetery ---
Fragbert Town Record ----

G

Gandel, Alice ----
" , Mary ----
" , Judith Milton T. ---
Gearden, ----
" Adorata", The ----
Gud, Allish ----
" , Lucy ("Tapice") Dawson ---
" , Samuel ----
De-Ishurned, When We Not ---
Gandell, Invented Hidhcorn ---
" , " " ----
" , Ohm ----
" , Thomas ----
Gerdalle of Ulvet Demeve ---
Didier, " , Senior ----
Dierterm, Dorial ----
Dobert, The Prince ----
Dolcer, Age ----

H

Hamlyn, Annette ----
" , Deborah ----
" , Elier ----
" , Henry Thomas ----
" , " ----
" , Henry T. ----
" , Hurd ----
" , Hurd (Roger) ---
" , Rue ----
Average, Everend Mr. Hunt

GENERAL INDEX

S Page

Staples, Newton----------198
" , Norman Dunbar--168,267
" , Nellie J. (Chase)--168
" , Peleg----------161
" Purchase, The Joth-166
" , Ruth----------167,227
" , Ruth Mildred-------169
" , Russell Webster----169
" , Walter Pollard-----168
" , Webster Kelly--169,218
" , William Henry168,234-
" , " " --262
" , Zenaide Lucy---167,188
Staples Purchase, The Jotham-166
Staples's of First Census---349
Starving Time, The ---------192
Steele, Captain Harrison-219,25
Stiles, Alba Glazier--------170
" , Alba J.----------170
" , Andrew Grant----170,352
" , Caroline (Crockett)-170
" , Carrie M. (Marietta-
" , -Caroline)---------170
" , George Francis------170
" , Nellie-(Helen Maria)170
Stinson, Samuel----------239
Sullivan, "Johnny"----------222
" , John H. ------323,342
"Swamp Lot, The"--------202,210
Swarte, Mrs. Thomas de------319

T

Templeton, Belinda----------169
Texas----------381
Townhouse, Prospect---------382
Thomas, Captain----------271
Treat, Ezra----------159
Treats of Winterport, The---178
Trevett, Mrs. Angeline R.--
" , " "--145,309,311
" Family Record, The,312
" Farm, The----------311
" , Mary Jane------153,312
" , Richard M--146,153,312
" , Samuel------153,312,314
" , Samuel Sewell--153,312
" , Sarah (Staples)--
" , --146,153,307,312,313
Trevett, Our Visit to Mrs.--308
Tribou, S. K. ----------209

T Page

Trundy, Anna----------143,305
" , George William-----144
" , Levi----------144
" , William Henry------144
Trundys, The-------144,304,344
Twombly, Fannie A.-295,299,302
Tyler, Andrew----------200

V

Vincent, Mary True(Sanborn)246
V'y'ge to the North, My149,296

W

Waldo, Brig.Gen. Samuel----154
Waldo Patent, The------154,191
Wallace, Medora----------246
" , Sir William-------192
" , William K.--------246
Walls, Lizzie H. ----------167
Ward, Arnold E.----------179
" , Elbridge B.----------179
" , Frank----------179
" , Mary J. (Grant)--179,246
Warren-Littlefield, Minnie E.-
" " --147,278,302
Well, The Artesian --------228
West, Captain Wilson-------204
Wests, The----------366
Where's the Point----------378
Whimpy----------378
White, Albert H.----------246
" , Carolina----------246
" , Henry K.----------245
" , H. Vincent----------246
" , James----------246
" , Medora (Wallace)----246
" , William T.------146,246
Whitehouse, Luella----------188
Whittum, Melvin M.--
" , " --219,220,224,354
" , Mrs. Rufus--------219
Who Is It?----------137
Windham, Town of----------145
Winter of 1874-5, The------213

Y

Young, Freeman----------169,226
Yellow Day, The Great------228
Yachting Trip of 1892, Our-230

GENERAL INDEX

T

"Tundy, Jane----------143,350
" , George William----144
" , Jovi----------144
" , William Henry------144
"Trudge, The----------144,344
"Twombly, Dennis A.--355,355,356
"Tyler, Andrew----------356

U

"Unknown, Mary Tree(Sandborn)246
"Urge to the North, An"143,350

W

"Waldo, Ruth,Gen. Samuel----154
"Waldo Patent, The------154,192
"Walking, Before----------246
" , The William----------192
" , " William T.----------246
"Walk, Uncle T. ----------170
"Ward, Arnold T.----------172
" , Theodore T.----------172
" , Frank----------172
" , Harry L. (Grant)--172,246
"Warren-Littlefield, Linnie E.-
" " " --147,272,350
"Well, The Artesian ----------232
"Wells, Benjamin Wilson----------204
"Wright, The----------356
"Wrinkle the Point----------272
"Writing----------272
"Wybe, Albert T.----------246
" , Donaldson----------246
" , Henry T. ----------246
" , " Lincoln----------246
" , Thomas----------246
" , Thomas ("Wilkes")----246
" , William T.------146,246
"Wyndham, Lucilla----------188
"Wyndham, Melvin M.-
" " " ----------
" , Lyd. Thomas----------
" , " Thomas----------187
" , The Ice----------
"Wyndham, Tom of----------146
"Wyndham of 1774-5, The----312

Y

" , The Year----------146,298
"Yellow Tree, The Year----298
"Yachting Trip of 1892, Our-350

Page

Stapleo, Newton----------198
" , Norman Durham--158,327
" , Philip T. (Chase)--158
" , Reid----------181
" , Purchase, The Joth-160
" , Ruth----------147,327
" , Ruth Mildred--------159
" , Russell Webster----159
" , Walter Holland------160
" , Webster Kelly--159,318
" , William Sampson,354-
" , " " ..
" , Zenaide Lucy---147,188
Staples Purchase, The Totham-160
Staples's of First Genus---349
Starving Time, The ----------192
Steele, Captain Barrington-349,98
Stiles, Alice Chester--------170
" , Alice T.----------170
" , Andrew Chase----170,352
" , Caroline (Crockett)-170
" , Carrie T. (Smith)-
" , Caroline)----------170
" , George Frenzie------170
" , Hollis-Nelson Sarah)170
Stinson, Samuel----------232
Sullivan, "Johnny"----------232
" , John T. ------232,346
"Swamp Lot, The"--------209,210
Swerte, Mrs. Thomas de------312

T

Templeton, Nellinda----------159
"Take----------381
Tavalouse, Prospect----------352
Thomas, Captain----------271
Tuck, Mrs----------159
"Tree of Liberty, The"--179
Trowell, Mrs. Caroline T.-
" " " ..--113,309,312
" Family Record, The,312
" Farm, The----------311
" Mary Jane------159,312
" Richard T--146,159,312
" Samuel----159,312,314
" Samuel Powell--159,312
" Sarah (Stanley)--
" --146,159,307,312,313
Trevett, Our Visit to Mrs.--308
Tribou, C. K. ----------309

INDEX TO SONGS

A — Page

Andrew Batting----------6
As I was going over Tipperary-8
Andrew Rose----------12
Anna Lee----------65
Annie Lisle----------66
After the Ball----------114
Adios A La Guaira----------381
Arizona----------379
Away Down South Where the War28

B

Babylon is Fallen----------118
Banks and Braes of Clyde, Ye--7
Battle Cry of Freedom, The---30
Bingen on the Rhine------55-6-7
Blow the Man Down----------130
Break it Gently to My Mother-35
Broken Vow, The----------67
Butterfly Dude, The---------129

C

Cable, How Cyrus Laid the--44-5
Campaign Song of 1856, A-----27
Captain With the Whiskers, The43
Chanteys, Sailors----------130
Charming Young Widow, The--48-9
Chickadee Song, The-------131-2
Come All Ye Bold N'westmen--2-3
Come Vote For Me, Buchanan ---27
Coast of Barbary, Cruising----5
Cumberland's Crew, The----128-9

D

Daisy Dean----------66
Don't you see the Black Clds.38
Dooley, Mister----------109-10
Down Where the Patriot Army--29
Dreams of Home----------374-5
Dying Soldier, The---------36-7

E

Evergreen Shore, The---------59
Eva Claire----------68

F

Faded Coat of Blue, The------34
Fanny Gray----------69-70
Fellow That Looks Like Me-46-47
Finnegan's Wake----------20
Flag of the Free, The--------96
Fort Washington----------40-1-2
Forty-Nine, A Song of--------22

G

Gentle Laura----------71
Girl of the Sewing Machine-78-9
Girl I Left Behind Me, The---23

G — Page

Goodnight----------123
Grandfather's Clock, My-----91
Granite Grange----------135-6
Graves of a Household-------60
Gray, Fanny----------69-70
Griffin, Joseph----------139
Gyppie (?) and Jimmie------132

H — s

Happy are we Tonight, Friend61
Heaven our Home----------84-5
He is Sleeping in the K8dke106
Hiawatha----------113
Hoe Out Your Row----------122
Hoe Your Own Row----------122
Homeward Bound----------130
How Cyrus Laid the Cable--44-5

I

I Was Standin' on de Corner377
I wish I had a Barrel of R-120
I'll Hang my Harp on a Wil-117
I'm Dreaming of the Loved---83

J

Jippie and Jimmie----------132
Jockey Hat and Feather, That-80
John Anderson, My Jo, John--26
Johnson, The Lovely Mrs.---116
Just Before the Battle, Moth-35

K

Kingdom Coming----------39
Kitty Clyde----------118
Kitty Maunee----------93
Kitty Wells----------72
Klondike Vale, The---------106

L

Lannigan's Ball----------18
Lee, Anna----------65
Let Him Go, Let Him Stay----81
Lisle, Annie----------66
Little Brown Church in the-126
Little Low Log Cabin, The---89
Little Sailor Boy, The----62-3
Lord Lovell----------24-5
Lorena----------94
Lucy May----------75

M

McGinty, Dan----------101
McSorley's Beautiful Twins-107
Marching Through Georgia----32
Mary of the Glen----------73
Mister Dooley----------109-10
Moses, Don't Touch It, Now---50
My Aunt Tucker, My Aunt Sal---7

INDEX TO SONGS

A

Andrew Setting--------6
As I was going over Tipperary-9
Andrew Cee--------18
Anne Lee--------68
Annie Dale--------66
After the Ball--------114
Adios A La Mexico--------381
Arisons--------279
Away Down South Where the Sun28

B

Adylon is Waiter--------113
Banks and Braes of Clyde, Ye--7
Battle Cry of Freedom, The--3
Bingen on the Rhine--------8b-6-7
Blow the Man Down--------139
Break it Gently to My Mother-39
Broken Vow, The--------87
Bulbulify Jude, The--------129

C

Cable, Low Dying and the--44-8
Camping Song of 1856, A--------27
Captain With the Whiskers, The43
Chanteyman, Sailors--------130
Charming Young Widow, The--13-9
Chickamee Song, The--------131-2
Come All Ye Bold Westmen--8-3
Come Vote For Me, Buchanan ---27
Count of Carbary, Cruising----8
Cumberland's Crew, The----128-9

D

Daisy Dean--------66
Don't you see the Black Dike.38
Dooley, Slater--------129-10
Down There the Patriot Army--29
Dreams of Home--------271-5
Dying Soldier, The--------36-7

E

Evergreen Flore, The----------39
Eva Blaire--------68

F

Faded Coat of Blue, The-------34
Fanny Gray--------26-70
Follow That Donkey Like Me-46-47
Finnegan's Wake--------20
Flag of the Free, The--------98
Fort Washington--------4b-1-8
Forty-Line, A Song of----------

G

Gentle Laura----------71
Girl of the Golden Locks-76-9
Girl I Left Behind Me, The---23
Goodnight----------132
Grandfather's Clock, Y----9
Grand to Range----------135-6
Grave of a Sunbeam----------66
Gray, Tony----------3b-70
Grittin, Joseph----------129
Gypsie (T) and Timmie-------132

H

Happy are We Tonight, Friends
Heaven our Home----------84-5
He is Sleeping in the Middle
Hawaiian----------113
He Put Your Vow----------132
He Your Own Vow----------132
Homeward Bound----------132
How Byrne Laid the Table--44-8

I

I was "Tandin' on de Corner277
I wish I had a Barrel of ---182
I'll Hang my Harp on a Will-117
I'm Dreaming of the Loved---83

J

Jiggie and Jimmie----------132
Jockey Hat and Feather, That-80
John Anderson, My Jo, John--38
Johnson, The Lovely Ina.----116
Just Before the Battle,Lith-35

K

Kingdom Coming----------39
Kitty Clyde----------118
Kitty Lance----------93
Kitty Tolle----------72
Kondike Vale, The-------- --106

L

Lanniganen's Ball----------18
Lee, Anne----------68
Let Him Go, Let Him Stay---81
Lilie, Annie----------66
Little Brown Church in the-126
Little Low Log Cabin, The---89
Little Sailor Boy, The----89-3
Lord Lovell----------24-8
Lorena----------94
Lucy Ray----------78

M

Mighty, Man----------101
Morgie's Beautiful Wine--107
Marching Through Georgia----88
Mary of the Glen----------73
Mother Dooley----------109-10
Moses, Don't Smoke it, Now---80
My Aunt Mucker, My Aunt Sal---7

INDEX TO SONGS

Page

N

Native Land, My Own----------58
Nettie Moore----------74
New Mexico, The Creation of-380
Nicodemus the Slave--------42-3
Not for Joe----------104

O

Odd Fellows Hall----------108
O'Grady's Goat----------105-6
Old Arm Chair, The----------100
Old Gray Mare, The----------17
Old Wooden Rocker, The-------98
On the Banks of the Potomac40-2
Our Peddler----------138

P

Paddy's Wedding----------19
Paloma, La----------376
Parliament of England, Ye--14-5
Paul Jones----------4
Polly----------13
Poor Little Joe----------121
Pop! Goes the Weasel--------116
Pretty Phyllis Gray---------125

R

Renna Lee, The----------10
Reuben, Reuben, I've been th--8
Rolling Stone Gathers No M---21
Romeo and Juliet----------111
Royal George, The Sinking of-11

S

Savery's Courtship, Fred----137
Sailor's Grave, The----------90
Sewing Machine, The Girl of78-9
Sherman's March to the Sea---33
Ship That Never Returned, The-92
Silvery Tide, The----------76-7
Singing School, The----------64
Solomon David----------138
Song of All Songs, The------115
Song of Other Days, The-----126
Spanish Cavalier, The--------97
Sword of Bunker Hill, The-----1

Page

T

Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay------119
Tender and True, Adieu------87
Tipperary Mountain----------8
There's a Fresh Little Mound86
There Was an Old Couple-----16
There was an Old Sailor----115
Tossed Upon Life's Raging B-64
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The B--31
'Twas Early, Early in the S--9
Twenty Years Ago----------99
Two Ships, Two Ships---------5

U

Up in a Balloon, Boys-------82

V

W

We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd----95
What Makes My Father Stay102-3
Where Has my Little Basket-133
When Johnny Comes Marching--31
Whimpy----------378
Where's the Point----------378
White House, The----------112
White Squall, The----------127
Who Is It----------137
Who Will Care for Mother Now37
Worst Thing Ever I Done, The123

Y

Yankee Doodle----------124-A
Yellow Rose of Texas, The---51
Young Charlotte---------52-3-4
Young Folks, Come Listen--
-to My Song-----88

INDEX TO SONGS

Page

M

Native Land, My Own---------- 88
Nettie Moore---------- 74
New Mexico, The Creation of-380
Noodemus the Slave---------43-3
Not for Joe---------- 104

O

Old Yellowe Hall---------- 108
O'Grady's Goat---------- 105-6
Old Arm Chair, The---------- 100
Old Gray Mare, The---------- 17
Old Wooden Rocker, The-------- 98
On the Banks of the Potomac-2
Our Paddler---------- 138

P

Paddy's Wedding---------- 19
Palone, Is---------- 276
Parliament of England, Ye--14-8
Paul Jones---------- 4
Polly---------- 12
Poor Little Joe---------- 121
Pop! Goes the Weasel---------116
Pretty Phyllis Grey---------- 138

R

Rainy Day, The---------- 10
Reuben, Reuben, I've been th--8
Rolling Stone Gathers No M---21
Romeo and Juliet---------- 111
Royal George, The Sinking of-11

S

Saucy's Courtship, Fred---- 127
Sailor's Grave, The-------- 90
Sawing Machine, The Girl of78-9
Sherman's March to the Sea---33
Ship That Never Returned, The-92
Silvery Tide, The---------- 76-7
Singing School, The---------- 64
Solomon David---------- 138
Song of All Songs, The------ 118
Song of Other Days, The----- 136
Spanish Cavalier, The-------- 97
Sword of Bunker Hill, The---- 1

T

Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay---------119
Tender and True, Adieu------- 87
Thy Mercy Countain---------- 8
There's a Dead Little Lound88
There Was an Old Soul Le----- 16
There was an Old Sailor---- 118
Tossed Upon Life's Raging S-24
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The B--31
'Twas Early, Early in the S--9
Twenty Years Ago---------- 99
Two Skies, The Ships-------- 5

U

Up in a Balloon, Boys-------- 20

V

W

We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd---- 98
What Horse Is Better Staying-3
Where Has My Little Basket-155
When Johnny Comes Marching-- 21
Whimpy---------- 278
There's the Point---------- 278
White House, The---------- 112
White Squall, The---------- 147
Who Is It---------- 137
"Do Will Care for Mother Now"27
Worst Thing Ever I Done, The123

Y

Yankee Doodle---------- 124-A
Yellow Rose of Texas, The--- 31
Young Quartette------ 32-3-4
Young Wives, Some Listen--
-to My Song----- 88

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JAN 30 1975